The Christian Union

Our part is to conspire with the new works of new days.—Emerson.

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LYMAN ABBOTT,
HAMILTON W. MABIE, } EDITORS.

THE OUTLOOK.

WE have received a letter from a friend of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad which we should gladly print but that he tells us it is not for publication. It accompanies the printed circular letter of the company to its engineers, in which the company's side of the issues is clearly stated. This is, in brief: (1) That the present basis of compensation (*i. e.*, by the nature of the trip, not by the number of miles run) is preferable, because it fairly provides for differences in the amount of labor, time, and responsibility required of enginemen upon different trains and divisions, while "an arbitrary mileage basis disregards the value of the service rendered, and in the long run, we fear, would be unsatisfactory to the men and to the company." (2) That the present condition of railroad transportation does not warrant any increase in the pay of engineers and firemen, and that the engineers and firemen on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy are fairly paid, in comparison with the rate of payment by other roads, as is evident from the fact that few, if any, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy enginemen are seeking to change to other roads, and some who have been tempted to make a change have returned at their own earnest solicitation. We hope that our readers understand our position in this matter. We do not pretend to exercise judicial functions and determine whether the company or its engineers are in the right. But we insist that the conduct of a public highway is not to be governed by the same principles which may be safely left to govern the conduct of private business; that it is absurd for the community to allow the traffic on one of its great highways to be stopped while the stockholders and their servants fight their battle out; that if the two cannot agree, they should submit their differences to the judgment of an impartial tribunal; and that if they will not do this voluntarily, they should be compelled to do so by law. For this purpose it would only be necessary to forfeit the charter of any railroad corporation which refused; and in our judgment this would be a just and is a necessary protection of the community, to say nothing of the laborers. In this particular case we must frankly add that a strong presumption is raised against the management of the corporation by the proffer of the strikers to submit the questions at issue to three railroad managers—whose sympathies would presumptively be with the railroad rather than with the strikers—and the refusal of the road to arbitrate even before such a tribunal. It is said that Governor Larrabbee, of Iowa, has urged the company to accept the offer—an incidental indication that the people of Iowa do not find the train service since the strike quite so satisfactory as in certain quarters it has been represented to be.

It is asserted on behalf of the company that there is nothing to arbitrate. But there are two questions which might legitimately be left to independent tribunals: one the question of fact, whether the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy is paying less than parallel railroads; the other the question of principle, whether the mileage system demanded by the men, or the trip system insisted on by the company, is the more just. Neither of these questions ought to be left to be determined arbitrarily by either party to the controversy. Meanwhile, so far as we can judge, the danger of the extension of the strike to other roads is not so great as it was. Some of the Western connecting roads take the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy freight, others refuse. The engineers on other roads threaten to strike if the freight is taken; in other words, they desire to boycott the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road. The excuse offered for such a boycott is that in fact the railroads of the country are so connected as to constitute one system, and therefore the engineers must unite and treat the system as one. But laws passed to protect the public against railroad wars exist in many of the States, which require every railroad to carry the freight and passengers of connecting roads; and these laws are now being invoked by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy to prevent a boycott. The United States Courts have been appealed to, to require the Receiver of the Wabash system to take the boycotted freight; and if this application is successful, other similar proceedings will follow. It is evident, however, from the published proceedings in this case that the Wabash Company sympathizes with the engineers rather than with the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, which is, however, a competing road. They, however, have agreed to take the freight hereafter, and, though the Court has not rendered any formal decision in the case at this writing, it has replied that nothing more can be asked, nor any order called for restraining the engineers from striking on the Wabash road if it does receive Chicago, Burlington & Quincy freight.

The telegraph, however, reports an extraordinary judicial order of this kind, issued at Omaha, temporarily enjoining, pending an argument of the case, the engineers of the Union Pacific Railroad "from striking, combining, or confederating for the purpose of organization or advancing a strike;" the strike being apprehended in case the Union Pacific should take C., B. & Q. freight. We suspect that the telegraph has misapprehended and misreported the purport of this order. The right of employees to combine "for the purpose of organization" is too well settled by both English and American precedent to be questioned at this day; and their right to combine for the purpose of striking is almost equally well settled. We shall not pretend to prejudge this case; but we think our readers may depend upon this general principle, that no combination of two or more persons to do together what it is lawful for either one to do singly is an unlawful conspiracy. If a single engineer can leave his employment, a hundred or a thousand engineers can leave their employment simultaneously, and the agreement to do so is not unlawful, unless there is clear evidence of a malicious intent in the combination to injure the employer's business. It would be, in our judgment—we have said this before—legitimate to pass a law forbidding any corporation to dismiss an employee without certain specified notice, and forbidding an employee of a corporation to leave his employment without similar notice. Such a law would make strikes and lockouts illegal; or at least would give time for passion to cool between the word and the blow. It would be entirely illegitimate for the engineers to strike because their road is carrying freight which the law requires it to carry. But in the absence of any specific law the engineers on any railroad have a *legal* right to leave their employment singly or in a body when they choose, for cause or without cause. An order requiring them to continue in the employment would be an order reducing them to a *quasi* servitude, and involuntary servitude except for crime is not any longer permitted in this country.

During the last thirty years the freight rates on American railroads have been reduced enormously, but the passenger rates have scarcely been lowered at all. This fact has been brought out strikingly in a case now before the Inter-State Commission, in which the complaint of exorbitant charges is made against the Emigration Pool of the trunk line railroads. This pool has an agent at Castle Garden, who has the sole right to sell emigrant tickets at that place. If the immigrant insists upon buying his ticket by a certain route it is sold him, but in general the agent divides the traffic among the roads according to previous agreement among the managers. Consequently there is not the slightest chance for competition, and, as a result, the emigrant rate to Chicago, 1 8 cents a mile, is actually greater than it was in 1858. In that year the New York Central, the Erie, the Hudson River, and the Lake Shore all carried their emigrants at rates varying from one cent to sixty-seven hundredths of a cent. Even during the war the rates never rose to what the pool is now charging. Meanwhile the interest on capital, as is often noted, has fallen to one-half, and the cost of running trains has experienced a reduction even greater. The first-class passengers have indeed received some benefits from these reductions, but second-class passengers and emigrants are paying more than ever. The shippers of freight, in spite of the combinations against them, have managed to secure rates approximating those which free competition would have brought. In 1856 the New York Central rate on the cheapest class of freight was 2.77 cents per ton per mile. In 1886 the average for all freight was 0.69. If the railroads can carry freight for one-fourth of their rates thirty years ago, why can they not carry passengers

cheaper, and why should they charge emigrants more? In some of the Western States bills are being proposed to reduce passenger rates by act of Legislature. Unless the Railroad Commission or the railroads themselves shall make reasonable reductions, or make it clear to the public that no such reductions can be made, such legislative regulation will certainly come, in some form, in the near future.

The Committee on Ways and Means has submitted a bill modifying the internal revenue tax, which is to accompany the bill reducing the custom dues already reported in our columns. This new bill substantially repeals the tobacco tax and leaves whisky subject to tax as heretofore, with some minor modifications relating to special fruit brandies and the smaller distilleries. The only justification we are able to discern for this bill is a purely political one. In order to secure the necessary votes in Congress, if not in the country, for any system of reduction of the taxes, the reduction on imports must be relatively small, and the tobacco interest must be placated. Otherwise, we scarcely think any statesman would think of taking all taxes off of tobacco, which in other countries bears so large a proportion of the burden of the State. We do not propose to discuss in our columns the economic aspects of this complicated question; but it is safe to say that any just system of taxation will recognize, and should as far as practicable be conformed to, these three principles: (1) Taxes should be levied on luxuries rather than on necessaries; (2) on income and possessions rather than on expenditures; in which case (3) they will fall naturally, as they should, more heavily on the rich than on the poor. The Ways and Means Committee have, in our judgment wisely, resolved to waste no time in hearing representatives of various private and personal interests to be affected by these two bills. The question of reduction of taxation has been abundantly discussed by private interests; the sooner it gets before the House and the country for discussion by public interests the better. Mr. Randall has introduced a measure for tax reduction this week, differing in some important details from that of his Democratic colleagues. It repeals the tobacco taxes entirely, and reduces the whisky tax from ninety to fifty cents a gallon. It also abolishes the Federal licenses for retail liquor dealers. The measure proposes to effect a reduction of $70,000,000 in the taxes on tobacco and liquor, and $25,000,000 in the taxes upon imported articles. The sugar tax is slightly increased. As this measure is in the interest of "protection," it may receive much support from the Republicans. But it is hardly possible that the Republican party will accept Mr. Randall as a leader, unless he joins the Republican party. Sooner or later he must join one party or the other. He cannot permanently be a political party all alone by himself.

The House Committee on Commerce, by a vote of 7 to 6, has authorized a favorable report on the bill to provide a system of postal telegraphy introduced by Mr. Raynor, of Maryland. The bill appropriates $8,000,000 for the purposes of the act. The rates for twenty-word telegrams are ten cents for five hundred miles or less, and twenty cents for five hundred to one thousand miles, with proportionately increased rates for longer distances. The bill provides for telegraphic postal money orders at existing mail rates plus the telegraph tolls. The report which will accompany the bill asserts that the service will be self-sustaining, defends the Government's right to build and operate telegraph lines, and says that public opinion, good faith, and justice do not require the Government to purchase the property and franchises of the Western Union Telegraph Company. If the Western Union were willing to sell its lines at what it would cost to parallel them, the Government would willingly buy.

The House Committee on Pacific Railroads has unanimously agreed to the new Outhwaite bill extending until 1938 the time during which the Union Pacific's debt to the Government shall be paid. The interest which is to be paid the Government is three per cent., and each year the railroad agrees to pay a certain sum toward extinguishing the principal of the debt. During the first five years this sum amounts to but one tenth of one per cent. instead of one-third of one per cent., as was proposed in the former bill. After the first ten years the size of these payments is rapidly increased until they amount to two per cent. per year. In thus consenting to make the early payments so extremely small, and relying upon much larger payments in the distant future, the Government runs a certain risk. The roads claim that as time goes on their traffic will naturally increase and the value of their terminal facilities, etc., will be greatly enhanced, so that their creditors will become more and more secure. On the other hand, it must be remembered that every year increases the number of competing roads and decreases the cost of their construction. The new bill gives the Government a lien upon all the property of the company, including its branch lines. This lien, however, is subsequent to that of the first mortgage bondholders, and in some cases is not valuable. The bill authorizes the Government to bring suits in the name of the company for past violations of law or wrong doing. The Central Pacific is totally excluded from the application of the bill, though it is doubtful if this last provision would on any terms be acceptable to its managers. Where four men are found to have made $142,000,000 out of a road, and part of it through contracts with themselves, they are not apt to expose themselves to prosecution. The new Outhwaite bill cannot be said to be altogether satisfactory, but it is at least an honest attempt to protect the interests of the Government.

The Emperor of Germany died peacefully on the 9th of March, a little after seven o'clock in the morning. His mind was unclouded until about the last. The Crown Prince, summoned from his resting place in Italy, has returned, at hazard of his life, to take up the cares of state. The physicians are still disagreed respecting both the nature and the possible outcome of his disease, the English physician, Dr. Mackenzie, still holding out a hope of the recovery of him who is now the Emperor of Germany. In his present state of health, however, and with Prince Bismarck still the power behind the throne, it may be safely assumed that no very considerable changes in the policy of Germany will result from the coming of the Crown Prince to the throne. We reserve for next week a sketch of the life of the late Emperor and his influence on the history both of his own Empire and of Europe, which other matters of more immediate and pressing interest to most American readers crowd out of this issue.

There is a Home Rule agitation in Scotland as well as Ireland, and it is growing rapidly. Mr. Gladstone will probably adhere to his own principle, "Settle one question at a time," but as soon as the Irish troubles are disposed of the Scotch will receive attention. It was recently shown in these columns how the Scottish land question is to-day even more serious than the Irish land question, and, as Mr. Chamberlain insists, there is no valid argument in favor of local self-government for Ireland which does not apply with equal force to Scotland. This statement holds true even as regards the history of the Acts of Union. It is well known that the abolition of the Dublin Parliament at the end of the last century was the result of wholesale bribery and corruption. The "Spectator" shows that the treaty of union with Scotland was the result of similar tactics. When in 1707 the Scottish treaty was ratified, the great body of the Scotch people was strongly and even passionately opposed to the union. Scotland received, it is true, £400,000 as an equivalent for its portion of the interest on the English debt. But this sum was largely used to pay indemnities to the nobility and gentry who had invested their money in the disastrous Darien scheme. The representation afforded to Scotland was but little greater than that possessed by the single county of Cornwall in England, and the represented part of the community amounted to less than 2,500. Throughout Scotland it was believed that such a bargain was only made through the extensive system of private bribery. If, therefore, the union with Ireland is to be repealed because of the fraudulent character of the original contract, that with Scotland must also be. It cannot, however, be maintained for an instant that the union with Scotland has injured that country. Since the union the Scotch have had absolute freedom of trade with England, and Scotland's wealth has increased even more rapidly than that of England. While the imperial revenue from England has increased eight hundred per cent, that from Scotland has increased six thousand. In the face of these facts it seems absurd now to read the doleful predictions of the Scotch statesmen who opposed the union, especially that of Lord Delhaven, who foretold that if the union took place a Scotchman would be prevented from dying of hunger only by the lack of money to pay for his burial.

There is much that is suggestive as well as odd and amusing in the report of the Fine Art Department of the French Bureau of Education. In France all the arts, including the opera, the theater, and the ballet, receive the patronage of the Government, and are under the general charge of the Minister of Public Instruction and Religion. The new Report gives in detail the salaries paid to one hundred choristers, ninety-eight musicians, thirty-nine singers, and fifty dancers. Four of the singers received together 181,000 francs, or $37,000. Two of the ballet dancers received 26,000 francs, or $5,200. These salaries are not entirely borne by the State, but the State subsidizes the theaters in which these artists are employed, paying about one-third of the gross expenses. In justification for these expenditures are cited such facts as that at the *Comédie Française* over three hundred thousand people each year see the best dramatic literature of France presented by the best dramatic artists. In the domain of the fine arts, as we understand the term, the showing is better, and reflects a vast deal of credit upon the conduct of the department. In the United States, when either our National or local governments invest in painting or sculpture, they are in the habit of paying unheard of artists unheard-of prices for art which might be characterized in the same way. In France, on the contrary, the artists complain of the moderate prices always paid by the Bureau of Fine Arts. There is even a tradition among them that the Government never pays more than two hundred dollars for the largest and most important pictures. This tradition the report shows to be unfounded, since several pictures were bought last year for prices ranging from a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars, but they were pictures which were universally regarded as the best products of French art during the year. The honor of a Government purchase is believed by the artists to compensate them for the lower prices.

Henry Bergh, who died in this city on Monday morning, was a man of marked individuality in character as well as in personal appearance. No one who has ever seen his tall, spare figure, long face, and strong, large forehead, could possibly forget him as standing out strikingly among other men. So, also, his life work was unique. The friend and protector of the lower animals, he has been no less truly a friend of humanity. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for instance, was the father of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. How thoroughly the work of the first society was systematized and on what admirable principles it was based is shown in the fact that it has become the model for similar institutions in thirty-seven States and of many societies abroad. At first laughed at good-naturedly by many and abused in ill temper by others, Mr. Bergh in the end gained the complete respect and admiration of his fellow-citizens and his countrymen. His efforts in behalf of the dumb friends of man have notably raised the public tone of sympathy and humanity.

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS — The Senate has passed the Dependent Pension bill by a vote of 44 to 16. Several Southern Senators voted with the majority. Senator Manderson, the author of the bill, presented statistics to the effect that there are at present 13,801 veterans and dependents in charitable institutions outside of those supported by the Government. The bill is designed especially for the relief of these.——The Senate has decided to amend its rules so that treaties may be considered in open session.——The Ways and Means Committee of the House have supplemented their tariff bill by one reducing the internal revenue taxes. All the tobacco taxes except those on cigars and cigarettes are repealed. The special licenses to retail liquor dealers are also removed. This will make it more difficult for local option communities to detect the local dram sellers.

GENERAL NEWS —It is announced in Monday morning's papers that the strike of the coal miners in the Lehigh is ordered off. The statement is not accompanied with any explanations. We judge, however, that the failure of the strike in the Schuylkill has rendered the strike in the Lehigh hopeless, and that the men return to their work at their old rate of wages. It is possible that in the Lehigh, as in the Schuylkill, the question of wages will be now

made matter of amicable negotiation, of compromise, or of arbitration; but we do not find in the dispatches any intimation that this to be the case. ——Robert T. Lincoln has expressed his unwillingness to be regarded as a candidate for nomination to the Presidency.——A brutal prize-fight between John L. Sullivan and Charles Mitchell ended in both being badly battered and both being incarcerated by the French authorities; as usual, the fight was declared "a draw." The French papers have a beautiful text for their favorite theme—the brutality of Englishmen—and here, alas! of Americans also.——Ten electric street cars are to be placed on the Fourth Avenue road in this city.——Seven lives were lost by a fire in the new building of the Springfield (Mass.) "Union" on Wednesday of last week. It is said that two or three knotted ropes in the upper stories would have saved all.

THE BLIZZARD: PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

THE general facts and some incidents respecting the worst storm that ever struck New York City—at least within the memory of the present generation—will be found in another column. Here I put down only a bit of personal experience and observation, by way of illustration.

Saturday was a rarely beautiful day—mild, balmy, sunny. One could almost smell the prophetic odor of coming violets in the soft spring air. Sunday morning opened cloudy, but not cold; a drizzle—it could hardly be called a rain—began to fall a little after noon. But there was no storm sufficient to keep the seven or eight hundred children of Plymouth Sunday-school (Brooklyn) from gathering in Plymouth Church to observe "Memorial Day;" and nothing incongruous in the beautiful sight of the sixty children, clothed in white, who made the Memorial Band and marched into and through the aisles of the church keeping step to their own beautiful singing. The drizzle turned to a rain as the sun went down, but it was a not ungentle one, and did not greatly interfere with the usual Sabbath evening attendance. But about midnight the rain turned to snow, and in the morning, when the city awoke, a foot of snow had already fallen, and it was blowing a hurricane. And when, after breakfast, people sallied out to their business, they found all the ordinary highways blocked and all the ordinary means of locomotion and communication stopped. They who started early to their work had the best of a bad opportunity. The cashier of The Christian Union arrived at his desk at his usual time, about nine; but he accomplished this miraculous punctuality by starting from his house, three-quarters of an hour distant, at half-past six. But he was an hour and a half making the trip on the elevated road which is ordinarily made in a quarter of an hour. When I, less wisely hoping that the violence of the storm would be spent by noon, and doing my editorial work at home, sallied out from my Brooklyn winter home, I could only get as far as across the Bridge. The elevated trains had stopped running on all the roads; and all the horse-car routes were abandoned to the blocking snow after a vain effort to keep them open. I could not even find a district messenger office open; but the post-office was still alive, and, depositing my manuscript in the box, with a quick delivery stamp on it, and blessing the Government that for ten cents would carry for me the manuscript which, under the circumstances, I would not have carried for ten dollars, I went home again. I had to choose between that and walking two miles in the fiercest wind I ever encountered; and I have encountered some fierce ones in winter days in Northern Maine. How it whirled the snow about, and beat it in your face, and blinded your eyes, and covered your beard and mustache and even your eyelids with icicles, and, if you allowed it to catch you unwatching, whirled you about and even tumbled you in malicious sportiveness in the snow-banks, which by this time had grown to be five, six, and even in some places seven feet high! They that lived out of town were absolutely cut off from all communication with the city. The Publisher's lieutenant lives in Orange, New Jersey, about thirty minutes' ride from the city; and Mr. Mabie in Greenwich, Conn., about an hour's ride; and this Tuesday morning at eleven o'clock neither of them is here and no word from either. No mail; all wires down and no telegrams. And though the snow has ceased falling, and the sun is shining, the wind is still strong, and it is no child's play to face it. The elevated roads are running again; but I do not think at this writing that there is a horse car track open or a horse-car running in either New York or Brooklyn. Fortunately, Uncle Sam made prompt deliveries in this city; and, moreover, two of the editorial staff live not very far from the office; so The Christian Union will go out with its accustomed promptness, despite the blizzard.

This morning we watched from our windows on Brooklyn Heights a great floe of ice swept up the East River by the tide. Just opposite our windows it caught on the piers on either side, and, wedged in between them, made a continuous and solid bridge from shore to shore. A few adventurous men clambered down upon it, others followed, and soon two long lines of men were there crossing in opposite directions. A tug just under our windows tried in vain to break a passageway through it, but after a few feet was stopped. Half an hour later, as my companion and I walked across the Brooklyn Bridge, we stopped a moment and looked down upon the scene, and one of wonderful beauty it was; the two processions still crossing the ice bridge, the imprisoned ferryboats waiting in their slips for it to break up and give them exit, the two cities with all their dark roofs white with snow and all the nearer buildings beautifully festooned with its white wreaths, the icicle covered ships at the docks and in the harbor, and the Statue of Liberty looking out with iron serenity upon the scene.

What is there in rain that makes men gloomy and cross, and in snow that makes them cheery and good-natured? The discomforts of the snow-storm—such a storm as this, at least—are immeasurably greater than those of rain. But everybody was in high spirits. Everybody had a cheerful word and a merry laugh for everybody else. When the belated elevated train, crowded with passengers and unable to take on another one, reached the platform crowded with passengers who filled even the stairways, the two crowds cheered each other, and no one was cross because he must wait in a forlorn hope that the next train would be less crowded. Everybody had a helping hand for everybody. If one fell in the slippery streets or was whirled by the too vivacious wind into a snow-bank, somebody always ran to help him up and out again. Belated travelers, stopping for a moment to catch their breath in a street doorway, exchanged greetings and cheered each other up before starting forth to breast the storm again. A postman found one of our neighbor's children half bewildered by the blinding storm on his way home from school only a few blocks distant, and convoyed the boy home, going off his route to do it.

In the midst of the general hearty good humor there were certainly some liquor-sellers who seemed to have no heart of humanity in them. At noon I encountered a poor woman with a pitcher of beer, bewildered by drink, unsteady of gait, who plunged into a snow-drift, from which she was quite powerless to extricate herself; but before I could get to her, stronger arms than mine had set her on her feet and started her to her home close at hand. Later in the evening my companion and I encountered an elderly gentleman unsteadily swaying to and fro, and once falling so heavily that it seemed as though he must have broken some bones. We carried him till we found a policeman, in whose charge we put him. What creature could have turned any man out into such a night and in such a state, to freeze to death unless others chanced to care for him? His ears were frost-bitten already; and he was an old man. Let us charitably hope that the barkeeper did not realize what sort of a night it was. But these were exceptions, I am sure. And as I saw how much good-nature the wind and snow brought out in men usually too busy to be good-natured, and how much helpfulness in crowds usually too self-absorbed to think of others, I could not but be thankful even for the blizzard, and believe that, or at least question whether, it is not worth all that it costs.

L. A.

THE TRUST INVESTIGATION.

THE Committee of the New York Senate charged with the investigation of Trusts met in this city on February 18, with Colonel George Bliss and General Roger Pryor as counsel, and adjourned on February 29 to prepare their report, which was submitted last week. In the investigation the sugar trust was first taken up, and Messrs. Theodore and William Havemeyer were among the witnesses. It was shown that this trust or pool represented a capitalization of $45,000,000, and included 85 per cent. of the refinery business of the country. It was admitted that one result had been a reduction in the supply. It does not appear to have been denied that another result has been a rise in price averaging one and one half cents a pound for the three months since the trust was formed, but we believe it is claimed that the trust ultimately will reduce the cost to the consumer. An important illustrative instance was developed in the case of the Moller and Sierck Company, apparently formed to be taken into the trust. When this was done the refinery was at once shut down, but the former owners continued to share profits which they did nothing to produce.

The important feature of the Standard Oil investigation was the production of the original trust deed, a lengthy document, containing the terms of consolidation and of the relinquishment of individual control to nine trustees, each of whom receives $25,000 yearly. The original capital of this trust seems to have been about $75,000,000, and its control of the business was seen to be practically absolute, despite the singular modesty of its representatives. What the public desires to know is the extent to which this great trust has increased the cost of oil, the extent to which it encourages speculation, and the character of its relations with railroads and legislatures. At the examination this trust seemed to be treated with remarkable consideration, and, aside from the trust deed, little of importance was made public.

Another very interesting organization, the Cotton-Seed Oil Trust, which was represented by Mr. Scott, was found to have a capital of $41,000,000, and to control the business in this country. One of the important acts of this trust had been to restrict production by closing no less than twelve refineries. The investigation of the Standard Envelope Trust showed that several competing companies had been driven into bankruptcy, and that the trust had been able to advance the price of commercial envelopes about fifteen per cent. A contract was also brought to light by which the maker of a certain indispensable machine bound himself not to make or repair one for any one outside of the trust during five years, the trust agreeing meantime to buy one machine a month—of course a clever device to cut off competition. The Committee also briefly examined representatives of rubber, glass, oilcloth, milk, mutton, and other trusts, without results of especial importance. As regards the attitude of the press, the "World," which has been vigorously "anti-monopoly," is dissatisfied with the mild treatment which the trusts have received, and considers the investigation a failure. The "Times," which has also devoted much attention to the subject, treats the trust as a "horrible example" of the effects of a high tariff, and uses the results of the investigation as an argument for tariff reduction. Neither journal has much hope of any effective action at Albany. The "Herald" has been equally vehement in the denunciation of trusts, and has not failed to trace their close relationship to the high tariff. This the "Tribune" has, of course, indignantly denied. The latter journal has shown a disposition to compromise by congratulating the Committee upon its success in making public the methods of the Sugar Trust and Standard Oil Trust document, and it mildly condemns certain trust methods, but in a way unlikely to give offense. The "Post's" tenderness for corporate interests has kept it comparatively quiet on the subject, and the chief lesson which it draws from the investigation is the evil of the present tariff and the necessity of reduction.

The resulting report of the Senate Committee expressed strongly the popular conviction that these new organizations are monopolies of the most dangerous character. Without a dissenting voice the seven members of the Committee found that the trusts had uniformly lessened production instead of increasing it, and raised prices instead of lowering them. In other words, they are organizations, not for the production of wealth, but for the suppression of production; not for the service of the people, but for their taxation. The Committee admitted that the trusts, by means of their superior organization and greater capital, might be able to produce goods more cheaply than competing corporations, but they denied that the trusts had ever made this use of their power. The Committee therefore recommend that the Attorney-General proceed against these organizations as combinations in restraint of trade, and that new laws be framed which shall put an end to the new monopolies. The Committee very

cleverly suggests that "in this case capital should be subjected to the rule of which it has always claimed to be the strongest advocate, and no combination or conspiracy should be tolerated in the State which would interfere directly or indirectly with the exercise of the boldest competition in every industry and calling."

The Committee promise to draft a law which shall aim to secure this end. Whether or not they can provide against the great and obvious evils without preventing the more complete and better organization of capital remains to be seen. But the attempt is not only worth making, but on every account must be made. The moral considerations involved are of the highest importance. When, as in the case of the Cotton Seed Oil Trust, the owners of twelve refineries discharge all their laborers, and, without the employment of either capital or labor, draw large sums from the community, we have something which suggests the old definition of robbery. Something must be done to put an end to the abuse. The popular opposition to great corporations is an unintelligent prejudice when compared with the fear of the new trusts. These latter organizations are not amenable to the laws. As Mr. F. J. Stimson has expressed it in the Harvard "Law Review," "American ingenuity has invented a legal machine which may swallow a hundred corporations or a hundred thousand individuals, and then, with all their corporate irresponsibility, their united power be stored like a dynamo in portable compass, and wielded by one or two men. Not even amenable to the restraints of corporation law, these trusts may realize satanic ambition—infinite and irresponsible power, free of check or conscience." This investigation is one of the signs of the new era in our political and industrial development. Great organizations of capital are inevitable, but they must be subjected to popular control.

THE OLD THEOLOGY.

THE old theology is not very old. It is chiefly New England theology; perhaps we should say Puritan theology. Even then it only dates from the sixteenth century; and in the form in which it exists to-day only dates from the eighteenth, though it has roots that run back into the days of Augustine and even of Athanasius.

The essential characteristic of this theology is that it treats religion as a divine system of government. It has been not inaptly called by one of its advocates a "governmental theology." This is an admirable characterization of it. It regards the Bible as a "code of laws," and God as "the moral Governor of the universe." That universe He governs by law, enforced by penalty. Justice is the inherent and essential quality of a true government. It is, therefore, the inherent and essential quality of the divine Governor. But this justice demands terrible penalty for sin, because sin is flagrant in its character and terrible in its consequences. This penalty is so terrible that mercy interferes. It cannot bear to see the penalty inflicted. It pleads with justice, stays the hand of justice, entreats delay, offers an opportunity for repentance. This stay is brought about by a compromise between justice and mercy. The result of this compromise is a "plan of salvation." Under this plan of salvation mercy is effectual, but effectual only with limitations. The great and fundamental fact is justice; the qualifying and limiting fact is mercy. The principle has been stated by a prominent theologian in the saying, "God *must* be just; he *may* be merciful." Mercy is thus limited as to the number over whom and the time during which it is effectual. In the belief of the Jew, mercy was effectual only for the Jews; in the belief of the Roman Catholic, only for the baptized; in the belief of the Calvinist, only for the elect; and to-day it is hardly too much to say that in the great body of Puritan churches it is believed to be effectual only within the limits and range of Christendom. It is effectual also during a limited epoch. Death brings this epoch of mercy to an end. After that, mercy implores no more; justice has its inexorable way.

Sometimes this plan or scheme is so presented as to offend our moral sense. The penalty depicted transcends all idea even of justice. It becomes a horrible revenge. But apart from all such mediæval exaggerations, such grotesque caricatures on justice, which have come down to us from a time when the inquisition, the rack, and the fagot were the implements of punishment and the symbols of law and government—apart from these relics of a false conception even of justice itself—the fundamental thought that God is a moral Governor, that the end of his government is the administration of justice, and that mercy is simply a temporary and limited interposition, embracing at best only a few of the human race, and operating at best only for a little section of eternity—this idea is the fundamental characteristic of what is known as the "old theology" in contradistinction to the "new theology," and also in contradistinction to that broader evangelical faith which includes all that is best in both the old and the new. This ancient theology system has been beautifully expressed by Longfellow in "The Golden Legend." A miracle-play is introduced into that drama, and in this miracle-play the mediæval conception of the plan of salvation is represented by a conversation between God, Justice, Mercy, the Four Virtues, and the Divine Son:

MERCY. (*At the feet of God.*)

Have pity, Lord, be not afraid
To save mankind, whom thou hast made,
Nor let the souls that were betrayed
Perish all eternally!

JUSTICE.

It cannot be, it must not be!
When in the garden placed thee,
The fruit of the forbidden tree
He ate, and he must die!

MERCY.

Have pity, Lord, let penitence
Atone for disobedience,
Nor let the fruit of man's offense
Be endless misery!

JUSTICE.

What penitence proportionate
Can e'er be felt for sin so great?
Of the forbidden fruit he ate,
And damned must he be!

GOD.

He shall be saved, if that within
The bounds of earth one free from sin
Be found, who for his kith and kin
Will suffer martyrdom.

THE FOUR VIRTUES.

Lord, we have searched the whole around
From center to the utmost bound,
But no such mortal can be found.
Despairing, back we come.

WISDOM.

No mortal, but a God-made man,
Can ever carry out this plan,
Achieving what none other can,
Salvation unto all!

GOD.

Go, then, O my beloved Son!
It can by thee alone be done;
By thee the victory shall be won
O'er Satan and the Fall!

More graphically, if more fearfully, the same conception is represented by Jonathan Edwards in his memorable sermon on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God." We quote:

"The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect over the fire, abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked. His wrath toward you burns like fire; he looks upon you as worthy of nothing else but to be cast into the fire; he is of purer eyes than to bear to have you in his sight; you are ten thousand times as abominable in his eyes as the most hateful and venomous serpent is in ours. You have offended him infinitely more than ever a stubborn rebel did his prince; and yet it is nothing but his hand that holds you from falling into the fire every moment; it is ascribed to nothing else that you did not go to hell the last night; that you were suffered to awake again in this world after you closed your eyes to sleep; and there is no other reason to be given why you have not dropped into hell since you arose in the morning but that God's hand has held you up; there is no other reason to be given why you have not gone to hell since you have sat here in the house of God, provoking his pure eyes by your sinful, wicked manner of attending his solemn worship. Yea; there is nothing else that is to be given as a reason why you do not this very moment drop into hell."

Thus justice is supposed to be an eternal flame, waiting to devour the sinner, and mercy a thread liable to snap at any moment, which holds him suspended over the wrath to come.

We no longer represent the thread as quite so fine spun; we no longer represent the flames of wrath as quite so hot; we no longer present the truth with the same vividness of imagination or the same strength of conviction. But, modified, ameliorated, to suit the temper of our own times, the same conceptions of God as a moral Governor, and justice as the end of his government, and mercy as a temporary and limited interposition, still remain.

Now, we believe this whole conception to be radically false and unscriptural. The Bible does not represent God as a moral Governor, nor justice as the end of his government, nor mercy as a temporary interposition pleading for delay. It does not represent that God *must* be just and *may* be merciful. On the contrary, it represents God as a Father, mercy as the end of his administration, and justice as the instrument which mercy uses for the accomplishment of its ends. The old theology and the new agree that God is a Governor, but they disagree in their conception of the ends of government; they agree in representing God as both just and merciful, but one regards mercy as temporary and justice eternal, the other regards mercy as eternal and justice as its instrument; they agree in representing the Bible as the Word of God, but the one regards it as the word of his law, the other as the word of his promise. We have tried in this article to give our readers a fair, though very brief and in so far inadequate, representation of the salient and distinguishing features of the old theology. They are embodied in two words: government and justice. We shall attempt next week to put with equal brevity before the reader the salient features of the new theology. They are embodied in the two words redemption and mercy.

THE GREAT STORM.

AS this is written, on Tuesday morning, it is impossible to tell how the country round about has been affected by the great storm of Monday. New York City is almost as completely cut off from the world as though it were besieged by a hostile army. Railroads are blocked, wires are down, telephones refuse to work, mail is out of the question, business has been paralyzed and is just beginning to move with slow and uncertain step. Thousands of New Yorkers have not seen their homes since Monday morning; down-town hotels were crowded that night, cots and mattresses lying about the corridors as though a great political convention were going on in a small town.

It is said that the average time occupied by citizens in reaching their offices was three hours. Thousands turned back, and with wisdom, as little or nothing was done down town. Beginning by declaring that he had never seen such weather in March, the Oldest Inhabitant soon changed to declaring that New York had *never* experienced such a storm. The surface roads were abandoned early in the day, and even the elevated trains, for the first time since New York's "roads on stilts" were opened, were at a standstill. As to the out-of-town trains, not one moved out of the Grand Central Station, and reports came that over fifty trains were stalled. Many passengers undoubtedly suffered great discomfort. Cabs, wagons, sleighs, butcher carts, everything that will roll or slide, brought enormous fares to their owners; $5 was the least asked by a cabman for a mile or so; $10, $20, or $25 was often extorted. As we look out of the window we see some of the forms of The Christian Union just starting for the press-room on a big bob sled, hilariously drawn by a team of boys

The good-nature of everybody, despite hail, wind, and cold, was a subject of general remark. Each had a stirring tale to relate of adventure, blockade, and fierce fight with cutting blast and blinding snow. A sample is that of a young man who walked down town from Fiftieth Street and summed up his experience as "Four miles—four hours—one ear frozen." On every side were seen the quaintest and queerest of storm outfits—oilskins, rubber coats, fur, canvas, cloth, and everything imaginable that could keep the weather out and the heat in. Women were encumbered by their clothing, and the few who were to be seen were pitifully helpless in the high winds. Many were helped into private carriages and assisted by sympathetic strangers. Falling signs, awnings, and wires added an element of danger to the general discomfort. The worst serious casualty of the day was a collision on the Third Avenue elevated road at Seventy-sixth Street in which one person, the engineer, was killed, seven seriously injured, and many slightly hurt.

The scenes at the river sides, east and west, were varied and surprising. Of the East River ferries, only the Fulton Street line ran with anything like regularity. New York business men who lived on the Jersey side of the North River were very generally forced to abandon their homes for the night. The Brooklyn Bridge, considering its exposed position, stood the storm nobly. Not the slightest vibration was discovered in the piers. Trains crossed the bridge, but at very irregular intervals. Of course the promenade was closed; one adventurous youth slipped by the guards in the morning and crossed; he was benumbed and beaten breathless by the wind, and fell before he reached the New York side. The Bridge police raised him and pulled him across. Without their help he would doubtless have perished. The East River was frozen, and on Tuesday

morning, for the first time in many years, many crossed on the ice.

DRIFT NOTES.—The newspapers showed great enterprise, getting out "Blizzard editions," which sold at extra prices. No one grudged the boys five cents apiece. ——We have heard of just one man who went out for a walk Monday night purely for fun, and "enjoyed himself immensely."——One sign called out by the storm was that of a saloon offering free whisky to any one unable to pay for it.——Frozen faces, noses, ears, and fingers were common.——The New York "Herald" on Monday morning had a beautiful little poem by Walt Whitman on "The First Dandelion of Spring." How apropos! ——Electric lights were literally nowhere yesterday. ——In Macy's store the girls stayed in the building all night and had a sort of picnic ——Many men were seen with masks made of handkerchiefs, holes being made for eyes and mouth.——Only three Broadway theaters were opened; they were not overcrowded.

IN AND ABOUT BOSTON.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

TWO notable people, father and daughter, have been laid to rest in Sleepy Hollow, in Concord, near the resting-places of Emerson and Hawthorne—A. Bronson Alcott and Louisa May Alcott. Mr. Alcott passed away, at the advanced age of eighty-nine, on Sunday morning, March 3; his daughter, not knowing of her father's decease, followed him on Tuesday morning, aged fifty-five. On the previous Thursday Miss Alcott rode from Roxbury to see her father, who was in feeble health at her sister's, Mrs. Ellen Alcott Pratt, who resides in Louisburg Square; omitting to put on her furs for the return drive, she took cold, which resulted in spinal meningitis. She had been ill for several years and under medical treatment.

The funeral services of Mr. Alcott were of a simple character, at the residence of Mrs. Pratt, conducted by Dr. Cyrus Bartol, upon whose ministrations at the West Church the Alcotts attended. Mr. Frank B. Sanborn and Mrs. Edna D. Cheney delivered short addresses, and the Rev. J. S. Bush, of Concord, read the burial service and offered prayer, the service being on Tuesday a few hours after the spirit of the daughter had passed on to join the father.

The funeral of Miss Alcott was strictly private, at Mrs. Pratt's, on Thursday, Dr. Bartol delivering a short address, worthy tribute also being paid to her memory by Mrs. Edna D. Cheney, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, and Mrs. Harriet Winslow Sewall, who read the poem by Miss Alcott, "Transfiguration." Miss Alcott was always tenderly and devotedly interested in the family, "filling the gaps," as she called her service. By the departure of the Alcotts the community is reminded of the great movement that began in Massachusetts by the Transcendentalists, the socialistic Brook Farm experiment, the gathering in home life at Concord of the notable *littérateurs* who have achieved lasting fame, the establishment of the Concord School of Philosophy, and the social, ethical, and literary streams that have flowed thence through the world. The Alcotts have been as unique as any of the eminent group. Miss Alcott by her will has left her property to her sister, and ordered all of her manuscripts, letters, and papers to be burned.

Town and city elections through the State show somewhat of a falling off in the number of municipalities which have voted no license, the larger towns not holding up to the score of last year. In the Legislature the annual pressure is now on to get more stringent laws for the suppression of liquor-selling. It seems doubtful whether the Prohibitionists will get anything but the one per cent. beer bill. The law rates all beers of not less than three per cent. of alcohol as unintoxicating, which limitation allows the free sale of the large number of unintoxicating drinks, and this privilege, it is claimed, is generally abused by taking advantage of the opportunity to furnish stronger drinks "on the sly;" indeed, some of the temperance people claim that the free shops are the most corrupting liquor places in the city. The new bill rates all beers of over one per cent. alcohol as intoxicating. There certainly is much temperance activity all along the line, in the Legislature and out, and sentiment against grog-shops is gaining strength outside of the radical prohibitory camps. Joseph Cook and this class of agitators pronounce high license a block to the cause of prohibition; they seem to think that if we can get constitutional prohibition, grant women suffrage in municipal elections, and make it a penal offense punishable by fine not to vote, except prevented by absence or illness, the temperance millennium will have dawned. Many of these agitators forget, or do not find it convenient to remember, when denouncing the city government for the licensed rum-shops, that the Legislature some years ago took the business of licensing from the city authorities and lodged the power in the hands of three police commissioners, who are appointed by the Governor, two from the dominant party and one from the minority party.

In a week filled with surprises the burning of the Springfield "Union" building and consequent loss of life has stirred the community deeply, and set everybody to reflecting on the possibilities there are in the cities that such fearful calamities are liable to occur at any time. Mr. Edward Atkinson is out in an article in which he characterizes the loss of seven lives at Springfield as homicide from combustible architecture. He states that in the United States we burn nearly two hotels a day, destroy one hospital, asylum, or almshouse by fire in every two weeks, with large loss of life. He says that some of our Massachusetts public buildings are among the most costly and dangerous examples of the art of combustible architecture. In buildings where there are elevators he would have the elevator tube lined with sheet-iron, the doors of wood incased in tin and made automatic, and a thin glass roof over the top of the tube, which would probably break by the effect of the heat. By this construction fire shooting up the elevator shaft would be prevented from extending to the floors and rooms of the building till the inmates might escape by stairways or down ladders. It is probable that the present Legislature will take some action calculated to make life more secure against fires in public buildings and places of business.

OBSERVER

BRONSON ALCOTT—LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

BY THE REV. JULIUS H. WARD.

THE double sorrow that has come to the surviving members of the Alcott family removes at almost one blow those who have given it public distinction. The father and the daughter have been inseparable companions in all their riper years, and their united deaths, much as is the sorrow of thousands for the loss of Louisa Alcott, have a certain tragic unity that hushes one's regret with a sense of awe. The daughter had so long given her life and strength to insure the happiness of others that it seems as if she could not be spared by those whose lives she has enriched, but the careers of the two were so blended that the one seemed the complement of the other, and there is joy mingled with sorrow in the fact that in their deaths they were not divided. In many New England families the members have shone out as did the Alcotts in father and daughter. The Emerson brothers were such a notable family. The Beecher boys and girls have taken the family name around the world. The Quincy and Adams families have abounded in illustrious members, and in the older homes of many of our best citizens there has been a certain luster to the family from the first settlement of the country. The Alcott family had the "blue blood" in both of its branches. Bronson Alcott did not grow up in affluence, but in his day he has been one of our most representative Americans; and Mrs. Alcott was not less distinguished in her ancestry than in her own character. It has been a gifted family by descent and in its fruit, and the time came when, in founding the Concord School of Philosophy and in the popularity of Miss Alcott's stories for children, the father and the daughter alike contributed to its fame and influence. It may be doubted if there has gone forth from any New England home in the last two or three generations a more pervasive influence than has been exerted by Bronson Alcott and his daughter through contact with individuals and through the awakening of the instincts of childhood. The one was seemingly at the antipodes of the other. The daughter had the fun and sparkle that come from intellectual activity and ruddy health, and gave her strength to the practical side of life; the father wrapped himself up more and more in the habit of the philosopher as life went on, and was never able, in all his grand openness and sincerity of character, to be other than what he was. It was once the rule to laugh at Bronson Alcott as a "ne'er-do-well" who could not earn his own living, but this was a feature in his life which was simply constitutional. Like Coleridge, his mind was set on higher things, and would not submit to the collar of a draught-horse. If it be said that this implied selfishness, I reply that the story of his career, as I have had it, with all its light and shade, in the confidence of friendship from his own lips, when properly understood, utterly forbids the insinuation. This man grew out of the limitations of his youth, as he grew out of the limitations of his manhood, and kept on growing out of his past self till the physical man failed to respond to the mind and soul. Those who came in contact with him in his later years at the School of Philosophy in Concord were impressed more and more with the spiritual majesty of the man down to the very end of his thoughtful life. His "Ion," a monody which he gave before the Concord School in the summer of 1882, on the death of Emerson, who was his dearest friend, though he had not the gift and faculty divine of the poet, was conceived in the high mood that befitted the subject, and there was a pathos in it which is the same that you feel in reading Milton's "Lycidas" and Emerson's "Threnody" on the death of his child. He gave me his manuscript copy of this beautiful elegy, written in his peculiar old-fashioned hand, firm and strong for an octogenarian; it was the last, or almost the last, of his public utterances, and it lies before me, a reminder of what the whole man has been to me in the years that I have been permitted to know him. He was the higher presence in the Concord School, and the work of that school has been like the spirit which is now going forth from the prophetic teachers at Andover, the liberation of philosophical and religious thought from the restrictions of a purely theological system It was here that men have felt his influence, and what he had done for me I found, on comparing notes, he had done for Dr. William T. Harris some years before. He had the power of thinking beyond the usual limitations of his fellow-men. He was a natural logician. Wherever he began, the talk was true to the laws of the spiritual understanding. He came out on the affirmative side, no matter where he began. It was these grand affirmations, in spite of all his excursiveness, which constituted the charm of his conversations. Other men might be more brilliant. Dr. Harris is to-day vastly superior as a philosophical thinker to what Alcott ever was, but the Concord "prophet of the soul" was the first to teach Dr. Harris, as he was to teach others, what the schools had not taught in America, the necessity of seeing truth, not as a system, but as a whole, in its relation to the whole of life. If the Concord School has done any one thing for the philosophical and religious thinking of the country, it has extended this way of seeing things, which was habitual to Bronson Alcott, till it has become the habit of many who are to-day shaping the higher thought and life of the Nation.

It was here that this great and imperfectly honored teacher was strong. Emerson caught hold of him on the side of his spiritual life, and called him "the most extraordinary man and the highest genius of his time." Writing to Margaret Fuller as early as 1837, when Alcott was only known by his "Record of a School" and his "Conversations on the Gospels," he says: "He has more of the godlike than any man I have ever seen, and his presence rebukes and threatens and raises. He is a teacher." And it was to this man that Emerson went to school. When the editor of the Boston "Advertiser," the father of Dr. E. E. Hale, turned his instructions into ridicule, as they were presented in the volumes which Miss Peabody had written down at his dictation during the school-hours in the Masonic Temple, and all Boston had been set by the ears and was denouncing its only true schoolmaster as a charlatan, it was Mr. Emerson who said to his friend in 1840: "Come to Concord, and I will see that you are protected. The Boston people are not worthy of you." This invitation took the Alcotts to Concord, where, with the exception of a short stay at Fruitlands, they have since resided till the last years of his life. Emerson was the only man in America at this time who believed in Bronson Alcott, except himself. Alcott never lost sight of the fact that God had given him a particular and definite work to do, and even at the lowest ebb in his fortunes he never forgot his mission to the world. Emerson's kindness I know all about, because I have read the whole story, with Alcott's consent, in his voluminous diary, and what was not included there was given from his own lips. With this knowledge, I feel that Mr. Cabot has treated Emerson's friend with insufficient mention in his excellent "Memoir." He has suppressed what ought to have been said. Nothing in Emerson's life was more touching or characteristic than his relation to his friend Alcott. There was a reserve in Emerson that not even Alcott ever thought of infringing on, but in all the intercourse of an almost daily companionship of many years they had an intellectual exchange which was a constant refreshment to each, and Emerson in his befriending of Alcott acted upon the Scriptural injunction of not allowing the left hand to know what the right hand had done. Into the way that the Alcott family found relief from the cruel cutting off of Alcott's natural means of support by the raising of prejudice against him in Boston, which operated for half a century to his detriment in many circles, I may not enter, though it is a story so pathetic and touching and thrilling and ennobling to woman, and so full of rebuke to false womanhood, that the world ought not to lose it—for the influence of an illustrious example, if for no other reason. In all these years of struggle Alcott never was less the gentleman and philosopher than he was in his later years, when his tall figure and animated countenance, touched off with a wealth of silver locks that reached to his shoulders, expressed the natural majesty of the man. He felt keenly the misunderstanding of those who laughed at his school-keeping and his efforts to establish Paradise in Massachusetts, but there was never the least unkindness in his sense of pain. He was too good and pure a man to fail in holding up in his practice the virtues of life. He was the living embodiment of the philosophy in which he believed and of the faith which inspired his soul. He was Emerson's other self; he had all the time that vision of the whole which only came to his

friend by fits and starts; but Emerson had in such perfection the gift of writing in good form that it is Emerson's snatches of the clear sky which pass for the welkin as Alcott certified it to him in his hab'tual thought. I take up Alcott's volumes, but they weary me, while my memory of his conversations is as if I had talked with angels and had glanced at the glory of their upper homes. Bronson Alcott was one of those men whom you grow up to, after you have lived in his atmosphere.

This was the character of his friendships with younger men; they came to reverence him for a spiritual influence which defied analysis but which clarified and improved the quality of their lives. It was in the spirit of these impressions that, in the subdued light of a drawing-room on a quiet street in Boston, his funeral was held on the morning of the 5th of March. The venerable Dr. Bartol, who has been the eulogist of the great men of his time for half a century, and loved and appreciated the Concord mystic and philosopher for all that he was, stood by his open coffin, and, in a manner and in a line of remark alike inimitable, gave his sweet and beautiful farewell to his friend in the presence of many who through all the years had known and loved him best. The eyes moistened at his every word, and when the clear notes of the Episcopal burial service came strong and joyous in their utterance of the immortality of the soul, it seemed as if the very dead responded to the voice of the living. Mr. Sanborn, in a few fitting words, set forth the departed as the most characteristic American of his time, and then Mrs. E. D. Cheney, who had been one of those whom his thought had helped and guided, expressed, as only a strong and wise and tender woman can, the sense of what all who were present owed to the great master whose mortal remains were soon to be laid away in the place of the last sleep. It was a burial service in accord with what would have been the wishes of the dead, and truly respondent to the wishes of the living. It was open day in that home of sorrow because "the light that never was on sea or land" had shone in there from above. And yet it was so near a poignant sorrow in everybody's thought and heart that one could not think of the father at rest without the keenest regret that the daughter who had helped to make his later pathway beautiful was at the same moment at rest in another home. They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.

Alcott was not, as Emerson truly said, a writer; his few books could never be popular; and he was in no sense an original thinker. But there was that in his way of stating truth in his conversations, that in the personality which he threw into truth out of the intensity and breadth of his convictions, which gave what he said the force of truth heard for the first time. Agassiz said that he could not afford to stop to make money, and Alcott was one of the few men who lived habitually in the atmosphere of ideas where the lower currents of life have no existence. It was this supremacy of purity and truth and ethical insight which made him personally attractive to all who knew him. What he had to say about himself was the mere foible that you forgot in your reach to the innocence and freshness of his spiritual life. I can imagine that what Coleridge in his best moments was at Highgate, Alcott was in his conversations with those who responded to his higher thought. Emerson was the literary genius of the Transcendental movement. He is its representative man to-day. But Alcott was its soul and inspiration; he was at once the promoter of its reorganization of society and the director of its moral purpose. The man whom Emerson looked up to as his teacher could be nothing less than this, and if one will take the trouble to read his "The Record of a School," his introduction to the "Conversations on the Gospels," and his "Concord School Reports," in which he expressed freely his spiritual and practical views of education, or, as he preferred to call it, human culture, it will easily appear why Emerson was so greatly attracted to him. Here was a man who had the genius of Pestalozzi, who could not take a step in education unless it implied the spiritual as well as the social training of the child. Nothing so valuable on the wholeness of human culture has been written by any American, and perhaps it would be true to say that Alcott stands with Pestalozzi and Froebel as the three men who have revolutionized modern education. One day when I was at his house he handed to me his own copy of the "Concord School Reports," saying, "Here is the record of my attempt, after the Masonic Temple School was broken up, to introduce my ideas of education into the public schools of the country, and in your hands it will not be forgotten." The volume contains his first published outline of elementary education, dating back as early as 1830, Mr. Charles Lane's "Interpretation of A. Bronson Alcott's Idea and Practice at the Masonic Temple, Boston," and his "Concord School Reports," from 1860 till 1862, inclusive. Here is the whole of his educational system in theory and practice, and the day will come when a reprint of this volume will be demanded in the interest of American education. Dr. Harris is an original student and thinker in the development of the American school system, but I think he would be glad to acknowledge that he derived much of his own breadth and insight into true methods of human culture from Alcott's writings. They first set him to thinking on right lines. Alcott's higher work in the Transcendental Club, which was organized in 1836, was simply the development of his thinking into a higher realm. He used to say that he was born again after he was fifty years old; what he meant was that he found himself arriving at conclusions through a broadening mental and spiritual development; and this was simply the truth. He was one of the few men in the world who grew after most men have gone to seed. He was the youngest old man I ever knew. He had a sympathetic consciousness of philosophical and ethical truth. He had in ethics what Chief Justice Marshall had in the principles of justice, an intuitive sense of what ought to be, and on these lines his judgment could always be trusted.

There happened to him the good fortune that, if he could not bring the great public to his side, he could bring up his own children according to the principles of human and spiritual culture which he had been prevented from fully carrying out in Boston. His four daughters were as bright and happy girls as one could find in any New England home, and it fell to his daughter Louisa, who excelled her sisters in literary skill, to portray in imaginary life the thoughts and principles which had been set forth by her father in his Boston school, and which were a part of the atmosphere of her home training. It is through her that Alcott has reached the confines of the wide world in a style of fiction which is not only the transcript of the free play of the affections of youth, but the finest and best possible presentation of the truths of personal training which he sought to impress upon his generation. Miss Elizabeth Peabody was his unfailing friend in his work of elementary instruction, and the "Record of a School" and the "Conversations" were due to her skill as a recorder of the practical success of the Socratic method applied to education; but Louisa Alcott, with her quick insight, her fine sense of humor, her healthy nature, and her generous emotional and spiritual training, brought to her imaginative representation of the doings of members of the Alcott family, beyond whose adventures she seldom extended her vision, such rightness of treatment that the world of childhood has been enriched through her stories as perhaps by no other modern writer. What the father could not do has been done by the daughter, with a success which must have been as much of a glad surprise to herself as to her friends. She has made the world of childhood something which it was not before. Her writings have such vitality that they make their own way. She has been as popular as Maria Edgeworth was two generations ago, and her writings are so genuine in the portraiture of life that they have been added to the permanent literature of childhood the world over. "Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words into the ends of the world."

But this sketch of the Alcott family, so far as it is the subject of public treatment, would not be complete if it stopped with Miss Alcott's delineation of the joys and sorrows of its childhood. Her boys and girls are so genuine that they cease to be Alcotts, and stand for boys and girls everywhere, and so Miss Alcott becomes a representative writer, and will retain in this capacity her hold of generation after generation of readers. The secret of the fascination with which she has invested the careers of her young people is not more due to literary power than it is to the remarkable sincerity and rightness of her own life. She once remarked that it seemed to be her duty to fill up gaps. She took the place of bread-winner on the first success of her "Little Women," and with the death of her mother succeeded to the mother's place, with her widowed sister, at the head of the family, and her whole life has been the outpouring of a loving mind and heart in the quiet discharge of home duty and service. Rarely has a writing career which has commanded the widest popularity been so full of the sweet sanctities of home. The aged Alcott grew in the fine and chastened beauty of the Christian gentleman and philosopher as the years went on, and it was the hand of this consecrated daughter that was invisibly behind him. The affection with which the one spoke of the other was something which no language could adequately express. It was the life of the life of each. The time has not come for the statement of what Louisa Alcott was in all the intimacies of private life; it may never come; but those who knew her will bear witness that she had one of the whitest and purest souls that ever was enshrined in a human form. Her literary success was the smallest part of a life that knew almost no limits of delicate and true service of others, and in the annals of distinguished women there are few who can be named before Louisa May Alcott.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

JACKSONVILLE is the natural metropolis of Florida, standing just south of the northern border, and constituting the gateway to the State. It is on St. John's River, but its commercial importance apparently depends chiefly upon the fact that it has become a great railroad center. This is the point at which all Northern visitors arrive and from which all Northern visitors depart, whether they are going by the Atlantic Coast line directly to the North or by one of the other lines to the West or Northwest. Even those who come by steamer come either to Charleston, Savannah, or Fernandina, and thence by railroad to Jacksonville. It is an enterprising town, with all those marks of rawness and vigor combined which characterize new American cities, especially those that have been built up by the railroads. Its hotels, as we have already intimated, are exceptionally good. As much cannot be said for its churches. The Methodists occupy a creditable edifice, but the Congregationalist and the Presbyterian churches—South and North—dwell in wooden tenements that do not do credit to a city of the size and honorable pretensions of Jacksonville. The general appearance is that commerce has taken a long leap here and left religion lagging far in the rear. Whether this is really true I do not know. The Young Men's Christian Association has attractive rooms, with a small but well-equipped gymnasium, a hall, and a reading-room. It is a tenant, and should be the owner, of this building. On the Sabbath that I was at Jacksonville the Rev. Russell T. Hall was installed as pastor of the Congregational church, and I thus had the opportunity of meeting with a number of representative Congregational clergy, and concur very heartily in the remark made by a distinguished layman that they were a fine body of men. The church has a fairly pleasant audience room, but it is hardly adequate even for the present congregation; it gives no room for growth, and is in a wooden shell that presents no attractions to the tourist. Mr. Hall, who came recently to Florida from Ohio, is the right man in the right place, and will bring to his work what it needs—a consecrated heart, a progressive spirit, and a wise and well-balanced judgment. That he is a man of tact, and likely to be one of influence, is indicated by the fact that he is already the Moderator of the ministerial club, the association which meets every Monday morning. The friendly relations, by the way, between different classes is indicated by the fact that on the Monday morning on which I was privileged to attend the meeting of this club the Congregational Moderator and the Southern Presbyterian Scribe sat side by side on the same platform, and in the audience room colored ministers mingled with their white brethren. There were a number of Northern visitors, and the time was courteously given to them. But I noted the fact that every expression on their part in favor of nationality, liberty, and Christian progress was warmly applauded and apparently received without dissent.

The impression produced by Jacksonville was still further produced by actual observations in a very rapid tour of inspection through other parts of Florida; namely, that her religious and educational work is not up to her necessities. Excepting the Methodist church at St. Augustine, which has been built by the proprietor of the great Ponce de Leon Hotel, I did not see a church in the State which struck me as really a fine one. Nor was I impressed, as I have been in some Western communities, by the school buildings; but yet this may have been my mischance; perhaps a further acquaintance and a closer observation would reverse the impression here conveyed. Personal conference with leading Floridians did not confirm the optimistic reports of public education in the State given in the official reports, and repeated to the Northern people by the New York "Evening Post." The gist of what my informants—and there were several of them—said was that the State authorities had very little idea of what education really is, and that the public schools of Florida could not, in the quality of their teaching and the efficiency of their work, compare for a moment with those of either New England or of the Northwest. The notion that Florida was in advance of the New England States in her public schools was regarded with amusement by men who agreed for other reasons with the conclusion of the "Evening Post" that the Blair bill is a mistake. So far as I can judge, it is the absolutely universal sentiment in the South, at least in Florida—and this is true of Northern men as well as of Southern men, and the Northern men who were radical abolitionists before and during the war—that any attempt to mix the races in either schools or churches would be a great mistake, and would be as distasteful to the negroes as to the whites. The kind of preaching which will to-day take hold of the negro race would be of little value to the white race, and *vice versa*. And while, of course, the primary teaching must be essentially the same for both races, the negroes are beginning to be clamorous to have both their own schools, which indeed

now they have, and men and women of their own race as their teachers. There are moral reasons also, into which I will not go here, why parents are rightfully unwilling that their boys and girls should associate with negro children in the public schools, until moral instruction, both in negro churches and the negro households, is very different from what it is to-day. All my prejudices are in favor of no recognition of caste or color in either school or church. But theories incubated in the study must give way to actual experience in the field.

It so happened that I was thrown more with Congregationalists than with any other denomination in Florida, and so know more of their religious work and missionary operations. The week preceding Mr. Hall's installation an association meeting was held at Interlachen, in Central Florida, the reports of which indicated quite as much intellectual and spiritual life as would be likely to characterize any similar meeting in any part of the United States. The Congregationalists have established a college at Winter Park, in Central Florida, Dr E. P. Hooker being President of the college and pastor of the Congregational church. Like all colleges in new communities, this institution is preparatory school, grammar school, and college; and, measured by numbers, the college is the least department of the three. The institution appears, from all I could learn, to be the best collegiate institution in the State. It is situated on the bank of a lake; the high ground is provided with gentlemen's cottage, ladies' cottage, dining-hall, and hall for instruction, but greatly needs, not only permanent endowment, but financial aid for its current expenses. There are two Chautauquas in the State, one at De Funiak Springs, in Western Florida, and one at Mount Dora, in Southern Florida. The former I was not able to visit. From the fact that half a score of editors of different "Christian Advocates" from different parts of the country were announced among its speakers, I judge it to be under Methodist auspices; the latter is under Congregational auspices, though both of them, like all Chautauquas, are undenominational in their spirit and the instruction which they afford. Mount Dora is situated on a gentle eminence sloping up from the lake of the same name, and is really beautiful for situation. It has the advantage of a fine natural grove and of undulating ground which affords every facility for good drainage. This was the second year of its existence, but it has already put up what is, I think, the finest auditorium that I have seen at any Chautauqua Assembly save that of the original Chautauqua in New York State. I was present only at the opening days of the session, and one of them was cold, cheerless, and rainy. Nevertheless there was a good audience, one which would have overcrowded the tent in which the Assembly met last year. The village of Mount Dora, two or three miles distant, is anxiously waiting for some one to put up a first-class hotel, and ground is offered for nothing on condition that a first-class hotel is erected on it. The hotel in the Chautauqua grounds was not much more than adequate to provide accommodations for the actual workers, but the table, which was under the charge of a lady from Martha's Vineyard, was exceptionally good. It was here that we had ripe strawberries, while our friends in New York were breasting the north wind with the thermometer ten degrees below zero.

We left Chautauqua about eleven o'clock in the morning, in a cold, driving rain, on what our host told us was the worst day he had ever seen in Florida, and waited for a couple of hours at Sanford, in a crowded, noisy, and disagreeable station, made out of an old store, until the train arrived to get us to our boat. We had resolved to get a glimpse of the St. John's River, and would not allow ourselves to be cheated out of it by the inclement weather. I was very glad my traveling companion had the courage to breast the storm, for the rain ceased, though the clouds still hung low, and we were able to sit out on deck and enjoy what is certainly a unique sail. The banks are so low, sometimes overflowed with water, and the trees grow so close to their edge and the branches so overhang, and the long gray moss so falls and festoons from their branches, that we seemed to be sailing through the woods rather than on a river. And when the sun finally goes down, darkness gathers, as it quickly does in these Southern latitudes, over the scene, and the electric lights are brought out and flash a pathway of light along which we travel, the scene is indescribably weird and romantic. Since the railroad has been built the river traffic has fallen off. What a queer folk we Americans are! We weary of our business, we want a rest, we travel for the sake of travel, and then, instead of taking that method which will give us the most complete rest and the most enchanting views, we hurry and rush and scramble for that which will get us through our pleasure in the quickest possible time and with the least possible opportunity for observation!

We were not able to visit what is known as the most charming part of Florida, the east coast. But since we got home we have received a letter from a friend whose time was more at his disposal, and a paragraph from his letter giving his enthusiastic description of that part of Florida shall be included in these Notes by the Way. Only it is just to the rest of Florida to remind the reader that the rest of these notes have been written by one who is not, and this paragraph is written by one who is, an enthusiastic Floridian; he will also note, perhaps, the marvelous progress which has been made in Florida in the matter of civilization and convenience for travelers during the last five years:

Until very recently the east coast and its adjacent rivers were a sealed book to the average tourist seeking recreation or health in our "American Italy." Practically harborless, and walled in from the St. John's by a wide barrier of forest, it was almost unknown, save as a paradise for the sportsman. Allured by reports of its many attractions, I determined to see and judge for myself. That was five years ago, and I was in St. Augustine. Starting at night, and being the only passenger, I intrusted myself with many misgivings to the unprepossessing affair which constituted the "Stage Line," then the only means of conveyance to this coast and river region below. The rickety, canvas-covered vehicle, far advanced in age and infirmity, was well matched in these particulars by its motive power, a pair of sorry-looking mules. However, after a night and nearly a day of continuous traveling, the rough and uncertain trail, which threaded an almost unbroken forest, was safely traversed, and with my first view of this beautiful region I realized that I was to be amply recompensed for the discomforts of the journey. Intending to tarry a couple of weeks, I lingered in its delightful atmosphere and among its varied charms twice as many months. The characteristics and conformation of this east coast region are such that it must always be pre-eminently attractive to the Florida tourist. A thread of forest-covered land, averaging, perhaps, only a mile in width, but extending along the coast for hundreds of miles, separates the Atlantic from that remarkable series of connected "rivers" known as the "Halifax," the "Hillsborough," and the "Indian." Protected from the motion of the ocean, these broad and placid waters give beauty and variety to the scenery, and furnish an unrivaled field for aquatic pleasures; while just across the narrow margin of semi-tropic forest lies the most magnificent beach of the Atlantic coast. For scores of miles one may drive upon the impacted sand and shells of the gently shelving shore, enjoying the ever in-rolling surf and the refreshing breeze tempered by more tropic waters. One characteristic of winter in this part of Florida is the prevalence of the gentle "southeast trades." During the season, for weeks together, they come up with the sun, just sufficiently tempering his rays, and die away with his setting. They constitute the certainty, the safety, and the luxury which attend boating in these rivers. In fact, the advantages which the east coast region possesses over other parts of the peninsula are manifold. Not only in winter is the climate milder and more equable, but that of summer is so tempered by ocean breezes that the heat is rarely excessive, and those from the North now permanently residing here assure me that they feel the summer heat less than they did in their former homes. This class of residents is rapidly increasing. Some come from considerations of health; but more, perhaps, from a certain fascination there is in living in a region where singing birds are never absent, in having a home always surrounded by fruits and flowers, and where the verdure of the semi-tropics may be always seen—the magnolia, the broad-leafed palmetto, and the festooned oak. Even as I write, our "Tribune" tells us of the storms which have swept over the frozen North, while here the flowers of our garden have as yet been untouched by a breath of frost. Yes, and during those very days we strolled over to the beach for the luxury of our ocean baths!

With which most friendly, if not enthusiastic, words, I bid farewell to Florida, which has added a most pleasant memory to the many pleasant memories of the past.

LAICUS

SERVANTS OF JESUS CHRIST.

BY MISS E. L WILLCOX.

IN turning over the Epistles of the New Testament it is interesting to note how various writers introduce themselves by this simple phrase. The pupil of the learned Gamaliel, the impetuous fisherman of Galilee, the practical son of Zebedee, all characterize themselves in the same way, and Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ, Peter, a servant of Jesus Christ, and James, a servant of Jesus Christ, send their respective letters to the churches, and expect recognition on the ground of the common fact. That proud service was the central thought of their lives. Nor is it hard for us to see how its power only could have molded such dissimilar materials into fit pillars for the temple of our God.

Three men of recent influence in the Christian world may be grouped together by that phrase. They were servants of Jesus Christ; aside from that they had little in common. Born in different stations, in widely separate lands, and choosing various vocations in life, each accepted this motive power in his youth, and the completed life of each strikes the same chord. The biographies of the three have just been given to the public,[1] and no reader can fail to find in the diverse individualities and circumstances of each subject the same central principle, vitalizing and unifying all.

Of two of the three the world, perhaps, had never heard but for this spur to action. Born in a little Vermont village, the only son of a farmer with few interests save the narrow daily routine, the childhood of Constans L Goodell gave little promise of his future usefulness. But the limited family library—a Bible, a hymn-book, and an English Reader—whetted the boy's taste for books, and when at thirteen he induced his father to subscribe for his first newspaper, that father's darling wish that his boy should succeed to the farm was doomed to disappointment. With some aid from home, but chiefly through his own exertions, he fitted himself for college, entering the University of Vermont in 1851. Both in the fitting school and in college his popular gifts secured him appreciation, but it was not until after his conversion in his senior year that he showed even the intellectual ambition which must mark a successful student. Writes a classmate: "It is the general opinion of the men who knew Dr. Goodell in college that it was his conversion that made him. . . . He never was in real earnest before, never worked hard before."

That new purpose struck deep roots. His choice of a profession was immediately changed from the law to the ministry, and the succeeding three years, passed in Andover Theological Seminary, were fruitful in intellectual progress, as in moral and spiritual development. His instructors speak especially of the conscientiousness of his work, permitting him no carelessness in the less interesting lines. And in the Christian activities of the place he was always ready to bear a large share. The years there were but an epitome of his public ministry in which personal ease was remanded to the background and he was ever ready to spend and be spent in the service which he had chosen.

His pastorates were two, each typical of a class, so that the record of his experience and success should be suggestive and helpful to many a worker in the same field. He thus described his new home, in 1859, as it appeared from his window: "You see our pleasant village of New Britain below you; factories of brick, houses of white and brown and cream, and eight spires (you can read the time of day from two of these) and the public grounds. It is a bright, round, spacious village, resting on a level plain, with pleasant country dotted with farmhouses all around." In this thriving Connecticut town were passed ten years of his ministry—years of faithful endeavor, which for a considerable time showed only slight results. There was little growth in the church during the first five years. His biographer explains this by the troubled state of the country—it was during the anxious war period—but Dr. Goodell himself finds another reason. "I began my ministry," he writes, "in the belief that man must wait for God—sow the seed faithfully, and wait. . . . I am likely to end my ministry with the strongest conviction that God is waiting for man. The seed is sown; the fields are white; it remains for the harvest men to gather sheaves." And elsewhere is described the new method which, then adopted, he followed with increasing confidence through all his subsequent ministry: "For years, as he also confessed, he seemed in his work to be like a man standing up before four or five hundred empty bottles trying to fill them from the platform with a hose. The water dashed over them, and a little of it went in, but not much was accomplished. Then he tried a different way. He took up a bottle, put in a funnel, and filled that bottle." The test of this method is seen in the extraordinary increase in church membership during his remaining years in New Britain. The additions on confession of faith aggregated 247, an average of thirty-five a year, while for the preceding twenty-four years in the history of the church the annual average had been less than eight. That this was a thoroughly healthy growth the subsequent history of the church abundantly testifies.

With the removal to St. Louis in 1872 came new and very different conditions. In a rapidly growing metropolis, among heterogeneous elements, there were many difficult problems. How speedily and continuously, under Dr. Goodell's leadership, the feeble Pilgrim Church waxed strong and became a power in the city and the whole region round about, it is not necessary to rehearse. All through Missouri and beyond the Congregational churches are more and better because of Dr. Goodell's watch and ward. And in her own city Pilgrim Church has become a mother of churches which rise up to do her honor. It is significant, as illustrating the true pastoral relation of Dr. Goodell to his people, that when he was suddenly stricken from them, in February, 1886, and that small army of Christian workers

[1] *The Life of Constans L. Goodell, D.D.* By A. H. Currier, D.D., Professor of Pastoral Theology in Oberlin Theological Seminary. With an Introduction by Wm. M. Taylor, D.D., Minister of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. $1.50.)

Autobiography of William G. Schauffler, for Forty-nine Years a Missionary in the Orient. Edited by his Sons, with an Introduction by Professor E A. Park, D.D., LL D. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. $1.25.)

The Life of Samuel Morley. By Edwin Hodder, author of the "Life and Work of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G." With etched portrait. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. $3.)

was left without its leader, the work of the church halted hardly for a day. So thoroughly had they learned his teaching that he was merely an intermediary between them and the Master. "The test of a great man is in the world's power to do without him." This pastor had so stamped himself upon his people that his work went forward without delay when he left the ranks.

Some of Dr. Goodell's methods, as his individual work according to which each acquisition was "hand-picked," his thorough organization whereby each was given a special niche in the church work, his peculiar interest in and success with the children, must receive but the briefest mention here. But no reference to his life may omit the fact of his marriage without losing, we had almost said, the vital secret. His college friends said, "His conversion made him." Others have said, "His marriage made him." Perhaps both were right. Since Mrs. Goodell still lives, it is not permitted us to tell, what only those who knew them both can tell, how much his noblest ambitions were stirred, his impetuosity subdued, his sympathies refined, by the strength of one who always stood shoulder to shoulder with him in his work and made his home a sanctuary of rest.

We turn to the record of William G. Schauffler's life, which is, happily, from his own hand. The autobiography, his son tells us, was written solely for the benefit of his own children, with no idea that it would ever be put into print. From this fact it borrows peculiar interest, though the details are sometimes such as would not have been chosen by one writing for the general public. Yet Dr. Schauffler's circle of friends must have been so wide that it is fitting that this book should appeal primarily to them.

The story has been often told. A young German mechanic in Odessa, with few school advantages and religiously starving on the cold formalism of the State Church, fell under the influence of an ardent young Catholic priest and "saw before him eternal life," and "the problem of his existence was solved for him in Christ." The same message thus brought to him he must carry to others. For that he studied and planned while yet the door seemed closed. But faith and patience both were strong, and after a few years were rewarded by a series of incidents which brought him to this country. His manly independence and childlike faith, always associated, never stand out more conspicuously than as he approached these shores with not an acquaintance on the continent and but a dollar in his pocket. At the rooms of the American Board, and later at Andover, he was rather coolly received, suspected, he thinks, of being a "German vagabond." But he promptly secured work at his trade, and the doubters were changed to friends.

Of his years in the theological seminary Professor Park writes in appreciative terms, indorsing the remark that "if he had done nothing more he would have done a life's work in his intercourse with young candidates for the ministry." His zeal affected not simply his own classmates but all with whom he came in contact, and the missionary enthusiasm which he kindled continued long after he left the seminary. His intellectual brilliancy and acquirements, too, made him a marked man. He had the German endurance, and generally sat fourteen or sixteen hours a day over his books. Broad foundations were here laid for his subsequent linguistic labors, for he pursued his studies in no less than fourteen languages. In later life, we are told, he read twenty-six languages, speaking ten and preaching with ease in six.

Late in 1831 Mr. Schauffler received his commission from the American Board as a missionary to the Jews in Turkey, with authority to linger a few months in Paris, on his way, for further study of the Persian and Arabic languages. Copious extracts from the "Missionary Herald" describe his life in Paris and the subsequent journey through Odessa, his early home, to Constantinople. He was happy in soon finding an American missionary, equally devoted, who as his wife shared his welcome burdens. The history of their work is a part of the record of that sore-tried missionary station. The terrors of the plague in 1837 and 1838 are softened in the perspective of many years, but the facts given tell a tale of suffering and hourly anxiety under which only the stoutest hearts could bear up. There were persecutions, too, one, and another, and a third, in which fears for their own safety were buried under solicitude for their unhappy converts. Personal sorrows not a few came to their lives. The two eldest children died in infancy. In the tense religiousness which marks every page of the father's retrospect a little incident, showing how bitter was this grief, seems to have crept in almost by accident. There were ill health and wearisome journeys. After twenty-three years of labor the Jewish mission to which Dr. Schauffler had devoted the prime of his manhood was abandoned, and he was transferred to another field. To this change and others, determined by the judgment of co-workers, he adjusted himself with ready cheerfulness, doubly beautiful in one of his resolute, persistent nature. The transfer justified itself, for in his new field he was able to do for the Turks what he had previously done for the Spanish Jews—give them a translation of the Bible in their own tongue. These two literary works are enduring monuments to his memory, and by their recognized value attest him one of the ablest scholars ever sent into the mission field. But the lesson of his life would be lost if we did not see behind the philologist the Christian emissary, a veritable ambassador of the Most High, standing before temporal princes in the utter fearlessness to which he was entitled, and commanding for himself and his errand a proportionate respect. He was one of the small circle of whom an eminent English authority has said, "I do not believe that in the history of diplomacy . . . we can find anything to equal the wisdom . . . of the body of men who constitute the American mission in Turkey."

From that rocky hillside in Vermont, from those dreary plains of South Russia, we find a sharp contrast in a luxurious home in the world's metropolis. The London firm of S. and R. Morley, established late in the last century, as the vehicle for the unexcelled Nottingham hosiery, was from the first ably managed, and in 1809, when the youngest son of the junior partner was born, promised wealth and position to any connected with it. Very naturally, the young Samuel early followed his father's footsteps, and at sixteen left school to enter the attractive counting-room. His business ability was marked from the first. He rose rapidly to partnership, ere long becoming principal. For half a century the vast enterprise gained in extent, and poured its wealth into his coffers. Machinery replaced hand-work at Nottingham, and a city of factories sprang up, all emptying themselves into the London warehouse. Seven thousand workmen were under its employ. No private establishment in London had so heavy a mail, none received so large orders, none reaped so large profits. Its proprietor was a "king among merchant princes," says his biographer, and the popular judgment of his financial strength was voiced by M. Taine in saying, "Nothing can shake the house of Morley."

A busy life, one would think, must be his who held in his hand all the varied lines of that vast enterprise, who personally directed the world-wide correspondence, who knew his workmen individually and held each responsible for his part. But to Samuel Morley this was the less important phase of his business. Let us turn back to his childhood again and note these pregnant sentences concerning his early education. "The piety of the home was very beautiful. . . . The children were taught to look upon God as their heavenly Father, in whose love they might rest with perfect confidence. . . . Thus they grew up into the belief that He was in their house as really as their earthly father was, and so it came to pass that very early in life their hearts inclined toward Him." Happy lesson! so well learned that in all after years the care of this world and the deceitfulness of riches were unable to blur its impress. With that lesson of loyalty came, of course, its co-ordinate of responsibility. Mr. Morley regarded his gold as a trust to be disbursed, and felt most keenly his accountability for making the best possible use of it. He believed that to amass wealth, even for noble ends, and leave to another the burden of disbursing it, would be an unmanly shirking of duty. Accordingly, the main business of his life was philanthropy, and it was prosecuted in a thoroughly business-like manner. The mass of correspondence, carefully annotated, to which his biographer refers, bears testimony to this fact, and affords striking contrast to the carelessly scattered doles with which many compound with their conscience. It was said of the recently published life of Lord Shaftesbury that it was substantially a history of the organized philanthropies of England for this century. With almost equal truth might it be said of Mr. Morley. Indeed, Lord Shaftesbury himself testified, "I could tell you a hundred instances in which he did all the work and I had all the honor." The close friendship between these two men, of somewhat narrow intellectual range, the one a Nonconformist, the other of the Established Church, is an eloquent sermon on the basis of Christian unity. "Talk of religious difficulties," said Lord Shaftesbury, in addressing a large meeting, "what have we to do with religious difficulties? My dear friend Mr. Morley and I have worked together for many years, and we have never known anything about religious difficulties." Together they labored for city evangelization, improved homes for artisans, and protection for the oppressed classes. Chapels, club-rooms, libraries, were sown broadcast by Mr. Morley, and of his more private benefactions the story can never be told. In Parliament he was active in securing State education, administrative reform, and various measures for improving the condition of the working classes. While far from sectarian, he was a loyal Dissenter, and always in the forefront of denominational work The Young Men's Christian Associations had in him a stanch supporter, and the temperance reform has had few such advocates. The terrible evil of the saloon grew increasingly obvious to him, and the chief reason for resigning his seat in Parliament, in 1883, was that he might give more time and strength to opposing it.

We have left ourself no space to speak of the traits of character which breathed beauty and grace into this busy routine. But their quality may safely be assumed. Such a life could only flow from a sweet fountain-head. His simple, affectionate nature, his rare modesty, and his unselfishness stand out distinctly in Mr. Hodder's pages. Without genius, without especial gifts, save the talent for hard work, he was a thoroughly wholesome man on both Godward and manward sides, and as such his influence cannot fail to be a tonic wherever felt. What a change in the office and the counting-room, yes, even in the pulpit and the study, when the principle which governed him and those we have grouped with him, the principle of divine service, becomes universally recognized!

WINTER IN A COUNTRY VILLAGE.

WHATEVER may be said of winter in inland country towns, here on the coast it is not nearly as glorious as poets and artists would have the world believe. And those whose information on the subject has been drawn from such sources need only spend a winter here to have their views somewhat modified. In the first place, notwithstanding the evidence of landscape painters whose "winter scenes" invariably include snow, every storm isn't a snow-storm. And snow-storms of the orthodox kind, in which snow "flutters down" in an artistic manner, covering roofs, trees, and fences "with ermine too dear for an earl," are very rare indeed. Neither is the rain more poetical. No tempestuous winds or "majestic darkness" characterize it; on the contrary, it usually puts in an appearance in the unostentatious manner, and in broad daylight. Its advent is never unlooked for by a native. When a veil of cloud is drawn over the face of the sun, and the wind gets into the east, and there is a chill in the air which pierces to the very marrow, clothing of whatever quality or amount offering little resistance, then the native remarks, "It's going to rain." And in a few hours the rain begins to descend, slowly, quietly, steadily, but strengthening in force as the day lengthens. When the storm is over, and the wind around in the northwest, colder weather is at once prophesied. And truly; we get up in the morning to find the mercury dropped anywhere from twenty to forty degrees, the sun shining brightly, and, not infrequently, the wind blowing a gale. The weather continues clear and cold. We keep fires burning briskly, don extra clothing, and become so comfortable that we begin to feel that winter isn't so bad after all, when, suddenly, around whirls the wind into the south, up goes the mercury, and everything droops under the pressure of a thaw. Nothing escapes. The snow, if there happens to be any, thaws, the ice also, and even the frost in the ground, until only pedestrians with rubber boots can look undaunted on the mud and slush. Last of all the natives themselves thaw, the process being greatly aided by the extra clothing assumed during the cold term, and between which and pneumonia they are called to choose. A few choose pneumonia.

This, with little variation, is winter on the coast. Nobody here is ashamed to talk about the weather. It is never an unwelcome or unfruitful topic. Remarks upon "sudden changes" strike an answering chord in every heart, and how to accommodate one's self to them is a study pursued by all. This arraignment of our winter may seem a little acrimonious, but it has served as a kind of escape-valve for the irritability produced in the writer by the climatic pressure of the last two months. This month, however, has furnished one day the perfection of which compensated for the imperfection of many days. The ground was already covered with snow, and during the night a light rain had fallen, freezing as it fell and covering every roof, tree, shrub, twig, and blade, and even the snow beneath our feet, with a crystalline veneer which none but a divine hand could have spread over the works of nature. All day long, from dawn until sunset, they glittered under the rays of the sun, which, pouring a perfect blaze of light from a cloudless sky, touched and lighted every point until it burned and glowed with a brilliancy beyond the power of artist to paint or pen to describe. If one part of the scenery was more beautiful than another, a little spot near our home would merit that distinction. It was a vacant lot where the tall, dry grass and weeds pierced through the snow to receive their coating of ice. The whole presented the appearance of a vast heap of bright gems carelessly thrown upon a pure white cushion. It was exquisite. Indeed, the whole grand scene was one to awe and inspire us, and enable one for the moment to "look through Nature up to Nature's God."

CHEAP BOOKS AND GOOD BOOKS.[1]

By Brander Matthews.

MR. LOWELL has told us that "there is one thing better than a cheap book, and that is a book honestly come by." And Mr. Curtis has put the same thought quite as aptly: "Cheap books are good things, but cheapening the public conscience is a very bad thing." In these sayings, as in a nutshell, we have the ethics of international copyright. But on this side of the question Dr. Van Dyke, with a felicity and a force I cannot hope to rival, has said all that need be said; and we may hasten to a consideration of the assertion that the effect of the granting of international copyright will be to raise the price of books.

There are not a few who declare that the People must have cheap books, and that therefore the People will not permit the passage of any bill for international copyright. Within a few days we have seen declarations like this ascribed to Members of Congress and to Senators of the United States. Unfortunately, we do not know whether these legislators were accurately reported, or whether they really believed what they said. Most of us, after a vain attempt to understand all that we see in the telegrams from Washington, are almost ready to agree with the little boy at the annual examination of the country school, when one of the visitors asked him to name the different forms of government; he replied promptly, "Democracy and Hypocrisy." "And under which form of government do we live?" was the next question; the boy hesitated a little, and then answered, boldly, "Hypocrisy."

But when we wish to argue a question honestly, the least we may do is to acknowledge the good faith of our disputant. We must assume, then, that these Representatives and these Senators are sincere in holding that the absence of international copyright gives us cheap books in the United States. I am inclined to think that not only the opponents of copyright reform, but even many of its advocates, believe that the existing lawlessness gives us cheaper books than if the rights of foreign authors were legally guarded. But it is to deny this that this paper has been prepared. It is true that, in consequence of the competing reprints of rival pirates, some few books, mostly in a single department of literature, and generally of inferior literary quality, are to be bought here for very little money. But, with these infrequent exceptions, books are not now cheaper in America because there is free stealing from the foreigner. It may be said further that the absence of international copyright really retards the cheapening of good books in this country.

This may sound like a paradox, but I shall try to prove its exact truth. The books which are made cheaper by piracy are nearly all English novels. The so called libraries—the "Seaside Library," for instance, the "Franklin Square Library," and their fellows, contain nearly all the books which are cheap because they are not paid for. I do not mean here to suggest that all the books reprinted in all these libraries are pirated; but piracy is the primary cause of their low prices. These libraries are devoted almost wholly to fiction; by actual count of their catalogues, nine volumes out of ten are novels. To profit by the provisions of the postal laws, these libraries are registered as periodicals; and they appear at regular intervals, once, twice, and even three times a week. A library which issues but once a week must publish fifty-two books a year; after allowing for the occasional American book of which the copyright has run out and for the occasional foreign biography or history which seems popular enough to fit it for the uneducated audience to which these series appeal—after making these allowances, fully forty of the fifty-two annual numbers of one of these libraries must be English novels. Now, there are not forty novels published in Great Britain in any one year which are worth reprinting in the United States. I do not think there are twenty—I doubt if there are ten. Yet in one of the cheap libraries, issued three times a week, more than a hundred English novels are now published every year.

And this is at a time when there is no great novelist alive in England, and when the English novel is distinctly inferior to the novel of America, of Russia, and of France. But these English novels are almost the only books which are cheapened by piracy. These are the books which the women of America, allured by the premium of cheapness, are now reading almost exclusively, to the neglect of native writers. There is a resulting deterioration of the public taste for good literature; and there is a resulting tendency to the adoption of English social standards. It is not wholesome, nor a good augury for the future of the American people, that the books easiest to get, and therefore most widely read, should be written wholly by foreigners, and chiefly by Englishmen, who cannot help accepting and describing the surviving results of feudalism and the social inequalities we tried to do away with one hundred and twelve years ago. "Society is a strong solution of books," Dr. Holmes has told us; "it draws the virtue out of what is best worth reading, as hot water draws the strength of tea leaves." While the privilege of piracy endures, American society is drawing the vice out of what is least worth reading, the machine-made tales of the inferior British novelists of the present day.[1]

It may surprise some to be told that almost the only books which are cheaper in America owing to the absence of international copyright are English novels. But that this *is* the fact I have convinced myself by a careful examination of the statistics of the American book trade.[2] Pirated books are nearly always issued in a series or library; and, as I have said, nine numbers in ten on the list of these libraries are fiction. The tenth number may be Archdeacon Farrar's "Life of Christ," for instance, or Mr. Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times," both of them books worth reading and worth keeping, but in this flimsy form almost impossible either to read or to keep, because of the shabbiness of the type, the presswork, and the paper. It is not sound economy to spare the pocket and spoil the eyes. It is not sound economy to pay eighty cents for four evil and awkward pamphlets containing a book which can be bought for a dollar and a half, decently bound and decently printed on decent paper, a pleasure to read now and a treasure to transmit to those who come after us.

International copyright will perhaps increase the cost of the English novels which may be written in the future; but it is not retroactive; it cannot affect the past; it will not alter the price of Shakespeare or of Scott, of Macaulay or of Thackeray. It will not make any American author ask more for his book, if, indeed, by expanding his market, it does not tempt him to lower his terms, seeking a wider sale and a smaller profit. Emerson and Irving, Longfellow and Hawthorne, will be as easily accessible hereafter as they are to-day. The books which are cheap now will always be cheap; and with the removal of the sickly flood of stolen English fiction there will come an opportunity for the American publisher to issue good books at low prices.

Here we come to the special point of this paper: the cheapest books to be bought to-day in the United States are mostly inferior stories by contemporary English novelists, while the cheapest books to be bought to-day in England, in France, and in Germany are the best books by the best authors of all times. Those who declaim against international copyright because they do not wish to deprive the poor boy of the cheap book he may study by the firelight after his hard day's work, would perhaps be surprised to be told that of the "hundred best books" (of which we lately had so many lists) of the books best fitted to form character and to make a man, very few indeed, not more than half a dozen, are to be found in any of the cheap libraries which flourish because of the absence of copyright. Most of these great works are old and consecrated by time; they are nearly all free to be printed by whoso will. In Sir John Lubbock's original list of a hundred best authors only two were American; and only twelve were recent Englishmen whose works are still protected by English copyright. Eighty-six out of the hundred were classics of ancient and modern literature—Greek and Latin, Italian and French, German and English.

Now, in Germany, in France, and in England, there have been many efforts of late years to supply very cheap editions of these classics at a price within the means of the poorest student. In the United States no such effort has been made; nor is it likely to be made as long as the market for cheap books is supplied by inferior foreign fiction, which not only usurps the place of better literature, but spoils the appetite for it. The cheap books to be bought in England, in France, and in Germany are stimulant and invigorating, mentally and morally; a man is better for reading them; he is richer and stronger, and more fit for the struggle of life. The cheap books to be bought in the United States are only too often the trivial trash of the ladies who call themselves "Ouida" and "The Duchess." How much these may nerve a man or a woman for the realities of existence, how much the wisdom to be got from them may arm us for the stern battle of life, I cannot say.

A consideration of the conditions of book-publishing in Great Britain, in France, and in the German Empire is not without interest in itself; and it may serve further to show that Americans do not enjoy a monopoly of cheap books.

The British are book-borrowers, and not book-buyers; they are accustomed to hire their freshest reading matter from the circulating library. I remember hearing Professor Sylvester, the eminent English mathematician, who was until recently a member of the faculty of Johns Hopkins University—I remember hearing him express the surprise he felt on his first arrival in this country, when he was staying with Professor Pearce in Cambridge, and when he heard two of the ladies of the family remark that they had just been in to Boston to buy a book. "To *buy* a book?" repeated Professor Sylvester; "why, in England nobody buys a book!" Perhaps this is an overstatement of the case; but it is true that the British book-trade is in an unhealthy condition, and that the publishers and the public are at opposite sides of a vicious circle—the people refuse to purchase, because new books are dear, and the publishers ask a high price, because there are but few buyers.

In England a novel, for instance, is generally published in three volumes at half a guinea a volume—say seven dollars and a half for a single story. At this prohibitive price the publisher can hope for no private purchaser; and he relies wholly on the demand from the circulating libraries, which have to meet the wishes of their subscribers, and to which the volumes are sold at a heavy discount. Not only novels, but travels, histories, and biographies are usually brought out in England at absurdly exaggerated prices. If the book succeed, if it be really deserving of a wider sale, popular editions at lower prices soon follow. It is only the first editions, intended solely for the circulating libraries, which are disproportionately dear. Six months or a year after a novel first appears in three volumes, it will probably be republished in a single volume at a price varying from three shillings and sixpence to six shillings—say, ninety cents to a dollar and a half. Often it also appears a little later in a railway edition at two shillings—fifty cents. The reduction in the price of histories and biographies is not so large; but second-hand copies in excellent condition can be had at a tithe of the original price from the circulating libraries, which sell off their surplus stock as soon as the pressure of the first demand is relieved.

This system of publishing seems cumbrous and top-heavy. It is peculiar to Great Britain. It has never been adopted by any other nation. It could exist only in an island, or in a country with a compact population having both leisure and means. But apparently it is not altogether unsatisfactory to the English; and it does not make books as dear as at first glance we might suppose. The brand-new book, smoking hot from the press, is intended to be borrowed and not bought; but commonly, after a year or two, it can be had at a moderate price. Professor Lounsbury, of the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale, after an experience of many years, has recorded it as his deliberate opinion that, in the long run, English books are cheaper than American books.

Of late there have been many efforts made in England to create and to satisfy a popular desire for good books at low prices. There are even signs that the circulating library system is not as secure as it has seemed, and that the British may become book-buyers instead of book-borrowers. A Bristol publisher having sold several hundred thousand copies of the late Hugh Conway's "Called Back" at a shilling (twenty-five cents), has continued the series with original stories by Mr. Wilkie Collins, Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. Andrew Lang, and others. All of Disraeli's novels are now for sale at a shilling each; and all of Thackeray's writings are being republished by his own publishers, who still own the copyrights, at a shilling a volume. A complete edition of Carlyle's works has just been begun, to be sold at the same low price—twenty-five cents a volume. And it is to be noted that these sets of Thackeray and Carlyle are not ill-made and flimsy pamphlets, badly printed with worn type on poor paper; they are honest books, firmly printed on good paper and substantially bound in cloth.

Mr. John Morley's admirable series of "English Men of Letters" is now in course of republication at a shilling for each biography. And a shilling is the price asked for each of the well made, neatly bound, and carefully prefaced volumes of Professor Henry Morley's "Universal Library," which is intended to contain the masterpieces of the master minds of all countries and all ages. In this most excellently edited series there

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[1] Address delivered before the Congregational Club of New York, February 20, 1888.

[1] Lest this opinion of mine may seem oversevere I append a passage from Mr. Frederic Harrison's incisive essay on the "Choice of Books:" "But assuredly black night will quickly cover the vast bulk of modern fiction—work as perishable as the generations whose idleness it has amused. It belongs not to the great creations of the world. Beside them it is flat and poor. Such facts in human nature as it reveals are trivial and special in themselves, and for the most part abnormal and unwholesome. I stand beside the ceaseless flow of this miscellaneous torrent as one stands watching the turbid rush of Thames at London Bridge, wondering whence it all comes, whither it all goes, what can be done with it, and what may be its ultimate function in the order of providence. To a reader who would nourish his taste on the boundless harvests of the poetry of mankind, this sewage outfall of to-day offers as little in creative as in moral value. Lurid and irregular streaks of imagination, extravagance of plot and incident, petty and mean subjects of study, forced and unnatural situations, morbid pathology of crime, dull copying of the dullest commonplace, melodramatic hurly-burly, form the certain evidence of an art that is exhausted, produced by men and women to whom it is become a mere trade, in an age wherein change and excitement have corrupted the power of pure enjoyment."

[2] The figures on which this assertion is based may be found in an "Open Letter" in the "Century" for December, 1887.

have already appeared, month by month, the chief works of Homer, Virgil, Dante, Machiavelli, Rabelais, Bacon, Ben Jonson, Cervantes, Molière, De Foe, Locke, Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Goethe, and Coleridge. Professor Henry Morley is also the editor of another series, perhaps even more important, because the price is lower and the issue more frequent. This is Cassell's "National Library," in weekly volumes at threepence each. For six cents a week a man may buy a solid little tome of about two hundred pages containing Franklin's "Autobiography," Walton's "Complete Angler," Byron's "Childe Harold," and the like. Nothing at once as cheap in price and as good in quality as this "National Library" has ever been brought out in America.

Crossing the Channel to France, we find the conditions of publishing very different and far more healthy. There was a time once when books in France were expensive, and when authors and publishers alike were content with a small sale and an apparently large profit. The late Michel-Lévy believed that "cheap books are a necessity, and a necessity which need bring, moreover, no loss to either authors or publishers."[1] He converted certain of the leading French writers to his views, and he revolutionized the methods of French publishing. The theory of Michel-Lévy that the low price of one book will tempt the reader and create a desire for another book was solidly sustained by the result of his experiment. Thanks to him and to those who followed his example, France is now the country where books are the cheapest and where authors are the best paid. Dignified historical works generally appear in portly tomes at seven francs and a half each—say, a dollar and a half (the price in America for a volume of the same importance would probably vary from two dollars and a half to five dollars). These volumes at seven francs and a half each are relatively few, as the enormous majority of French books, poems, novels, biographies, essays, and so forth, are of the size called the *format Charpentier*, and they are sold for three francs and a half each—say, seventy cents.

Cheap as these French books are when new, as their popularity broadens they are often made even cheaper still. In imitation of the Michel-Lévy Collection, many publishers have series sold for one franc a volume—twenty cents—for a seemly and shapely tome containing a complete copyright book, by an author of wide repute. Even lower priced, however, is a later series, the "Bibliothèque Nationale," founded twenty-five years ago, now extending to several hundred numbers, and containing, not only the French classics, but also translations of nearly all the classics of other literatures. The tidy little tomes of this series are sold in stitched paper covers at twenty-five cent'mes each—five centr—and in cloth bindings for nine cents each. Inexpensive as is this "Bibliothèque Nationale," it has now a new rival—the "Nouvelle Bibliothèque Populaire"—in which the single numbers are sold for two cents each. I believe that nothing cheaper than this has ever been attempted anywhere. Besides the consecrated masterpieces of literature, the books of an impregnable reputation, which ought to furnish forth the bulk of any collection making an appeal to the very widest circle of readers, the conductor of the "Nouvelle Bibliothèque Populaire" is wisely selecting translations into French of the best books of contemporary authors of other nations. Thus can a pleased American discover on the catalogue the names of Poe, Irving, Longfellow, and Mr. Bret Harte; whether these authors are as pleased to see their works taken without money and without price is another question!

Turning from France to Germany, we find no great difference in the conditions of publishing, although the Germans cannot make their new books quite as cheap as the French can, since their market is not so large. German books, in the department which at college we used to call *belles-lettres*, must be consumed in the home market; there is no fierce demand for export. But French fiction and French criticism are interesting and entertaining throughout the world. A German novel must rely for its readers on the Fatherland and on those who speak the mother tongue; while French is still the language of courts and of culture, and a French novel may be read with as much avidity in Berlin and Vienna, in London and New York, as in Paris.

Whatever may be the price of the new novel in Germany, and however insufficient its sale may be, the Germans are not behind the French in their cheap editions of the great books of the world. The successors of the house which issued Goethe's writings now publish the "Cotta'sche Bibliothek der Weltlitteratur," in which the works of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Shakespeare, Molière, Calderon, Dante, and their fellows appear in solid volumes substantially bound and sold at one mark each—twenty-five cents. One mark is also the price asked for any volume of "Das Wissen der Gegenwart," a collection of new books, prepared expressly, well printed, well bound, and most elaborately illustrated. The volumes of this series are written by experts; and they are intended to form a sort of cyclopedia of the results of the latest researches in science and history.

Nor are the Germans lacking in a library of the ancient and modern classics at a still lower price. I believe that it was Herr Reclam's "Universal Bibliothek" which suggested the French "Bibliothéque Nationale" and the English "National Library." The single numbers of this series cost each twenty pfennige—say, five cents; and at this price may be had all the German classics, as well as translations of the best writings in other languages. Alongside the works of Schiller and Sophocles, of Shakespeare and Sheridan, the American finds translations of Cooper, Longfellow, Mark Twain, Mrs. Stowe, Mr. Aldrich, and Mr. Bret Harte; of course we cannot expect Germany to protect the rights of American authors until America protects the rights of German authors. The success of this cheap series has brought fout a rival still cheaper—"Meyer's Volksbücher" at ten pfennig a volume, say two cents and a half for a complete copy of a masterpiece.

In this survey of the conditions of publishing in England, France, and Germany, I have sought to show that what might seem, at first sight, to be a paradox, was only the exact truth. In America the cheapest books are not good books, for the most part; certainly they are not the best books. *In Europe the best books are the cheapest.* That this unfortunate state of affairs in the United States is the result of the absence of international copyright, with the inevitable instability of the book trade, I maintain; and I assert also that the consequences of the present unhealthy condition are injurious to the character of the American people. We now enjoy the privilege of piracy, as the dwellers on a rocky islet used to enjoy the privilege of wrecking—and we avail ourselves of this privilege only to the perdition of our own souls. We encourage bad books and we discourage good books. And to discourage or injure or retard a good book, as it goes on its mission of making the world better, is to do an evil deed. No one has more nobly spoken of the crime of book-murder than John Milton, and with a quotation from him I may fitly conclude:

"For books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth: and being sown up and down may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

[1] An account of Michel-Lévy's reform may be found in Mr. Matthew Arnold's acute but not altogether convincing paper on "Copyright" in his volume of "Irish Essays."

THE ELECT LADY.

By George Macdonald,

Author of "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," "Alec Forbes," "Robert Falconer," etc.]

CHAPTER VI.—ABOUT THE LAIRD.

THOMAS FORDYCE was a sucker from the root of a very old family tree, born in poverty, and, with great pinching of father and mother, brothers and sisters, educated for the church. But, from pleasure in scholarship, from archæological tastes, a passion for the arcana of history, and a love of literature, strong, although not of the highest kind, he had settled down as a schoolmaster, and in his calling had excelled. By all who knew him he was regarded as an accomplished, amiable, and worthy man.

When his years were verging on the undefined close of middle age, he saw the lives between him and the family property one by one wither at the touch of death, until at last there was no one but himself and his daughter to succeed. He was at the time the head of a flourishing school in a large manufacturing town; and it was not without some regret, though with more pleasure, that he yielded his profession, and retired to Potlurg.

Greatly dwindled as he found the property, and much and long as it had been mismanaged, it was yet of considerable value, and worth a wise care. The result of the labor he spent upon it was such that it had now for years yielded him, if not a large rental, one far larger at least than his daughter imagined. But the sinking of the schoolmaster in the laird seemed to work ill for the man, and good only for the land. I say *seemed*, because what we call degeneracy is often but the unveiling of what was there all the time; and the evil we could become, we are. If I have in me the tyrant or the miser, there he is, and such am I—as surely as if the tyrant or the miser were even now visible to the wondering dislike of my neighbors. I do not say the characteristic is so strong, or would be so hard to change, as by the revealing development it must become; but it is there, alive, as an egg is alive; and by no means inoperative like a mere germ, but exercising real though occult influence on the rest of my character. Therefore, except the growing vitality be in process of killing these ova of death, it is for the good of the man that they should be so far developed as to show their existence. If the man do not then starve and slay them, they will drag him to the judgment seat of a fiery indignation.

For the laird, nature could ill replace the human influences that had surrounded the schoolmaster; while enlargement both of means and leisure enabled him to develop by indulgence a passion for a peculiar kind of possession, which, however refined in its objects, was yet but a branch of the worship of Mammon. It suits the enemy just as well, I presume, that a man should give his soul for coins as for money. In consequence he was growing more and more withdrawn, ever filling less the part of a man—which is to be a hiding-place from the wind, a covert from the tempest. He was more and more for himself, and thereby losing his life. Dearly as he loved his daughter, he was, by slow fallings away, growing ever less of a companion, less of a comfort, less of a necessity to her, and requiring less and less of her for the good or ease of his existence. We wrong those near us in being independent of them. God himself would not be happy without his Son. We ought to lean on each other, giving and receiving—not as weaklings, but as lovers. Love is strength as well as need. Alexa was more able to live alone than most women; therefore it was the worse for her. Too satisfied with herself, too little uneasy when alone, she did not know that then she was not in good enough company.

The remoter scions of a family tree are not seldom those who make most account of it: the schoolmaster's daughter knew more about the Fordyces of Potlurg, and cared more for their traditions, than any who of later years had reaped its advantages or shared its honors. Interest in the channel down which one has slid into the world is reasonable, and may be elevating; with Alexa it passed beyond good and wrought for evil. Proud of a family with a history, and occasionally noted in the annals of the country, she regarded herself as the superior of all with whom she had hitherto come into relation. To the poor, to whom she was invariably and essentially kind, she was less condescending than to such as came nearer her own imagined standing; she was constantly aware that she belonged to the elect of the land! Society took its revenge; the rich tradespeople looked down upon her as the schoolmaster's daughter. Against their arrogance her indignation buttressed her lineal with her mental superiority. At the last the pride of family is a personal arrogance. And now at length she was in her natural position as heiress of Potlurg!

She was religious—if one may be called religious who felt no immediate relation to the Source of her being. She felt bound to defend, so far as she honestly could, the doctrines concerning God and his ways transmitted by the elders of her people: to this much, and little more, her religion toward God amounted. But she had a strong sense of obligation to do what was right.

Her father gave her so little money to spend that she had to be very careful with her housekeeping, and they lived in the humblest way. For her person she troubled him as little as she could, believing him, from the half-statements and hints he gave, and his general carriage toward life, not a little oppressed by lack of money, nor suspecting his necessities created and his difficulties induced by himself. In this regard it had come to be understood between them that the produce of the poultry-yard was Alexa's own; and to some little store she had thus gathered she mainly trusted for the requirements of her invalid. To this her father could not object, though he did not like it; he felt what was hers to be his more than he felt what was his to be hers.

Alexa had not learned to place value on money beyond its use, but she was not therefore free from the service of Mammon: she looked to it as to a power essential, not derived; she did not see it as God's creation, but merely as an existence, thus making of a creature of God the Mammon of unrighteousness. She did not, however, cling to it, but was ready to spend it. At the same time, had George Crawford looked less handsome or less of a gentleman, she would not have been so ready to devote the content of her little secret drawer.

The discovery of her relationship to the young man waked a new feeling. She had never had a brother, never known a cousin, and had avoided the approach of such young men as, of inferior position in her eyes, had sought to be friendly with her: here was one thrown helpless on her care, with necessities enough to fill the gap between his real relation to her and that of

the brother after whom she had sighed in vain! It was a new and delightful sensation to have a family claim on a young man—a claim the material advantage of which was all on his side, the devotion all on hers. She was invaded by a flood of tenderness toward the man. Was he not her cousin, a gentleman, and helpless as any new-born child? Nothing should be wanting that a strong woman could do for a powerless man!

CHAPTER VII.—THE COUSINS.

George Crawford was in excellent health when the accident occurred, and so, when he began to recover, his restoration was rapid. The process, however, was still long enough to compel the cousins to know more of each other than twelve months of ordinary circumstance would have made possible.

George, feeling neither the need, nor, therefore, the joy, of the new relationship so much as Alexa, disappointed her by the coolness of his response to her communication of the fact; and as they were both formal—that is, less careful as to the reasonable than as to the conventional—they were not very ready to fall in love. Such people may learn all about each other, and not come near enough for love to be possible between them. Some people approximate at once, and at once decline to love, remaining friends the rest of their lives. Others love at once; and some take a whole married life to come near enough, and at last love. But the reactions of need and ministration can hardly fail to breed tenderness and disclose the best points of character.

The cousins were both handsome, and—which was of more consequence—each thought the other handsome. They found their religious opinions closely coincident—nor any wonder, for they had gone for years to the same church every Sunday, had been regularly pumped upon from the same reservoir, and had drunk the same arguments concerning things true and untrue.

George found that Alexa had plenty of brains, a cultivated judgment, and some knowledge of literature; that there was no branch of science with which she had not some little acquaintance, in which she did not take some small interest. Her father's teaching was beyond any he could have procured for her, and what he taught she had learned; for she had love of knowing, a tendency to growth, a capacity for seizing real points, though as yet perceiving next to nothing of their relation to human life and hope. She believed herself a judge of verse, but in truth her knowledge of poetry was limited to its outer forms, of which she had made good studies with her father. She had learned the *how* before the *what*, knew the body before the soul—could tell good binding but not bad leather—in a word, knew verse but not poetry.

She understood nothing of music, but George did not miss that; he was more sorry she did not know French—not for the sake of its literature, but because of showing herself an educated woman.

Diligent in business, not fervent in spirit, she was never idle. But there are other ways than idleness of wasting time. Alexa was continually "improving herself," but it was a big phrase for a small matter; she had not learned that to do the will of God is the *only* way to improve oneself. She would have scorned the narrowness of any one who told her so, not understanding what the will of God means.

She found that her guest and cousin was a man of some position, and wondered that her father should never have mentioned the relationship. The fact was that, in a time of poverty, the schoolmaster had made to George's father the absurd request of a small loan without security, and the banker had behaved as a rich relation and a banker was pretty sure to behave.

George occupied a place of trust in the bank, and, though not yet admitted to a full knowledge of its more important transactions, hoped soon to be made a partner.

When his father came to Potlurg to see him, the laird declined to appear, and the banker contented himself thereafter with Alexa's bulletins.

CHAPTER VIII.—GEORGE AND THE LAIRD.

Alexa's money was nearly exhausted, and most of her chickens had been devoured by the flourishing convalescent, but not yet would the doctor allow him to return to business.

One night the electric condition of the atmosphere made it heavy, sultry, and unrefreshing, and George could not sleep. There came a terrible burst of thunder; then a bannered spear of vividest lightning seemed to lap the house in its flashing folds, and the simultaneous thunder was mingled with the sound, as it seemed, of the fall of some part of the building. George sat up in bed and listened. All was still. He must rise and see what had happened, and whether any one was hurt. He might meet Alexa, and a talk with her would be a pleasant episode in his sleepless night. He got into his dressing-gown, and, taking his stick, walked softly from the room.

His door opened immediately on the top of the stair. He stood and listened, but was aware of no sequel to the noise. Another flash came, and lighted up the space around him, with its walls of many angles. When the darkness was returned and the dazzling gone, and while the thunder yet bellowed, he caught the glimmer of a light under the door of the study, and made his way toward it over the worn slabs. He knocked, but there was no answer. He pushed the door, and saw that the light came from behind a projecting bookcase. He hesitated a moment, and glanced about him.

A little clinking sound came from somewhere. He stole nearer the source of the light: a thief might be there! He peeped round the end of the bookcase. With his back to him, the laird was kneeling before an open chest. He had just counted a few pieces of gold, and was putting them away. He turned over his shoulder a face deathly pale, and his eyes for a moment stared blank. Then with a shivering smile he rose. He had a thin-worn dressing-gown over his night-shirt, and looked a thread of a man.

"You take me for a miser?" he said, trembling, and stood expecting an answer.

Crawford was bewildered: what business had he there!

"I am *not* a miser!" resumed the laird. "A man may count his money without being a miser!"

He stood and stared, still trembling, at his guest, either too much startled or too gentle to find fault with his intrusion.

"I beg your pardon, laird," said George. "I knocked, but, receiving no answer, feared something was wrong."

"But why are you out of bed—and you an invalid?" returned Mr. Fordyce.

"I heard a heavy fall, and feared the lightning had done some damage."

"We shall see about that in the morning, and in the meantime had better go to bed," said the laird.

They turned together toward the door.

"What a multitude of books you have, Mr. Fordyce!" remarked George. "I had not a notion of such a library in the county!"

"I have been a lover of books all my life," returned the laird. "And they gather, they gather!" he added.

"Your love draws them," said George.

"The storm is over, I think," said the laird.

He did not tell his guest that there was scarcely a book on those shelves not sought after by book-buyers—not one that was not worth money in the book market. Here and there the dulled gold of a fine antique binding returned the gleam of the candle, but any gathering of old law or worthless divinity would have looked much the same.

"I should like to glance over them," said George. "There must be some valuable volumes among so many!"

"Rubbish! rubbish!" rejoined the old man, testily, almost hustling him from the room. "I am ashamed to hear it called a library."

It seemed to Crawford, as again he lay awake in his bed, altogether a strange incident. A man may count his money when he pleases, but not the less must it seem odd that he should do so in the middle of the night, and with such a storm flashing and roaring around him, apparently unheeded. The next morning he got his cousin to talk about her father, but drew from her nothing to cast light on what he had seen.

CHAPTER IX.—IN THE GARDEN.

Of the garden which had been the pride of many owners of the place, only a small portion remained. It was strangely antique, haunted with a beauty both old and wild—the sort of garden for the children of heaven to play in when men sleep.

In a little arbor constructed by an old man who had seen the garden grow less and less through successive generations, a tent of honeysuckle in a cloak of sweet peas, sat George and Alexa, two highly respectable young people, Scots of Scotland, like Jews of Judea, well satisfied of their own worthiness. How they found their talk interesting I can scarce think. I should have expected them to be driven by very dullness to love-making; but the one was too prudent to initiate it, the other too staid to entice it. Yet, people on the borders of love being on the borders of poetry, they had got talking about a certain new poem, concerning which George, having read several notices of it, had an opinion to give.

"You should tell my father about it, George," said Alexa; "he is the best judge I know."

She did not understand that it was little more than the grammar of poetry the schoolmaster had given himself to understand. His best criticism was to show phrase calling to phrase across gulfs of speech.

The little iron gate, whose hinges were almost gone with rust, creaked and gnarred as it slowly opened to admit the approach of a young countryman. He advanced with the long, slow, heavy step suggestive of nailed shoes; but his hazel eye had an outlook like that of an eagle from its eyry, and seemed to dominate his being, originating rather than directing its motions. He had a russet colored face, much freckled; hair so dark red as to be almost brown; a large, well-shaped nose; a strong chin; and a mouth of sweetness whose smile was peculiarly its own, having in it at once the mystery and the revelation of Andrew Ingram. He took off his bonnet as he drew near, and held it as low as his knee, while, with something of the air of an old-fashioned courtier, he stood waiting. His clothes, all but his coat, which was of some blue stuff, and his Sunday one, were of large ribbed corduroy. For a moment no one spoke. He colored a little, but kept silent, his eyes on the lady.

"Good morning, Andrew!" she said at length. "There was something, I forgot what, you were to call about! Remind me—will you?"

"I did not come before, ma'am, because I knew you were occupied. And even now it does not greatly matter."

"Oh, I remember—the poem! I am very sorry, but I had so much to think of that it went quite out of my mind."

An expression half amused, half shy, without trace of mortification, for an instant shadowed the young man's face.

"I wish you would let me have the lines again, ma'am! Indeed I should be obliged to you," he said.

"Well, I confess they might first be improved! I read them one evening to my father, and he agreed with me that two or three of them were not quite rhythmical. But he said it was a fair attempt, and, for a workingman, very creditable."

What Andrew was thinking, it would have been hard to gather from his smile; but I believe it was that if he had himself read the verses aloud the laird would have found no fault with their rhythm. His carriage seemed more that of a patient, respectful amusement than anything else.

Alexa arose, but resumed her seat, saying:

"As the poem is a religious one, there can be no harm in handing it you on Sunday after church—that is," she added, meaningly, "if you will be there!"

"Give it to Dawtie, if you please, ma'am," replied Andrew.

"Ah!" returned Miss Fordyce, in a tone almost of rebuke.

"I seldom go to church, ma'am," said Andrew, reddening a little, but losing no sweetness from his smile.

"I understand as much! It is very wrong! *Why* don't you?"

Andrew was silent.

"I wish you to tell me," persisted Alexa, with a peremptoriness which came of the schoolmaster. She had known him, too, as a pupil of her father's.

"If you will have it, ma'am, I not only learn nothing from Mr. Smith, but I think much that he says is not true."

"Still, you ought to go for the sake of example."

"Do wrong to make other people follow my example? Can that be to do right?"

"*Wrong* to go to church! What *do* you mean? Wrong to pray with your fellow-men?"

"Perhaps the hour may come, ma'am, when I shall be able to pray with my fellow-men, even though the words that they use seem addressed to a tyrant, not to the Father of Jesus Christ. But at present I cannot. I might endure to hear Mr. Smith say evil things concerning God, but the evil things he says to God make me quite unable to pray, and I feel like a hypocrite!"

"Whatever you may think of Mr. Smith's doctrines, it is presumptuous to set yourself up as too good to go to church."

"I must bear the reproach, ma'am. I cannot consent to be a hypocrite in order to avoid being called one."

Either Miss Fordyce had no answer to this or did not choose to give any. She was not troubled that Andrew would not go to church, but offended at the unhesitating decision with which he set her counsel aside. Andrew made her a respectful bow, turned away, put on his bonnet, which he had held in his hand all the time, and passed through the garden gate.

"Who is the fellow?" asked George, partaking sympathetically of his companion's annoyance.

"He is Andrew Ingram, the son of a small farmer, one of my father's tenants. He and his brother work with their father on the farm. They are quite respectable people. Andrew is conceited, but has his good points. He imagines himself a poet, and indeed his work has merit. The worst of him is that he sets up for being better than other people."

"Not an unusual fault with the self-educated."

"He does go on educating himself, I believe, but he had a good start to begin with. My father took much pains with him at school. He helped to carry you here after the accident—and would have taken you to his father's if I would have let him."

George cast on her a look of gratitude.

"Thank you for keeping me," he said. "But I wish I had taken some notice of his kindness."

The Home.

THE UNSEEN FRIEND.

MY child went forth into my garden fair,
Having no wish or will to stay by me;
But that I patiently had followed him out there
He could not see.

He passed on from the garden to the wild
Where cruel and fierce-roaring monsters lie;
I drove them back, but nothing told the child
That it was I.

He saw his brothers toiling on the road;
"I will give life and strength for them," cried he;
But that I made him strong to lift their load
He did not see.

Soul-thrilling words of love bade him rejoice,
And filled with music all the desert place;
And yet he never knew it was my voice,
Nor saw my face.

And when the night came and his eyes grew dim,
And dark and chill the mists about him lay,
He did not know my hand was guiding him
Till it was day. —[Selected.

A PRO AND CON-VERSATION ON LYING.

By M. W. Goodwin.

VANCE was an artist. He lived in the Da Vinci, a studio building, whose stateliness of name was supposed to overshadow the disadvantages of dwelling above a stable, and climbing a long flight of stairs on one's weary legs instead of being smoothly deposited on a neat landing by that modern flying carpet, an elevator.

The studio, when once reached, was attractive, though the properties were simple: a few old hangings which Vance had picked up for a trifle in Italy, an amphora unearthed by his own hand near Pompeii, and some plaster casts after the antique, so skillfully *treated* that they would have deceived the elect into the belief that they were bronze, but for the absurd candor of the artist, which led him to describe the process to all his guests.

On this evening of bleak December Vance was playing host to two friends, as impecunious as himself, though in different walks of life—one of them a graduate of German universities and aspirant for a chair of metaphysics in an American college; the other a young physician with a small and chiefly charitable practice.

"Bruce," said Vance, as he handed over a stone mug of beer to the sandy-haired philosopher at the end of the table, "the hanging committee at the Academy are a set of perjured villains. They promised that my picture should be on the line, and there it is *skied* (which is more than they will ever be)."

Bruce's spectacles glistened with joy as he foresaw an argument, but he deftly drew his adversary on by a line of subtle flattery.

"They are jealous, old boy! They don't dare to give you fair play, lest the public flock over in a body to your progressive method. Still"—here he paused and rolled the sweet metaphysical morsel under his tongue—"was it not better for you to have these two weeks of happiness in expecting to see your picture on the line? One fortnight out of a lifetime is as good as another, and as for its being a deceit, you would rather be ignorantly blissful than wisely melancholy, wouldn't you?"

Vance brought down his mug on the table with an emphatic negative thump.

"Not I! In the first place, the inevitable disappointment is greater than the pleasure of the illusion, and, moreover, I am cut off from ever again finding comfort or encouragement in the word of those men. No, sir! a lie is always mischievous, and I, for one, fully agree with Holmes when he says that sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all."

Bruce Vance, you have no more idea of logic than the Autocrat himself, which is saying a great deal. So far from its being a fact that a lie is always mischievous, I am not sure that it is not one of the most potent forces of civilization. What is diplomacy but organized lying? What is tact but social lying? Is not all trade based upon knowledge withheld, which is the negative form of deception? Lawyers never pretend to state a case candidly; as for the clergy, they best know whether they confide all their doubts to their congregations, and whether they bow to no portions of the creed which they do not accept.

Here Nelson, the young physician, interrupted:

"See here, Bruce! You are off the logical tracks yourself now. You started to prove that lying was justifiable, and you have switched off onto a tirade against all the trades and professions for practicing it—but 'let the galled jades wince, my withers are unwrung.'"

Bruce. Are they, indeed? Wait a little! I was about to show that in every department of life deception had grown out of the necessities of the situation, and therefore had its rightful place; but since you thus vaingloriously proclaim your superiority, let me ask: do you never make up brown-bread pills, or put *aqua pura* into a black bottle with a learned label?

Nelson. No, I do not; and I don't know of any reputable physician who does.

Bruce. Well, now, suppose a patient to be under the influence of the opium habit, would you hesitate to cure him, if possible, through his imagination? Is it not, in fact, the established treatment to weaken his supply of the drug without his knowledge?

Nelson. That is a different matter. An opium-eater ceases to be capable of reasoning. He is temporarily insane, and we are justified in working upon him as best we may.

Bruce. Then you arrogate to yourself the right to decide to whom you may lie. That gives up the whole question, for, as alienists tell us that every one is more or less insane, we may graduate the truth, or abolish it, as we see fit.

Vance. Yes, Nelson, you must admit that the ethics of your profession encourage, or at least permit, deception. Now we artists, while not, perhaps, on the whole, morally superior to other classes, are preserved from many of the temptations which beset the others in their struggle for money and their fierce competition. I believe, in spite of the Hanging Committee, that artists are a truthful set of men.

Bruce. Perhaps your temptations come in a subtler form. By the way, where did you get that charming water-color? I never saw it before. It looks almost like a Turner.

Vance. It *is* a Turner. I picked it up for a song in an old London print-shop. It was lying in a heap of worthless rubbish, and I paid about a hundredth part of its value. Think what luck!

Bruce. You *were* in luck! The man had no idea what it was, of course; those shopkeepers are dunces, without any knowledge of the art in which they deal.

Vance. No, he had bought the lot from some sale, and I was so afraid of calling his attention to the Turner if we looked them over that I bought the whole pile, and dropped the rest into the ash-barrel.

Bruce. Well, then, you of course deceived the shopkeeper, since, if you had let him suspect what you knew, you could have made no bargain. But let that pass. I myself believe in *Caveat Vendor* as well as *Caveat Emptor*. What the picture suggested to my mind was to ask if you approve of Ruskin's idea of Turnerian Topography. How about moving the features of a landscape to improve the picturesque effect?

Vance. Why, of course, no artist would hesitate to do that. All we claim to give is a general impression, and we are compelled to make innumerable changes in what might be called the statistics of a landscape, in order to give a really truthful interpretation of the scene. It is like telling a child that the earth is a ball, or an orange, or anything that the child knows and can grasp, instead of saying that it is a spheroid, which would convey no meaning. We must sometimes make false statements in art, as in literature, in order to give a correct impression.

Nelson. Then, really, Vance, I don't see that you artists are so much more veracious than we doctors. We use our own judgment as to the persons to whom to tell the truth. You select the items about which to tell it. But how is it with you, Bruce? Have you no scruples about lying?

Bruce On the contrary, I believe truth-telling to be the fundamental virtue on which society is based, and without which it could not be held together; but I question whether, in our exaltation of its morality, we do not lose sight of its necessary limitations. We don't owe the truth to a frog or to a fox. We snare the bird and trap the beast without compunction. So I believe that the duty of absolute candor is confined to the circle of those who have a right to demand the truth from us. We all admit that the insane are outside this limit. We all admit the right of nations at war to deceive the enemy. We concede in the same way the advocate's duty, in the good old English phrase, "to make war for his client," with whatever of strategem that implies. We recognize the burglar and the murderer as enemies to society, and I hold the man a fool rather than a saint who would hesitate to lie to them in defense of life or property. So also in diplomacy, which is the warfare of peaceful nations, I agree with Bacon's saying that the ideal diplomat should have a reputation for openness, a habit of secrecy, and the power of occasional dissimulation. I consider that the virtue of truthfulness varies with different stages of the world's development. Deceit is the weapon of the weak, and that is the reason, I think, why the standard of truthfulness has been generally lower among women than among men. Stratagem is often the only resource against tyranny, and when we condemn the ethics of Machiavelli we simply show an ignorance of historical conditions. Lying has been as necessary to certain states of society as slavery to others, and it has only become a vice because the world has in most directions outgrown the environment to which it belonged.

Vance. Hold on, Bruce! Do you take us for a couple of undergraduates, who have paid for a course of lectures from you, or are you playing Devil's advocate for the mere fun of making the best of a bad cause? Your argument sounds plausible, but I don't like it. I hold to the old Anglo-Saxon notion that the truth is a good thing, in season and out. As for the burglar, give me the man who would tell him the truth and then knock him down. You may refine upon a lie as much as you please, but you can no more hide it than you can drown the smells of Hunter's Point in cologne. And now, gentlemen, I propose to give you an excellent example of candor under difficult circumstances, by telling you that it is time for you to go home, as I propose to follow the advice of Othello—"Put out the light, and then *put*."

A PROTEST.

By Ellen Coit Elliott.

AT the present time, when children's ideals are liable to be decidedly influenced by the children's literature so abundant and attractive, it is worth while to protest against false notes that sometimes sound therein.

One of these recurs again and again, being apparently as popular and unchallenged now as in the days of my childhood, when my own silly little heart was cluttered with foolish schemes begot by its fascinations. The outline of the story embodying the idea is, in general, after this fashion: Some little boy or girl (say girl) begins, on some provocation or other, to try to be good, and she casts about for some good deed to do. Sometimes she remembers a poor widow who suffers from lack of food, and goes and gives this widow the five dollars received as a birthday present, departing under the widow's blessing; sometimes she discovers a little girl of her own age, but very poor, and adopts her as a sort of *protégée*, giving the poor little girl her last winter's clothing and half her nice playthings, and receiving in return the grateful worship of the poor little girl, and the praises of all the grown people. Often she has recourse to "earning money" for whatever the object of her generosity may be, and for this purpose sets up a lemonade stand on circus day (lemons and sugar coming from mother's pantry), or takes to making and peddling delightful candy (candy ingredients from same source), the buyers thereof being the friends of the family, who hasten to help the worthy child by paying three times the price asked. But, whatever the special phase of benevolence, the children who read are always assured that Mary or Ethel or Bessie learned from this experience that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and grew up into unselfish womanhood, beloved and admired by all. What the child is more likely to have learned is that it is more fun to do a phenomenal kindness in an exciting way, with flattering approval of self-love and immediate reward of success and gratitude, than to persist in trying to be good in unnoticed ways and along commonplace lines of much failure. Let any little girl take the moral in good faith, and act consistently according to the principle set forth, and, instead of growing in grace with God and man, she runs grave danger of growing in self-consciousness and pride, in restlessness and intrusiveness; of becoming, in short, a very troublesome little prig indeed.

Worse, perhaps, than all is the gross slurring over of *law* in these tales. A child is led to believe that a generous impulse of his can be made to transform facts that have their underground roots branching into a hundred different circumstances of misfortune and sin, facts that in actual life baffle the efforts of the wisest men. Also he is hoodwinked in respect to the manner of carrying out his impulse. In the story the mother says, "If I give you the money for this kind act *I* will be doing the kindness, not you; therefore you must earn the money for yourself, then the kindness will be yours." Accordingly, the child, by some scheme or other, "earns" the money. The misguided mother takes part in the deception, and the child, mightily gratified, believes that its childish efforts alone have accomplished a large result, which is, on the contrary, principally due to capital or help furnished by parents, and to gifts and patronage of friends—for who, in common decency, can refuse to buy when a neighbor's child appears at the door with a philanthropic project and candy at two cents a stick!

A generous child reading these stories will be fired with an impulse to go and do likewise, to have the excitement, the success, the glory, to be so transcendently unselfish that the rest of the family shall look on in wonder, and exclaim among themselves, "How Mary is improving!"—will be preoccupied with longings after the *rôle* of a child Don Quixote. Very well I remember inducing a companion to join me in a magnanimous offer to carry the big budget of a washerwoman walk-

ing before us up the street, and the woman's surprised and gruff refusal, instead of gratifying blessing. Doubtless she was abundantly able to bear her own burdens without the aid of a couple of thirteen-year-olds.

Let children not lose their beautiful birthright of humility. If great wrong is to be righted or misfortune to be relieved, let them carry the case to their parents, as their unspoiled instincts would lead them to do, and leave it trustfully to wiser heads and stronger hands than their own; so will they escape the pride and self-consciousness which in their unformed characters must accompany great results achieved apparently by their agency. If the evil is beyond immediate cure, let the children be shown how law governs, and love, too, must work by law and wait for it; so will they learn patience and wisdom. Let them not believe that novel expedients and sham sales and playing at Providence with applause of all beholders is virtue. Even say little to them directly of self-sacrifice—it tends to self-consciousness. Especially do not encourage unusual manifestations of it; for then it too often ceases to be discipline in becoming display. Necessary as it is to growth of character, the most favored life presents constant opportunities for its exercise—to refrain from a childish quarrel, or to go to bed promptly and without demur, or to give up cheerfully a forbidden book, being usually a far more real and normal self-sacrifice to a child than, in a pleasurable glow of generosity and with assurance of gratitude, to give away five dollars, or to earn a new dress for a poor girl by the gay farce of making and peddling candy.

Encourage all love and sympathy in the warm, childish hearts, yet let them by no means get the idea that their small doings are of great importance, or that their kindly efforts are likely to have great results. Encourage, along with love, the peculiar graces of childhood, obedience, gentleness, unconsciousness, simplicity; and to this end give them not for models these unnaturally successful boys and girls, with their farcical benevolences.

WITHOUT MONEY AND WITHOUT PRICE.

MISS LARNED'S charming papers on the "Roundabout Road" are a series of pictures presenting homely humor, sympathy, and courtesy. The characters are flesh and blood, not mere puppets of the imagination. No character in the book is more human than Mrs. Judge Magnus, who teaches constantly, by her universal sympathy, how far we have departed from the true meaning of the word philanthropy:

"When the little sisters had a load of unexpected company come in upon them the other day, Mrs. Judge Magnus sent her dinner right over, all cooked and ready to serve, with a frozen fruit pudding and a pot of delicious coffee with cream. The Judge was obliged to dine on bread and milk and cold pie. This is the kind of neighboring that this whole-souled woman believes in. The little sisters mainly live on what they call picked-up dinners, especially when there is no one with them, and the pick-upedness of the meal is manifest to any chance comer. A real dinner of the other variety is a red-letter occasion for them, so you can imagine how they felt when Mrs. Magnus sent over that meal for Eben's folks, just as if it had come in the four-cornered sheet the apostle saw let down from heaven. Mrs. Magnus is rich, but she wishes to takes part in all the hospitalities and liberalities of village life, to feel the human current running right through her house from garret to cellar, like a great motor nerve. To see her in Washington society you would never suspect it, but at home she is a different person.

"The young married women are let into the sisterhood of good housekeepers, and made welcome to share in all its sifted and clarified experience. The young mother comes over with her first baby, the most remarkable child ever born, and puts it cuddled to sleep on the lounge, and then she and the initiated go into long talks; how to turn everything to the best account; when you have done up your quince sauce how to make a delicious jelly out of the cores. This economy, which always gets the sweetness out of the core, has a certain beauty of its own. It is in the order of nature to let nothing go to waste, but by cunning chemistry to turn its refuse into flowers, its brackishness and soot into splendid colors and sweet perfumes. The housewife's contrivance to make the best use of everything when she puts ashes on the cucumber bed, and saves the smallest scraps for the hens, is by no means an ignoble art. It is the very secret of material life, the saving and gathering of the fragments into the baskets of the parable, that nothing be lost."

Such a picture makes one long for the old days of simplicity and neighborliness. To-day a ragged coat and a hungry face are necessary to open our hearts, and even then our neighborly emotions find stereotyped expression, and are closed to the need that is but poorly concealed from the truly sympathetic, though covered by garments of plenty. The temper of the age is philanthropic, but it is not love of mankind that animates it, but of a class. Where will the Mrs. Judge Magnus be found to-day who would "feel the human current running right through her house from garret to cellar, like a great motor nerve"? Perhaps in our efforts to ameliorate the condition of a class we exhaust our power of expressing our sympathy and interest with our peers. Perhaps the lack of expression of neighborly kindness is due to conventional bands that grow more narrow and rigid each year. So rare is it to find a woman of sympathy who does not give her whole expression to the "poor" and restrict her definition of "needy" so that the words are synonymous—though they may be antithetical—that to meet her is an event.

How we cherish her, the woman who sees other wants than those of the stomach and back! She is like a tree in the desert, a spring of refreshing in a thirsty land.

"I was a stranger, and ye took me in." How many of us have arrived worn and tired at a modern inn, to wander about lonely for days before one hand was extended, one face wore a welcoming smile! We must be select, though we slay by our coldness!

A woman, sick and worn out, arrived at a winter resort. Every face was strange. She felt the first journey to the dining-room as though she were an escaped "freak" from a dime museum. Whether she had suddenly become the "Bearded Lady," or gave evidence of fast becoming the "Fat Lady," or what peculiar physical trait was the occasion of the cool, investigating stare, she was at a loss to discover. The silence at the table where she sat was painful. There was to be a sweet surprise in store. Out of the chaos there came a sweet, sympathetic voice, and a sisterly hand-clasp dragged the victim back to the familiar world. And the giver all unconscious of the sweet kindness and its beneficent results!

The worker carried back into her own world a new vision and a new lesson in philanthropy. There are needs that can only be removed by sympathy, and philanthropic courtesies that money cannot buy, for they are beyond price.

POOR MR. BIGELOW.

By W. B. S.

ONLY those who sometimes "lie awake o' nights" are requested to read this. Nobody else can sympathize.

Mr. Bigelow wakes suddenly out of sleep. He rubs his eyes and starts up. Is it morning? It must be, he thinks; he feels as if he had slept enough. It is quite dark yet, to be sure. But then it isn't light very early at this time of year. Besides, it may be cloudy. Why isn't somebody stirring in the house? Servants are oversleeping, most probably, and breakfast will be late again, for the third time within a fortnight. It is too bad! Ten to one he sha'n't be down town in time to fulfill that appointment with his lawyer. And if there is anything he hates, it is getting late to his business. He really doesn't know but he shall have to change his boarding-place.

Here Mr. Bigelow begins to think of all the pressing matters he has to attend to through the day, especially of that vexatious lawsuit which he is pretty sure will turn against him, and gets very wide awake indeed. He feels as if he could not stay in bed a minute longer. What time is it getting to be? he wonders. There, the clock is giving warning! It is going to strike six, of course! He listens for the first stroke, and begins to count. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—what, what?—eight, nine—bless me!—ten, eleven, twelve." Twelve o'clock! Mr. Bigelow laughs outright. He hasn't been in bed above an hour, and has the whole night, as it were, before him yet. Well, such being the case, he will turn over and go to sleep again.

Easier said than done, considerably! That troublesome lawsuit is not so easily disposed of. Clock strikes one before he can get it out of his mind at all. By that time he is in a perfect fidget, and begins to toss restlessly from side to side. Presently he settles down. "Now I will go to sleep," he says, with stern determination, and shuts his eyes very tight together. Vain attempt! Slowly the old thoughts come creeping back again. He can't stop thinking. "Confound it all!" he says, as the clock strikes two. "That lawsuit may go to the dogs for what I care. I'll fix my mind on something else now, anyhow."

Mr. Bigelow has heard or read somewhere that counting slowly and regularly will sometimes help one to compose one's self to sleep. He thinks he will try it. The first hundred he gets off very well. When he is saying one hundred twenty-eight, one hundred twenty-nine, he loses himself and jumps to one hundred and forty. No, that is not right; and he goes back again. Only to make another mistake the next minute, however. The fact is, his mind is wandering. Somewhere up in the hundred and eighties he gets helplessly confused, and gives up in despair.

Well, what next? Repeating something from memory is another expedient recommended by the authorities. Mr. Bigelow begins with the first thing that occurs to him; to wit, the Ten Commandments. He think them over slowly and reverently. Somehow he does not make out but nine. He has skipped one somewhere, and he tries a second time. With the same result. One is lacking still; what the deuce is it?—the language is Mr. Bigelow's, not ours, you understand—and he puzzles and puzzles to think it up. Suddenly he remembers. It is the fifth which he has omitted: "Honor thy father and thy mother." Mr. Bigelow's conscience smites him. Not that he wasn't a pretty good son in the main, but now that his parents are in the grave, and he can do no more for them, he can think of a thousand little attentions in which he failed. He wishes he had done differently. However, there is no use in making himself unhappy about it now. Besides, he is getting wider awake than ever.

Clock strikes three. A second experiment may be more successful. Mr. Bigelow repeats the alphabet two or three times with great deliberation. Then he thinks of it as it was in the "Primer" of his childhood, and goes through with it in that way:

"A is for Adam, who was the first man,"

and so on. He does not find himself a bit sleepier, apparently; but the resources of the alphabet are not yet exhausted. An odd idea strikes him. How many names can he think of that begin with any single letter? He takes them up in order. A—Adam, Abel, Abraham, Abner, Amos, Azariah, and so on. Then there are the girls' names—Anna, Antoinette, Abigail, Amelia, Agnes—how beautiful that character is in David Copperfield; if he could find such a woman he might be tempted to marry, himself—Adaline, Amanda, Alice, Amy—he had a little sweetheart by that name once; he wonders where she is now!—pshaw, what a fool he is! and he jumps to the B's. They serve him no better; the C's are still worse; and, out of all patience, he starts up in his bed, doubles up his pillow vengefully, and then dashes himself down again almost in a frenzy.

However, he may as well keep cool, he reflects presently. No beneficial result has followed as yet from all his efforts, but he is not going to give it up so. That lawsuit must and shall stay out of his mind, anyhow. He has been taxing his thinking powers too much, perhaps. The mere exercise of memory must be better, and he tries the Catechism. He doesn't get very far. He never knew it very well, and after the first two or three questions and answers he cannot for the life of him think what comes next. "Never mind," he says to himself, "Catechism is all out of date in these degenerate days. But I used to be a model Sunday-school boy, and knew lots of Bible. I wonder how much I know of it now?" and he commences with the first chapter of Genesis. He remembers it fairly well, but, instead of running over it as glibly as of yore, he pauses, considers, queries, at almost every step he takes in the narrative. "Hum! all this in six days, eh? Rather sizable story, upon my word! And my good old father believed every word of it, just as it stands. He might have done worse. It isn't badly told, I will say that for it. Seems to know pretty well what it's talking about, too. Well, let the geologists, the evolutionists, or whatever, settle it among themselves. I don't care. I want to go to sleep! Supposing I try the New Testament," and he jumps clear over to the Sermon on the Mount. "That never can go out of fashion or be explained away," he says, in a little glow of enthusiasm; for Bigelow is not without religious feeling, little as he has appeared to show it hitherto. "Beautiful beatitudes—'*beauty*tudes' one of my sweet little sisters called it once, stumbling over the big word when she was first learning to read, and we thought it wasn't a bad name. But look here," he exclaims, half to himself and half to some imaginary hearer; "these wonderful blessings are pronounced upon whom? Where are the people that are likely to come in for a share in this sort of inheritance? Do I know anybody that answers the description of these heirs-at-law, so to speak?" and Bigelow falls to sitting in judgment upon not a few so-called Christians, himself included, and brings in a verdict decidedly unfavorable. The next minute he starts up, suddenly ejaculating, "Bless me! where am I now? Not much of an opiate in this! Guess I'd better leave sacred literature and try profane. Poetry is always soothing." Not in this case, however, he soon finds. Milton, "Childe Harold," Tennyson, Mrs. Barrett Browning: all his favorite poets and poems come up successively for a hearing, and are all mentally anathematized in turn. In the meantime four o'clock is, of course, long past. There, the clock is striking five! Good! He shall not have to stay in bed very much longer now. Somebody is stirring in the house. Better still! He never did have such a night, but, thank heaven! it has come to an end at last. . . .

Here Mr. Bigelow's ideas begin to grow rather misty. His eyes slowly close. He falls sound asleep. The rising bell rings unheeded. The first he know he wakes up to hearing the boarders going down to breakfast. A friend knocks on the door as he passes. "Not up yet, eh, old fellow?" Poor Bigelow is excessively provoked. He has to dress in a desperate hurry. He has to omit the operation of shaving. He has to swallow

his coffee at one gulp and leave his beefsteak almost untasted. He gets down town fifteen minutes too late, after all.

Poor Mr. Bigelow!

EGGS: HOW TO KEEP THEM.—The season when eggs are cheap and plentiful is near at hand, and the thrifty housekeeper is anxious, and ready always to prepare for the time of scarcity. Miss Juliet Corson, that most suggestive of household economists, in the "Consumer's Journal," gives directions for keeping eggs. She says:

"Experienced housewives know that fresh eggs are not only more palatable than those which have been kept long, but that they are more desirable for many other reasons. If exposed to the air, eggs soon lose a portion of their substance by evaporation, and the loss can actually be estimated by weight; for instance, a perfectly fresh egg of good size weighs about an ounce and a half; in a month the loss of weight in eggs so kept as to favor evaporation will be about one-sixth. Every one using eggs which have been kept dry will have noticed a vacuum at the end between the white and the shell; this is most noticeable in hard-boiled eggs; the loss would not be so perceptible in those broken before cooking; it is not apparent in eggs kept in liquid perservatives. The following test can easily be made: Dissolve an ounce of salt in ten times its weight of water (*i. e.*, a little more than half a pint), and immerse uncooked eggs in the water; an egg not more than two days old will sink to the bottom; one three days old will float half way to the top of the water; if more than five days old it will float easily, projecting above the water as it loses weight by the evaporation of its substance.

"Perfectly fresh eggs—that is, those newly laid—have a rather rough, lime-like shell, without a trace of gloss upon them; as the eggs rub against each other, in any receptacle, they lose this appearance, and become smooth and shining. Some egg-dealers have the finest eggs dated and wrapped in soft paper; this insures safety in transportation, and the freshness of each egg is simply demonstrated. To keep the paper around the egg serves every purpose, if they are to be used within a few days. For their preservation there are many ways known to the dealer. For household purposes two may be suggested: first, to pack fresh eggs in layers of fine salt, with the small end down; this suspends the yelk midway of the white; the advantage of this method will be apparent to every one who has been annoyed upon breaking an egg to find the yelk adhering to one side of the shell. A second process of preservation involves more trouble, but it is infallible and permits the preservation of the eggs in good condition for a long time: weigh one part of beeswax and two parts of fresh olive oil; melt the wax in the oil by gentle heat; while still warm apply the mixture to one side of each egg, rubbing it into the shell with the tip of the finger; lay this part of the egg uppermost until the wax has hardened, and then treat the rest of the shell in the same way. The minute pores of the shell are filled with the wax, so that the air is utterly excluded and evaporation becomes impossible. Not only does the egg lose substance by evaporation, but the air penetrating the shell carries with it the germ of decay that results in putrefaction under favorable conditions. If eggs are intended for use within a month or so, they can be kept in good condition by being immersed in a strong brine, made by boiling salt and water, removing all scum as it rises; the brine is to be cooled before the eggs are put into it."

THE GROWTH OF THE GIFT.

IS there a woman in the world who does not desire personal beauty? No sensible woman would desire it at the sacrifice of mind; but deep down in every woman's heart is that desire for personal beauty, for it is a tremendous power. It is felt everywhere. Dickens knew it when the baby was made to cry for the "boofer lady." It is said that Charlotte Brontë protested against the invariable beauty of the heroines of the novels in her day, and declared that she would write a novel in which the heroine would not be beautiful, but would possess a power that would make men feel her influence—then wrote "Jane Eyre." But she was compelled to give her heroine wonderful eyes. There must be a visible cause for the power exercised whether in life or the printed page that depicts it. That beauty unsupported by graces of heart and mind is but a passing power we know. A woman may catch admiration, but she cannot hold it without the invisible spiritual power that, after all, is the secret of influence. Who is there that has not seen the plainest, most unattractive features light up to transcendent beauty when moved by the emotions that touched the soul? Who has not seen beauty made repulsive by passions that revealed the hidden things in the soul? Are there not faces that charm us out of ourselves into the company of the spirit that has made the clumsy work of nature a joy forever because of its beauty? No printed page as surely bears the record of the writer's thoughts as does the face the record of the impulses, the mind, the passions, of the spirit that lies within. Gesture and voice can be trained to obey the will, but the uncontrollable hand of time is writing its invisible record each day, but they are indelible and the record cannot be contradicted.

Are there not faces that call out our hearts when we pass them, but they have not the art standard of beauty? Are there not faces to which we turn as naturally as the flower to the sun for help and encouragement? yet no artist would wish to paint them. The very power that wins would be lost on canvas. The beauty that inspires, the beauty that lifts humanity into an aspiring condition, is not born of flesh and blood alone, but is the visible symbol of the spiritual power within.

"A compliment, true and genuine, was paid by a sailor who was sent by his captain to carry a letter to the lady of his love. The sailor, having delivered his message, stood gazing in silent admiration upon the lady, for she was very beautiful.

"'Well, my good man,' she said, 'for what do you wait? There is no answer to be returned.'

"'Lady,' replied the sailor, with humble deference, 'if you please, I would like to know your name.'

"'Did you not see it on the letter?'

"'Pardon, lady—I never learned to read. Mine has been a hard, rough life.'

"'And for what reason, my good man, would you know my name?'

"'Because,' answered the old tar, looking up honestly, 'in a storm at sea, with danger afore me, I would like to call the name of the brightest thing I'd ever seen in my life. There'd be sunshine in it even in the darkness.'"

It was not mere beauty of feature that the man wished to carry into the darkness. It was the spirit of grace that moved the possessor of beauty to smile winningly to the man so far beneath her. Time never wrote lines of beauty on a face that carried behind it a double impulse of action, one for the world and one for private life. The face tells the story of the double life, and the lines contradict each other. The wayfarer never is tempted to stop there for aid and comfort on his journey.

The foundation of beauty is grace of character. Beauty we cannot evolve, but we can develop that which the world prizes far more, in spite of the poets, the artists, the novelists—the spirit whose witness draws the erring, the weak, the sorrowful to us, to find always what they seek.

How many a man has worshiped beauty to find it turn to ashes in his possession!

The passage of Valentine's Day was marked by a pretty childish sentiment. A little girl learned that her playmate, a little boy of three or four years, had died on that day, and was shocked and sobered by the event, but presently she brightened and said, "Why, mamma, Harry will be God's valentine, won't he?"—[Rambler.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THROUGH THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

CHAPTER I.

"PAPA, won't it cost you a great deal of money to take me to Europe?"

"I haven't a doubt of it."

"As much as four hundred dollars?"

"Fully as much. If I bring you back for a thousand I shall feel well satisfied."

"A thousand dollars! Oh, papa, then please let me have four hundred of it to stay at home and go to the Yellowstone with Uncle Harry!"

"I shouldn't call it staying at home to go to the Yellowstone; and I can't imagine anybody's choosing to go out West," remarked an elder sister, who could not conceive of anybody's not wanting to go to Paris.

"Uncle Harry says he could take a boy for four hundred dollars through the Park, and perhaps to Salt Lake City and Denver, and I know he meant me."

"But going to the Yellowstone with Uncle Harry wouldn't do for you just what going to Europe would. I don't doubt that you would have a capital time and lots of fun, but then you could have a capital time in Europe and learn a great deal besides. I consider that a good deal of the money I should spend for you there would be a saving of tutors. It is the easiest possible way to learn geography and history."

"But then I should learn a great deal at the Yellowstone, too."

"What, for instance?"

"Why, I should learn a great deal about my own country, and how to kill a bear, and to pitch a tent, and make a camp fire, and cook, and lots of things."

"But suppose the bear should think it an excellent chance for him to learn to kill a boy?"

"He couldn't if I had a gun."

"But it's the gun I am afraid of. He might run away from a boy, unless he was very hungry; but a gun would madden him."

"Oh, I shouldn't madden him; I should just kill him. And then, papa," continued Tom, trying hard to think of something more scientific and satisfactory than bear, "I should find out what a geyser is."

"But you know what a geyser is."

"And I know what the Tower of London is, but you said it would be a good thing for me to see it."

"Well, Tom, you are incorrigible; go and talk with you mother."

Tom knew well that mamma would be harder to manage than papa; for mamma would think less of the geography, perhaps, but more about the family's being separated. However, it was a point with the Hogarth household always to let the children do what they wanted to when it was a possible thing, if their father could afford to do it and it was nothing that could tend to their mental, moral, or physical injury.

So it was decided that Tom should, as he expressed it, stay at home and go to the Yellowstone.

Nothing could exceed his delight. His sister Helena, reveling in the thought of the Paris shops and all the fine things she should bring home, was not half so happy as Tom when he went round at home to choose the warmest woolen shirts, and the toughest boots, and the homeliest rubber coat. No outfit from a London tailor could have pleased him half so well.

"I shall come home with a sealskin sacque and two dozen kid gloves," remarked Helena, with dignity.

"And I shall come home in rags!" said the delighted Tom, clasping his hands in ecstasy. "Perfect rags of a good time!"

For a while he though nothing could possibly add to his happiness. But, after all, he was very like the rest of us, and when he had gained something surely, he began to think how charming it would be to have just a little more. One morning he appeared in his father's library, a little timid and deprecating, but evidently with something very near his heart.

"Papa, didn't you say that you were not going to mind spending a thousand dollars for me?"

"Considering the results, certainly, I did not think I should mind it."

"And you see it is going to be a great saving to you for me to go to the Yellowstone?"

"Perhaps."

"And so I thought if you could still manage to save *something*—about two hundred dollars—and *sometimes*, you know, papa, you think two hundred dollars a good deal of money to save—perhaps you wouldn't mind letting me have another four hundred for the Yellowstone?"

"Dear me! has Uncle Harry found such a big mistake as that in his estimates?"

"No, sir; it only costs four hundred dollars for a boy; but, you see, if I had two four hundred dollars, I could take two boys—myself and Jack Floyd."

"Well, well! but you must remember that it isn't your party. You mustn't invite anybody to join it unless Uncle Harry and the rest of the boys consent to it."

"Oh, that's all right! the other boys said they knew Jack must be nice if I liked him, and that if he wasn't there would be enough of the rest of them to sit on him. And Uncle Harry said at first he didn't know, but when I told him that Jack was pretty poor, and couldn't go anywhere unless I took him—"

"Unless you took him!" said Mr. Hogarth, dryly. "Well, if you are going to take him, I have no objection; but where do I come in, then, with my extra four hundred dollars?"

"Oh, well, papa, of course I meant that you would give me the money. But I do want him to go awfully. He knows lots about bears. And then you know, papa, you were a little afraid I shouldn't learn as much at the Yellowstone as I should in Europe; but if Jack were learning all I did, don't you think that two boys knowing one thing is just as good as one boy knowing two things?"

"A great deal better. I'm glad you thought of it. Only you must be careful not to make Jack feel that you are putting him under an obligation. You mustn't patronize him."

"Of course not!" exclaimed Tom, indignantly. "Why, I'm not taking him to be kind to him; I'm awfully afraid I shouldn't want to take him if he wasn't nice. But he is nice, and he knows lots about bears. If you think it would make him any more comfortable, you might tell him that you would hire him to show me all he knows about bears, and that you would pay him four hundred dollars for it; then he wouldn't feel that he was being too much invited."

"And you think his knowledge of bears would be worth four hundred dollars to you? Where did he learn so much about bears?"

"Why, from books; he's an awful reader. He says you must never provoke a bear; you must just shoot him right through the heart, or the eye, or the brain, and then he won't trouble you. But if you just shilly-shally, and hit him first in one place and then in another, he may make trouble, and rush at you."

"I see. Well, if Jack will promise to teach you not to shilly-shally, I will agree to pay him four hundred dollars, and, if Uncle Harry is willing, Jack can spend it in joining the party to the Yellowstone."

"But the worst of putting it that way, papa, is that Jack is *such* a reader, he will be sure to want to earn the money before we go, and then stay at home and spend it for books. I wish you would just make it a condition that he *must* go to the Yellowstone."

"Well, you make it right with Uncle Harry, and I'll make it right with Jack's father."

You will not be surprised that Jack Floyd was easily persuaded into devoting the four hundred dollars he was to earn by telling Tom all he knew about bears to joining the party to the Yellowstone.

It was to be a very nice party indeed, although Tom came to his father rather timidly, one evening, and said:

"I suppose, papa, you know there is going to be one bad boy with us?"

"Yes," said Mr. Hogarth, "I know."

For in truth the whole party had almost been made up for the sake of the bad boy. Not that Will Bent was really bad; he was full of restlessness that his father and mother could not control; but Uncle Harry had always insisted that Will's restlessness was the sign of a very fine kind of energy, if it were once turned in the right direction; and when he heard his sister say, with a sigh, that she did not know what in the world she should do with Will all summer at the seashore, he had said, suddenly:

"Let me have him this summer, Edith!"

"All summer, Harry? Why, what will you do with him?"

"I will take him to the Yellowstone."

"What is the Yellowstone, anyway?" inquired Master Will, when the subject was broached before him, and he wished thoroughly to understand to what he would be expected to commit himself.

"Oh, Will!" sighed his mother, "if you only would read a little more!"

"No," said Uncle Harry, firmly. "The trouble is that you are trying to make him read too much. We will give up books for this summer, Will, and I will teach you what the Yellowstone is by object lessons. It is a word of two syllables: first syllable, ponies, wagons, camp-fires, bears, antelope, and trout; second syllable, geysers, gorges, boiling springs, precipices, mountains, and splendid places to break your legs. The whole word is something that means a good time."

"All right," said the bad boy, condescendingly; "I'll go."

Two other boys had afterward been invited to join the party, and Tom and Jack Floyd increased the number to five.

"Quite as many as I care to take charge of, when one of them is bad," said Uncle Harry, looking very solemnly at his worst nephew.

None of the boys had ever been on a long journey, or spent a night in the cars; so the novelty of spending four or five whole days and nights in a Pullman, and having all their meals served on the train, made the trip seem almost as good as going to Africa, which had thus far been the highest aim of their imaginary travels. To be sure, after the first novelty wore off, and the country beyond St. Paul began to be decidedly monotonous, and the books had given out, and they couldn't by any possibility have a regular meal more than three times a day, the time dragged a little heavily, especially to the bad boy, who required space.

"Tell me about the Park," he said, finally, sinking into a seat and appealing to Tom, who was supposed to know more about the Yellowstone than any of the rest "Is it four times as big as Central Park?"

"Four times as big as Central Park in New York!" laughed Tom, in high glee. "Uncle Harry, just hear that! Will wants to know if the Yellowstone Park is four times as big as Central Park!"

"Well, how much do you know about it, Master Tom?"

"Why, I know more than that, anyway; I know it must be ten times as big as Central Park for the Government to make it a national park."

"Ten times as big as Central Park? Lend me a pencil a minute."

Uncle Harry made a few calculations, and announced:

"It's twenty-four hundred times as large as Central Park, Master Tom. Now suppose I should think I had a right to laugh at you?"

The boys stared at each other.

"Sha'n't we lose our way?" inquired the bad boy.

"I've no doubt you will lose yours," said his uncle, dryly. "But the rest of us hope, by keeping the road, and staying together, and consulting the guide now and then, to come back alive, in spite of the bears."

"A guide?" shouted the boys in chorus. "Are we going to have a guide?"

"Well, I don't feel inclined to walk about much without one in a tract of country that contains over three thousand square miles, full of geysers and boiling springs, with five boys and one of them bad! The Park, you know, is about two hundred square miles larger than Rhode Island and Delaware put together; and, as there are not many roads through it, and you will all the time want to be wandering away from what roads there are, I propose to have a guide."

"Oh, we haven't the least objection to a guide, Uncle Harry! We wanted a guide. It must be almost as good as Africa, if you have to have a guide."

"Yes; in my opinion it is quite as desirable a trip as those parts of Africa to which I suppose you refer."

They were running rapidly into a very wonderful tract of country; but it was part of Uncle Harry's method of giving object lessons to let the boys discover themselves what was wonderful about them. He would always be ready to answer, but he wanted them to ask the questions. As he had suspected, the bad boy in his restlessness was the first to notice that the country about them had changed.

"Isn't this rather a queer country we've got into, Uncle Harry?" he asked, curiously, looking out of the window.

"Well, it has the reputation of being something unusual. I have been wondering how long you boys would go on talking about the wonderful things you were expecting to see next week, and letting some very wonderful things slip right past you without noticing them at all. You seemed to think a guide would be a much more interesting object than a stone mountain on fire."

"A stone mountain on fire?"

"Well, look over there—or, rather, right here, almost close to the cars. That isn't exactly a mountain, but it's a good-sized hill. Do you see that little ring of blue fire burning all round it, in one regular little circle about half way up?"

"But what is there to burn? There isn't any grass on it, nor any bushes, nor any timber. It's all stone."

"No, not all stone, though it looks like it. A good deal of it is clay, and down under some of the clay there is a little layer of coal. And this coal got on fire somehow, and the Indians round here say that some of these fires have been burning probably for centuries. No one has ever seen them out."

"Good!" exclaimed Tom. "Papa was terribly afraid I shouldn't learn as much at the Yellowstone as I should in Europe, and Helena keeps writing all sorts of stuff about art and history and things. And last time it was all about Rome, and some Vestal Virgins who had to keep a lamp burning all the time before a shrine. I can write her now that we have fires at the Yellowstone, that keep burning without any Vestal Virgins."

"What makes the clay on top so red?' asked the bad boy.

"What makes a brick red? Just the process is going on here in nature that you see on a small scale at a brickyard. The gray clay is being slowly burned. See what wonderful colors there are, all in the same mound! Red and gray and blue and purple and yellow."

"But did just that little ring of fire that we see do all that?"

"No; there have been volcanoes at work here; and what the volcanoes didn't do, the glaciers did. Fire and water together can accomplish a good many wonders."

"But just see how many of the hills there are, Uncle Harry! They're getting to be like plums in a pudding. Oh, I do wish we could stop! What do they call this country, Uncle Harry? It's just like the place Rip Van Winkle got into, when you see it at the theater; all queer shapes and colors, and full of little imps; only I don't see any imps."

"Well, General Miles and his soldiers thought there were imps enough here, I guess, when they were chasing Indians in and out among these hills. These are the 'Bad Lands,' you know."

"But they're not bad at all, Uncle Harry; they're awfully interesting."

"No, they're not bad at all; they're not only awfully interesting, but they are awfully good grazing ground. They don't look exactly like our nice green pretty meadows at the East; but, for all that, they raise a good deal better cattle. It's just the same with people; some people, especially some boys, are considered bad who are really very interesting and have lots of good foundation to build on if you know how to take them. Take Will, now; if it hadn't been for his badness, we should all have gone on reading our newspapers and talking about guides, without seeing anything of all this country just under our noses. I saw he was beginning to wriggle and stare out of the window while all the rest of you good little boys were sitting still and amusing yourselves nicely, and I put down my paper to reprove him, when I saw that he had really discovered something worth knowing.

"Oh, well, Uncle Harry," said Tom, apologetically, "you know none of *us* ever objected to Will's badness. It's only mothers that don't like badness."

The allusion to Indians and General Miles gave the boys enough to talk about, after they had passed through the Bad Lands. It was a great grief that they would pass Fort Keogh in the night; for at Fort Keogh lived officers who had known Custer, and who had fought with General Miles in those terrible winter campaigns against the Indians when the thermometer was sometime forty degrees below zero, and when a friend of Uncle Harry's had drawn off the long, thick fur glove that came up to his elbow, just for an instant to fix something wrong about his bridle, and had frozen his arm stiff before he could draw the glove on again.

"Doesn't seem much like it now, does it?" said Horace Ladd, as he fanned himself vigorously with a newspaper.

"Still," said Uncle Harry, pointing in the distance, "there is snow on the mountains, you see."

The boys crowded to the windows to stare at the novelty of snow in August. Snow it certainly was, although so far away and so high up that as yet it looked only like fleecy clouds.

"I can't believe we are so near the Park, where it is so cold," said Walter Ladd, as, an hour or two later, they left the Northern Pacific train at Livingston to take the branch line that would leave them in three hours more very near the entrance to the great National Park.

It was certainly very hot at Livingston that August day, and the boys thought it quite impossible that in two or three days more they would be needing their warm cardigan jackets and mittens. All discomfort from the heat was forgotten, however, as they entered Paradise Valley, and began to wonder how the locomotive was to find a way between the great mountains that seemed to shut them in on every side.

TWO LETTERS.

SOMETIMES tiny folks feel that they are not big enough to do mission work; sometimes they feel that they are big enough, but that the big folks are either unjust or selfish, and will not let them do what they could do if only they had a chance. In a city not a thousand miles from New York there is a church that has a very active mission band composed of the younger members of the Sunday-school.

The members of this band are supposed to earn the money that they give, and many incidents showing both self-sacrifice and energy on the part of the little folks are discovered. One of the leaders of this band, to which Willie belongs, has sent us the following letter:

Dear Editors:

A little incident has happened in our Mission Band which has made me feel so happy that I feel I must pass it on to you, knowing the love you have for little children. You have heard, of course, of the "earned money jug," the contents of which were to be appropriated to the sinking fund. The children have taken much interest in it, and have earned money in every way possible even while away in the summer time, keeping in mind the earned money jug, and last Monday $23.42 was handed in. Perhaps it is hardly fair to say all earned, for a great part was self-denial, and a tenth of present-money occasionally dropped in the jug, given by those who hardly knew how to earn it. I want to tell you particularly about one little boy; his name is Willie. A little more than two months ago he was taken very ill with scarlet fever. For days he was delirious, and while so ill his one trouble was he had no money for the earned money jug—only fifty-five cents. Just at the time the little fellow was so anxious one of the ladies of our church sent him some sheets of paper soldiers and wild animals, and as soon as he was well enough to sit up he would amuse himself by the hour cutting the figures out. Sometimes he would sit, his mother told me, till he was so pale and tired that she would be obliged almost to take the scissors from him. One day the thought came to him that now he knew how to earn money for his barrel; so he asked his father to make him some little blocks of wood, and to each little piece he glued either a soldier or an animal, and when finishing this part of the work he arranged all to represent a battle in one corner of the parlor; in fact, I think the whole is intended to represent a performance of "Buffalo Bill's." It is wonderful. Now followed the plan for earning money. He wrote on a large placard these words, and pasted it on the door: "Admission, 2 cents." But it soon became so hard on the family—for none except his mother was allowed to enter the room without admission fee—that something had to be done, so he thought and thought and finally added: "Season Tickets, 10 cents." One after another began to hear of his plan of earning money, and became so interested that many people called to see him; and how much do you think that little fellow handed to me last Monday? Why, $5!

He has been so sweet about the whole thing. Mr. M—— called one day to see him, and was delighted, and gave him twenty-five cents, and said "to keep it yourself." He took it quietly, but, the minute his visitor had gone, turned round and said to his mother: "I don't want Mr. M——'s money. I am not begging for myself; it is for the Mission Band." So he dropped the twenty-five cents into his barrel. Little Willie's brother, a boy about twelve years old, plays very nicely on the piano, and is always on hand when visitors call, and as soon as the admission fee is paid he contributes his part—that of a battle march on the piano. The whole thing is so original that I felt I must let you know about it.

Willie's ingenuity was the subject of a little talk given in a Sunday-school in the same city, and the children in that city showed their appreciation and sympathy by raising at once ninety-five cents, which was sent to Willie for his earned money jug.

And now there comes another letter to suggest a way that The Christian Union little folks can show their interest in other little folks who need an expression of their interest. Here is the letter:

Dear Aunt Patience:

Several years ago your little nephews and nieces did me a great favor; *i.e.*, they sent me bundle after bundle and box upon box of goods when I asked for a few articles to help my little Indian girls in their "Fancy Work Class" at Hampton Institute. Now I do not want such a lot as I wanted then, and I am not in Hampton, but living in an Indian camp in Dakota. There are two hundred Indians in the camp, and their children, about forty in all, come to the Day School which we started last year. Now, Aunt Patience, I teach these little girls to sew. The Agent and friends in the East have provided plenty for their comfort in dress goods and underwear, and they can sew their dresses very nicely now. I have also started each little girl making a bed-quilt of patchwork; they take the pieces home, sew them together, and bring back the long strips to me. These strips are fast getting finished, but I want some long, bright pieces to put between the patched lines and around the edges. Do you think any of your little friends would send me pieces about two and a half yards long—something bright and pretty? and also four pieces, each *one* and a half yards long, for curtains to the windows of some of the nicely kept houses. That is, six yards alike. Please be sure and ask for me, and if they would like to help us, they may direct bundles to their friend and yours,

MISS LAURA E. TILESTON,
White River Camp, Lower Brulé Agency, Dakota.
Feb. 22, '88.

We would suggest that with the bundle of calico our little readers send some picture, magazines, stories and sketches from newspapers, text cards and mottoes, and games. Would it not be delightful to write a letter to a little Indian boy or girl and get a letter in reply?

At this I almost see the wrinkles in the forehead and hear the great sigh, "I do not know what to say." Tell them about the house you live in, how it is built, what of; tell them of your school life, what you study; something of the games you play; tell the little girls what a lovely family of dolls you have. What a link it would be if one of that family should be sent out West to be adopted by a little Indian girl!

How interesting if the foot-ball or the base-ball should start on a journey West with the letter! Would it not be interesting to exchange views on the making of kites, the use of snow-shoes, the best way to make a camp fire? We know our young readers so well that we are certain this teacher will get what she asks for, and, we think, more.

ESKIMO SEWING TOOLS.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

WHEN an Eskimo woman sits down to sew, she does not bring out her scissors and thimble and needle-book and wax and emery and pincushion, and an assortment of thread and silk and darning cotton and tape and buttons, and so forth. She simply takes from some convenient hanging place about her dress a small ivory or bone needle-case, with its pendants, and she is completely equipped for her work.

Does she want a needle? She takes out of the case a queer-looking article of ivory or bone, shaped like our needles of steel, only the smallest three times as big as any we have, with an eye that a blind woman could not miss, or a larger one from four to six inches long and coarse in proportion.

If a thimble is the object of desire, she pulls it off its holder, a hook of ivory several inches long hanging to the needle-case. The thimble of ivory is shaped like ours, but without a top if she is a Chalitmut Eskimo and lives in the genial climate of Alaska; or like a shield, the shape and size of a finger nail, with a ring to pass around the finger, and black dots or lines to hold the needle head. If she happens to be an Ungava Eskimo, she wears a real "finger hat" an inch and a half long, that of course covers the first joint.

The needle in Alaska has not the place of honor among women's implements that it has with us; it plays second to the bodkin, which by our custom is mostly abandoned to embroiderers. This instrument is large enough for ornamentation, and some that are on exhibition in the National Museum at Washington are marvels of dainty carving, considering the clumsy tools an Alaskan Eskimo works with. The prettiest bodkins are four or six inches long, with the upper half cut into openwork, and a minute bird, or perhaps a human head, perched on top, decorated with black dots and lines in fanciful design. Some are shaped like a small fish, with a row of holes down each side for the insertion of tufts of stiff hairs and the useful sharp point coming out of the mouth like the sword of the sword-fish. Other bodkins have points of iron, some being as many as eight or ten inches long, and clumsy to match.

The case that holds these sewing tools is curious—a cylinder six to ten inches long, and from half an inch to an inch and a quarter in diameter. It is made of walrus ivory, or the wing-bone of a swan, carved and decorated with etching of simple dots, or of scenes, figures of men and animals, and so forth. In many cases a leather thong passes through it, and is kept from slipping by a bunch of pendants fastened to each of the ends, which are cut into fringe for the purpose. These pendants are often as varied as a bunch of "watch charms," and doubtless much valued by their—shall we say fair?—owner.

Occasionally a needle-case is ornamented more elaborately by carved figures; one case represents a wolf, of course greatly "conventionalized;" another a seal, or a whale, or even a reindeer with legs bent up under his body; and one, most pretentious of all, shows three or four men in a boat, the sitting figures two inches high. A few of these cases have a wooden stopple at each end, but most often there is only the leather string passing through, for our Eskimo sisters have neither basket, box, nor bureau. What she owns and values she carries about with her, and the tools so laboriously made, and so necessary in sewing the skins she makes into garments, must be among her treasures.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT dead! Aunt Jo's voice silenced! No. Miss Alcott will be heard through the pages of her books when the boys and girls of to-day have gray heads, and need glasses to read the story of "Beth," "Meg," and "Jo;" the history of the "Little Men" till they become "Aunt Jo's Boys." Surely no writer for children in this country has given a higher impulse to the lives of the children. What girl who has followed Polly in her struggles in economy but has been helped to wear mended gloves and made-over dresses because of the grace Polly threw into just such humdrum affairs! But, after all, is not Miss Alcott's own life the best incentive to the girls of America? Miss Alcott was a most devoted daughter, giving her whole life to her father and her family, who were made sharers in the proceeds of her work. Miss Alcott began teaching when sixteen years of age, and while teaching wrote her first story. Her first book was published when she was about twenty-two years old. During the war Miss Alcott became a nurse in a hospital in Washington, and her letters home were so interesting that they were published under the title of "Hospital Sketches." Miss Alcott's devotion to our soldiers nearly cost her life, and she went to Europe to recuperate and rest. "Little Women" was written in 1867, and Miss Alcott became famous. From that time she devoted herself to literature, and has left an enduring monument in her work and in her character. Miss Alcott made happy and more than comfortable the last years of her father's life. Mr. Alcott died March 4. On Thursday preceding his death Miss Alcott, who had been in poor health for several years, went to see him, and caught a severe cold. She grew rapidly worse, and died March 6. A noble woman because she fulfilled every duty and cultivated every talent. Her own life is the noblest record she left to us.

HOW MARGARET'S DREAM WAS REALIZED.

PART V.

BY MARY ALLAIRE.

MARGARET, in spite of her resolution, dreaded the approach of the night. It seemed such a great big world for a little girl to go into all alone! It required a good deal of effort to keep back the tears that came into her eyes when she thought of the future. She loved the home, in spite of the disappointment that overshadowed it. The trees about had seemed like friends. Far above her head, in the cherry tree, was the seat her father had arranged, and the shelf for books beside it. Margaret and the robins had become intimate as they feasted together among the branches. As she looked about, everything suggested some pleasure, some hour of happiness, and she knew then that, in spite of the present wretchedness, there had been days and hours of happiness during the past year.

There was a peculiar stillness about the house, and the little girl found herself entirely unnoticed. The hours dragged slowly, yet Margaret shrank from the night that was just coming over the hills.

Mr. Stretton came home; but Margaret, who was thrilled with joy because she and her father would have this last supper together, was chilled and disappointed because he did not respond to any of her attempts to make him less unhappy. He was very quiet all through supper, and went directly upstairs when they left the table. Margaret was filled with resentment by this, and, with burning cheeks, ran to the house on the hill to see if her bundle was safe. She stayed there until it was dark, and then hurried down to the house conscience-stricken because she had missed the opportunity to spend this last evening with her father. She found the house as silent as it had been all day. This added to her feeling of desolation, and she hardened her heart by thinking only of the disagreeable things that had come into her life since she entered that house. These thoughts drove out all tenderness, all love, and a very cold-hearted little girl went upstairs that night. She undressed and went to bed, but there was no appeal to the Father who is never too busy, too absorbed, to hear the faintest wish from one of the children. And this added to the loneliness, the friendlessness, of the night.

Margaret listened as the clock tolled off the hours, but the house seemed all awake, footsteps passed back and forth, doors opened and closed, and Margaret dared not attempt to carry out her plan. Worn out, at last the child slept. The sun was shining brightly when Margaret awoke. She sprang up with a start. She dressed hurriedly and opened her door to go down stairs. Immediately the door to Mrs. Stretton's room opened, and Mr. Stretton came toward her, followed by the friend who had been visiting Mrs. Stretton, carrying a bundle in a white wool shawl. Margaret saw her father's face bright with happiness. She went back in her room and mechanically raised her arms when Mrs. Brown said, "Hold out your arms." She received the bundle, and found herself looking into the face of a darling baby sister. Two sleepy eyelids were lazily raised, and Margaret saw two lovely blue eyes that to her seemed full of promise of love.

Margaret could not keep back the tears as she remembered how near she came to miss the blessed minute.

"Are you glad, dear?" asked her father, tenderly, as he put his arm around her.

"Oh, papa!" was all Margaret could say, and she held the little warm bundle closer to her breast. She dared not move lest she should find it was a dream. Mrs. Brown finally said, "I will take the baby back, and after you have had your breakfast and she has had a nap, perhaps you may hold her again." Very reluctantly Margaret loosened her arms, and permitted them to take the baby from her. She felt like one in a dream, but, oh! such a happy dream! A sister! her very own to love. How she would make the baby love her! 'Twas like being born into a new life when she thought of the future. She shuddered when she thought how near she came to losing this happiness—going out to the great world alone, and losing this precious baby's love!

Margaret did not leave the house for a moment; she watched constantly for every opportunity to serve the baby that filled her heart with joy and gratitude. Every day she held the sleepy little bundle in her arms, so happy in its possession that she could not think of the time when it was not part of her life. All that had passed in her life before the baby came became a blank. Days passed into weeks, the weeks into months, and Margaret's happiness grew with them. The baby was beautiful, and well repaid the love and devotion Margaret lavished upon it. Mrs. Stretton's health was poor, and the care of the house and the baby fell on Margaret. Every minute was occupied with caring for those she loved. There was no more idle dreaming in the house under the locusts, for there was always a cooing, laughing companion with her now. Baby listened, equally pleased, to Scott and Dickens. "The Wide, Wide World" had one more admirer, for baby always listened attentively, at least for a few minutes, as Margaret read aloud. Baby introduced Margaret to a new literature. She learned, for the first time, the history of the "Three Little Kittens," whose lost mittens have moved the sympathies of countless babies. Margaret and Baby learned together the wonderful growth of Jack's Bean-stalk. Together they became acquainted with Mother Hubbard and her wonderful dog Trot. No wonder Margaret forgot the life that had been lived before Baby came! When they drove out together, Margaret insisted that they should drive slowly, so that the people who had no babies might enjoy her beautiful darling. Margaret felt herself the happiest girl in the world. When the winter came and shut them indoors they became even closer companions, for Mrs. Stretton could not have the baby with her, she was so ill. The dreary back parlor became the world to those two children. Margaret's canary was moved there, books that she loved, Baby's cradle and toys, and there was no world beyond its walls. The canary learned that it was perfectly safe to light on Baby, and a pretty sight it was to see her hold still lest he should fly away. He learned to answer her coos and gurgles of delight, and Margaret insisted that they understood each other because they held their heads so much alike. Every day Baby gave new evidence of intelligence, and grew more and more into Margaret's life. Spring and summer brought added joys. They lived again out-doors. Margaret never could decide which was the proudest day in her life—when Baby said "Marg'et," or the day she guided her through the house under the locust, and sat down in its parlor with the air of a little queen. From that moment the house on the hill was "Baby's house." Wonderful mud-pies were baked in the sun on the fence; even more wonderful cakes iced with the petals of the daisy. No magician ever disposed of the omelet made in a hat with more skill than Margaret and the baby exercised in disposing of those articles of food without either eating them. Underneath Margaret's happiness was a shadow. She had never been able to make Mrs. Stretton love her. Now her health was better, and the shadow was more apparent. Baby and she were not permitted the freedom that they had enjoyed while she was confined to

her room. She could not separate Margaret and the baby, for the baby was a little tyrant, and insisted on having Margaret with her. She screamed until she was purple if they attempted to go driving and leave Margaret at home. It was useless to try to keep them apart.

Winter came again, and Margaret knew that the back parlor would be a different world from previous winters. With the first fall of snow Baby fell ill, and the doctor pronounced it scarlet fever and ordered Margaret away from home. Margaret heard him as she stood in the hall. She slipped into her own room, and as soon as the doctor had reached the lower hall she flew into the baby's rooms, and, leaning over the crib, kissed the little scarlet face again and again. "They will not send me away, Baby. I will not go. You belong to me, Baby: you are all I have in the world. Nobody will make me go. Oh, Baby, don't die! don't leave me!" Did the baby know all that Margaret said? was that why she put her arms out feebly and said, "My Margee!" Margaret felt an arm around her; she looked up, and there, close to her tear-stained face, was Mrs. Stretton's. She loosened Baby's arms, and, holding Margaret close to her heart, she whispered, "Forgive me, Margaret, forgive me!" "Mother!" was sobbed out from the white lips, and there, beside Baby's crib, Margaret's dream of a mother was realized.

Dark and anxious days followed, but in this experience Margaret and her mother grew nearer to each other.

When Baby was well again the long spring days had come, and there was a new companion to the house under the locust. And there one day, when Baby was asleep in the hammock that swung from the branches of the mother tree, Margaret banished the last cloud of those dark days by telling where she hid her bundle when she planned to run away the night Baby came.

When Mr. Stretton opened the gate these spring days Margaret always held the baby up for the first kiss, and sometimes, to tease her, he put the first kiss on her lips; but he was always reproved by the expression of deep disappointment on Margaret's face.

ANSWERS TO VALENTINES.

ELLSWORTH, Maine, February 17, 1888.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

DEAR SIRS,—I think "Aunt Jane's Valentine Party" one of the most original stories I have read for a long time. The Girls' History Club reminds me of one to which I used to belong, by virtue of being the Sunday-school teacher of some of the girls composing it. Thanks to what we learned then, I think I can tell the authors of all the girls' valentines.

"The naught" which gave the author "mighty fame" was Giotto's O, which he gave to the messengers of Benedict IX. when they came to ask him to furnish plans for a new church.

The term "poets' poet" was applied to Spenser, author of "The Faerie Queen." (It has later been applied to Shelley and Robert Browning.)

The name of him whose "dome sweeps the sky like crest of foam" is Brunelleschi. His masterpiece crowns the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiori in Florence.

It was Michael Angelo who "wrote above his best creation, 'Genius is eternal patience.'"

Only Robert Burns, sweet singer of Scotland, "lived and died with Mary."

Sir Francis Drake is the Valentine who is "off again for the Spanish main," and Chevalier Bayard is the gallant knight who was "without fear and without reproach," slain at the battle of Rebec, 1524.

Yours respectfully,

(MISS) L. L. PHELPS.

List of authors of the valentines in "Aunt Jane's Valentine Party." 1. Saint Francis of Assisi. 2. Percy Bysshe Shelley. 3 Filippo Brunelleschi. 4. Michael Angelo. 5. Lord Darnley, second husband of Mary Queen of Scots. 6. Hernando Cortez. 7. Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. X. Y. X.

POWER TO CLIMB.

BOYS of energy and determination need never fear but what they will make a name and a place for themselves in the world. In reading the history of the men who have become famous one feels that one of the conditions of success is poverty, that it is a mighty, energizing force. The following conversation was overheard not long since in an Eastern hotel:

"Ex-Senator Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia, makes frequent trips to the Capital. I saw him the other day on the floor of the Senate chamber. He was evidently in the best of spirits, and was the center of an interested group of listeners. After he had gone I was told of a dinner party given in New York in 1882. Davis sat at one end of the table, Simon Cameron sat at the other, and between them was General Sherman. The latter began a reminiscence of his early life by saying:

"'When I was a lieutenant—'

"'Come, now, Sherman,' interrupted Davis, 'were you ever a lieutenant?'

"'Yes, Davis,' he replied, 'I was a lieutenant about the time you were a brakeman on a freight train.'

"'Well, boys,' observed Cameron, 'I don't suppose either of you ever cut cordwood for a living, as I did.'"

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.[1]

BY THE REV. J. G. MERRILL, D.D.

"Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it."—Eph. v., 25.

I DO not know as any of us ever completely overcome a hesitation which we feel in saying the words of the Apostles' Creed to which we have come to-day in our exposition of the ancient symbol, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church." From our childhood we have been in the habit of calling the Romish Church the Catholic Church, and to put the word holy before the word catholic, and, more than that, say that we believe in it, is a little more than our Protestant blood can do.

But there is no patent office in the kingdom of God which allows to any of us a label that implies a monopoly of a single grace found in our common Christianity, and hence it is a healthful and desirable thing for us to say very frequently, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church," and, every time that we say it, remind ourselves of the fact, if necessary, that the claim of the Romanist to an exclusive use of the word catholic is as invidious as the claim of the Campbellites to the term Christian, or the Baptists to a name which they would have imply that none but they are baptized, or the Congregationalists to a term which belongs of equal right to organizations more numerous than they, if we by the name would have it understood that none are democratic but ourselves, or the Unitarians to the good word liberal, just as though none were liberal but they, or the Episcopal Church to the title that some of their clergy are trying to secure for their denomination, "the American Church," by which it would be inferred that all other churches in the United States are schismatic sects.

The word Catholic is too good a one to be easily or lightly given up, and the better we appreciate the term the more eagerly shall we hold on to it. Consult your dictionaries and remain catholic! and, although on the rough sea of etymology the clearest eye and steadiest hand will often encounter reefs that would lead timid souls to abandon terms that they have a right to, at the demand of arbitrary usage, the time has not come for the true Christian to deny his catholicity. On the other hand, there never was a time for the true Christian to assert with greater confidence and more holy delight, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church."

The meaning which most naturally belongs to the good word catholic is "universal," and most surely do we believe in the church universal; and this in face of the fact that some who are unlearned and ignorant wrest the term by making us say that we believe in the Universalist Church.

I believe in the universal church, and, in saying this, part company with Protestants who deny that Roman Catholics are any of them true Christians, just as surely as I part company with Romanists who declare that all Protestants are to be lost.

I believe that Jesus Christ has true followers in all the churches which claim him as a leader, and in many organizations which in name have no visible relation to our Lord.

Of course, I maintain that there is the widest possible difference between these varied organizations, and that the members of certain churches are much more likely to be true Christians than the members of other organizations.

I regard it a matter of vast importance that a person should be a Protestant rather than a Romanist, a Romanist than to belong to the Society of Ethical Culture or to be a Buddhist.

All that I am contending for in the use of the word catholic, which I am now defending, is the recognition of true Christian character wherever it is found. I believe in the creed which Peter held—"Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is acceptable to him."

I believe, therefore, that, while it is of vast importance that a man should have a sound creed, the church universal, the Holy Catholic Church, contains many a man whose creed is utterly perverse, but who, in spite of an unfortunate mental make-up or unhappy theological surroundings, is possessed of a true Christian spirit and leads a true Christian life.

God judges men by their character, not by their condition, save as they make the conditions which shape their character.

No little harm is done by the spirit, which, I thank God, is growing less and less as the years go by, that emphasizes churchism at the expense of catholicity.

Of no one thing am I more devoutly glad in the fellowship to which I belong than the fact that the more genuinely catholic a man is, the more genuinely Congregationalist he can be.

The moment a man is ready to allow the church universal to suffer that a Congregational church may be advantaged, that moment he becomes false to true Congregationalism.

A genuine Congregational church will none the less, however, have its creed, and thoroughly believe in its creed, but it throws open its doors wide to any and all men who give evidence of being true Christians. It may say, Halt! to a man who is a Christian and applies for admission to the church, if he emphasizes inordinately any doctrine or rite, but not at all on the ground that the church denies his being a Christian, but because if he were admitted to the church he would, by pushing his peculiar notions, stir up strife and debate and thus defeat the spirit of fraternity which is the foundation of Christian organizations. "But him that is weak in the faith receive ye yet not for decisions of doubts," for our creeds are not so much to gauge men's heads as their hearts. They are not so much a barrier against heresy as against schism. They stand for a working basis upon which an organization can do the work which can better be done by an organization than by individual and personal endeavor.

The Holy Catholic Church is not an organization, but none the less is more than an aggregation of individuals. It is the church universal. It has members all around the globe—the faithful domestic, who at early mass has trust in Jesus, even though she emphasizes too greatly the penances she has done; the man of wealth and learning, who, when he accepts Christ, is possessed of a faith that is childlike, and gains a fraternal spirit that will not brook a haughty or imperious act; the philosopher who uses words that would be infidel terms in our mouths, but which express his loyalty to God, his reliance upon the Saviour, better than could the technical terms that we employ; the heretic, as a theologian may call him, not in reality a heretic, although his companions may be such, and he himself is unable to pronounce the shibboleth of the schools; the heathen, who has never heard of the Bible, Jehovah, Jesus, faith, repentance, regeneration, heaven or hell, but in his heart of hearts is possessed of the spirit which would have led him to have accepted all these truths of our religion had they been revealed to them.

In a word, the Holy Catholic Church includes every man, woman, and child who, in the light he has had, worships God, and trusts in him for the pardon of his sins.

But in accepting such broad church views as these am I not casting a slight upon denominationalism and church organizations? Am I saying that it is enough to belong to the church universal, and care not whether I am connected with this or that visible church of Christ?

Not at all. When I express the hope and maintain the belief that a Hindu who has never heard of the missionary may, through the grace of God, and on the ground of the atonement, be a member of the Holy Catholic Church, I am not saying that he has any such privilege or in any manner is to be compared with the saint who for forty or fifty years has been an ardent, faithful member of a Congregational church in the United States of America.

I believe most heartily in churches of the differing names and orders, and, as human nature is constituted, I cannot see how the Holy Catholic Church, or the church universal, or, as some call it, the invisible church, could exist for a generation, not to say anything about its life during the centuries, were it not for the visible churches.

I believe also that a man neglects a very important duty who, belonging to the church universal, fails to belong to the visible church. He robs himself of a means of grace, he thereby refuses to lend a helping hand to his brethren, and, more than all, he compromises himself before a gainsaying world, at the same time leading impenitent men to neglect their salvation, and failing to honor his Lord and Master.

With all emphasis, therefore, should we foster all true church spirit, and regard it in its place an essential factor in the advance of God's kingdom; but, in doing so, we should be exceeding careful to possess ourselves of the broad, devout piety which always and everywhere recognizes the genuine Christianity of every man, woman, or child who has the Christ spirit, loyalty to God and reliance upon him for salvation from sin.

But our best lexicographers recognize another use of the word catholic, which on the surface appears the opposite of the one I have just emphasized.

As Webster says, the word catholic is used in opposition to heretic or schismatic; and I have little doubt that the authors of the Apostles' Creed had this thought in mind when they declared that they believed in the Holy Catholic Church; and we do well to do the same.

A tolerant man, a catholic man, should be an orthodox man and a man of peace.

To believe in a tolerant, orthodox, peace-loving church is, alas! to believe in an ideal church, the church of the future rather than of the present or the past; and yet the ideal church is the one we all believe in rather

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than the actual; not that we believe in a dream or an impossibility, but in a truth, a principle that exists in connection with the visible church, and which we hope may in time work through the church that we now see, with its half-truths and lives so incomplete.

A catholic man will, then, seek to honor, guard, and defend the truth.

The mistake has been in trying to overcome error with wrong methods. Success is to be won, not by stamping out heresy, but by exalting truth.

Truth firmly held, honestly lived, and lovingly urged, will crowd out false belief and unrighteous living vastly sooner than when are employed fire, dungeon, or theological odium to crush out heresy.

A catholic church, while it is tolerant up to the furthest limit of safety, is not a church without decided and outspoken convictions; on the other hand, it believes the truth with all the heart and urges it with all might, not to beat but to bless an unbeliever, not to overcome but to save those who are in error.

And here the Holy Catholic Church is more and more learning that the true source of an orthodox creed is a rightly adjusted, an orthodox, life.

No more pregnant saying fell from our Master's lips than the words, "He that willeth to do my will shall know of the teaching."

As a rule, a church abounding in good works will have a good living creed.

They who follow the Master in going about doing good, and in the attempt to disciple all nations, will be the most likely to escape errors in doctrine.

If a man begins to have doubts in regard to the existence of God, let him go to work among the degraded and the abject poor, and he will soon feel the need of God as an ally. If he is losing faith in the Bible, let him go through the hospitals trying to comfort the sick and dying with Shakespeare and Browning rather than the Psalms and the Gospels. If he do not believe in human depravity, let him try to convert a gambler or make a generous man out of a miser.

The great solvent for mistaken theology is an earnest Christian life. The outlook of service is the point of view for beholding the truth. First take the yoke of Jesus, and then learn the mysteries he taught.

When, therefore, we say we believe in the Holy Catholic Church, and have in mind a church that is opposed to heresy and schism, the thought which should be at the front will not be excommunication and theological debate, but a church so full of earnest Christian life that out of its life will come the truth; and never before in the history of the world has a believer had more reason than to-day to say, "I believe in such a Holy Catholic Church."

We do, indeed, hear men sighing for the good old times when the old doctrines were held with a tight grasp, and men were expected without fail to shape their thinking to an adopted scheme of faith. There were certain theories concerning the Bible, certain proofs of God's existence, certain views concerning the Atonement, certain opinions concerning hell, that one could not sever from without peril to his soul.

Times have changed. The Bible, not theories of inspiration, God in us, not philosophical proofs of his existence, a crucified Saviour more than a doctrine of the Atonement, character rather than condition, when we think of the hereafter, are the cardinal principles which are held; and in holding them, while the husk may have gone, the meat of the unchanging verities of our religion remains in a more palatable and nutritious form than of yore.

The Holy Catholic Church is in existence because of the Bible; it has implicit faith in the Bible, but of such a sort that it does not seek to prop the Sacred Book with any untenable theories, however orthodox they may be.

The Holy Catholic Church believes in Jehovah, although it may have ceased to trust the proof of God's existence which Augustine, Anselm, or Paley employed.

The Holy Catholic Church believes in Jesus Christ, the only Saviour of lost sinners, albeit it frequents no road to Calvary over which man's philosophy has gone.

Such a church sometimes rises before me, filled with men, women, and children, each and all holy catholics. The pastor stand in its pulpit, not so much to defend the faith by his logic, nor as an apologist for a confession, nor even as an exhorter to right thinking and true lives, but as one who tries to live a Christ life, a life that will without his intending it permeate his thinking, his every word and deed, and thereby win a following. Its deacons will be men who let slip no opportunity to comfort the saints, to gently guide the little ones, to animate the life of the strong men and women who are in so great danger of forgetting, in the hurry and drive of life, that our Lord has said, "Strive to enter in at the narrow door;" to stay the steps of the old, who, when near the brink, need not only to hear from the other side the Master's voice, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee," but, on this side, its echo, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Go into the prayer-meeting of a holy catholic church—I mean of one of the organizations numbered among and going to make up the church universal—devout, orthodox. The prayers have a scope that cannot be measured by the radius of the narrow interests of a single church. The songs have a rich melody; in their harmonies are lost the jargon of jarring tongues and the discord of varied dialects. Mere personal salvation or the growth of an individual church are themes too narrow, for such a church has learned that personal growth in grace and the advancement of an individual church are enhanced by a broad, deep, and intense interest in the whole church of Christ.

Talk with the membership of such a church, and you will learn that they have a personal acquaintance with the herald of the cross who has gone to China or Japan, that he has learned of and tried to alleviate the sufferings of the Christians of Asia Minor, enduring the horrors of famine, that he has a heart full of zeal for the heathen in the worst wards of our great towns, and for the men bowed down by superstition and materialism who are flocking to our shores, occupying our lands and peopling our cities.

Such Christians show in their faces their large beliefs, and their hands are eager to carry out their great designs, for they have caught the secret of a genuine faith which can say from the heart, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church." It is in being a holy catholic one's self, belonging to a local holy catholic organization, which through all the world is praying and laboring to secure one church, not organically but in spirit one; true to God, to humanity, large in faith, clear in thought, grand in endeavor.

A "CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR" THAT WAS BORN OF A DREAM.

By Rebecca Perley Reed.

I.

THE new block across the street was completed, and one of the tenements had been rented. Little Mrs. Gray sat sewing by her parlor window in the house just opposite, but as the early twilight fell she dropped her work and looked out. It was pleasant to see some sign of life in the new building. She had watched its growth from day to day, and felt an interest in its completion. Now she was wondering who the new-comers might be, and said to herself: "I'll do the neighborly thing, and run in to see those people just as soon as they are so settled as to care to see me." Just here, a sleigh stopped at the new house, and she saw Dr. Meridith run hastily up the steps.

"How dreary to have sickness in the midst of moving!" she said, as her two stalwart, rosy lads came rushing in from school, in a tumult of excitement, to tell her of the "jolly coasting" on the street near by. Then it was time to undress the baby, and, when she was safely asleep in her pretty crib, the bell rang for supper, and, joining her husband and children in the dining room, she thought no more that evening of the new neighbors. Once, however, during the night, having occasion to go to one of the children who was restless, through the parted curtain of her window she saw that a light burned in the room opposite. "I wonder who is sick," she thought. "I will run over in the morning."

The night passed, and the new day dawned, fresh and radiant as is every gift from the Creator. Just as Mrs. Gray had finished dressing, in opening the window her eye was caught by the fluttering folds of an undertaker's badge which hung from the knob of the new neighbor's front door. In a moment a cloud had fallen upon the brightness of the cloudless morning. Death had come very near her, then, sometime during the silent night. The white ribbon told the story. There had been a child in the new house yesterday, and this morning a mother's heart was desolate.

What sore trouble was within a stone's throw of her own hearth! and yet she and her husband had slept peacefully, and their three darlings were strong and fresh and happy with buoyant life, while this other little child had gone!

It seemed heartless to be happy while there were aching hearts so near.

When breakfast and prayers were over, the baby washed and dressed, and the boys out with their sleds for a carnival in the snow, Mrs. Gray ran across the street and rang the bell, softly, of her new neighbor's door. "This must be the father of the child that is gone," she thought, as she said to the gentleman answering her call, "I am your neighbor over the way. You will pardon my early call, but you are new-comers, and I see that you are in trouble. I hope you will let me do anything I can to help. May I see your wife?" "Thank you, you are very kind," was the reply. "Come up stairs. My wife is almost stupefied by this awful shock. Our baby seemed perfectly well yesterday morning, and we never dreamed of danger, even when we sent for the doctor at supper time. But it was membranous croup, and at two o'clock this morning it was all over."

Up the stairs they went, past the pretty, fresh little parlor (by whose grate lay a ball and rattle, just where they had dropped from the baby's fingers but a few hours before) into the pleasant, sunny chamber, where, by the white draped crib, sat the mother, as tearless and almost as quiet as the little figure that lay therein.

Mr. Williams laid his hand upon his wife's shoulder. "Mary, this is our neighbor who lives opposite. She has come to see if she can help us." There was no answering word. She only moaned, and covered her face with her hands. There was little need of explanation or comment. The womanly, sisterly heart of the visitor took in the whole pathetic scene. Oftentimes, thank God, "Love knows the secret of Grief." Mrs. Gray took within her warm hands the icy fingers of her neighbor. She stroked her burning temples, and with tender persuasion led her into another room, and, after helping her to undress, did not leave her until she had soothed her into a slumber, which, though troubled, at last found her.

II.

It was the morning of the third day. The beautiful dust of the baby that was gone had the day before been laid away in the pleasant God's Acre beyond the city limit. Mrs. Gray had come and gone between her own house and that of her neighbor, a very angel of mercy to these strangers, who as yet knew no one in this new city of their abode.

Her strong, tender, calm oversight and help through all the last sad hours before the little body was taken to the cemetery had arranged everything for the poor mother, who seemed utterly incapable of thought or action. Mr. Gray brought their own pastor, who read in their hearing the Lord's assurance that "of such is the kingdom," where "their angels do always behold the face of the Father," and most tenderly did he commend the bereaved parents to that Father's care; but with tearless eyes and leaden heart had this mother seen the white casket lowered to its rest, and returned to her desolate home.

But now sensation was returning to her benumbed faculties. All night she had slept by fits, only to wake sobbing, and reaching out longing arms for the child that had gone, until, grasping her husband, she in terror begged him to hold her fast, for it seemed as if her senses were deserting her in the blackness of her desolation.

The morning found her unable to raise her head from her pillow. The reaction had come. Life and its imperious cares and needs crowd hard upon our most sacred griefs. Heavy though his heart, Mr. Williams must to-day go back to business, so only the maid in the kitchen remained in the house, and Mrs. Williams lay alone in her chamber, so silent, yet so alive with the presence that had gone out of it forever. A little later a gentle knock preceded the entrance of Mrs. Gray.

"I came to see how you are," she said, "and to talk with you a little, if you are willing. I had such a comforting dream last night that it seems to me it came on purpose for you, so I've brought it along," she added, smiling. "After you have taken this coffee I'll tell it to you, while I comb your hair and try to make you a little more comfortable."

Mrs. Williams's weary eyes looked languidly into her own. "It seems to me that I cannot endure living," she said, slowly. "It is *so long* before I can go to my baby! Oh, *why* can't God take us all at once!" Gently her visitor won her to talk of her trouble, knowing that speech would be a relief and safety-valve. "I know it must seem childish to you," she said, "but all last night I shivered for my baby, lying in her icy grave in the cemetery. I know that she is not there, but, oh! how can I leave her little body there, that I have shielded from every draught and covered so carefully every night since she came? I tormented myself with wondering whether I tucked her little blanket closely around her before they closed the casket. I shouldn't dare to say such a foolish thing to you, only you have been so kind to me, a stranger," and she burst into a passion of weeping.

"My poor child, don't you suppose I understand just how you feel? Am I not a mother, too? But the best of all is that our Lord understands it, and is infinitely sorrier for you than any earthly friend can be."

"But it is all so dark, so hopeless," moaned this poor mother. "I *have thought* I was His child. I thought I loved him, and now I have lost him! He seems to have left me. My husband's heart was bound up in the baby, but he seems to accept God's will, and I can't—oh, I can't! I don't believe I am a Christian. How can I be when I am so rebellious? I want my baby. Oh, how can I live without him! If I could only go to

heaven! but it isn't because I want to see Christ. It seems to me that I could be happy to all eternity if God would only give me my baby once more! Can I ever forget how cold he is, out in the cemetery! If it were only summer I think I could bear it better!" And so the poor heart eased itself, and Mrs. Gray listened, with full eyes and tender touch, until, the violence of her grief spent, she lay quiet.

"Now, shall I tell you of my dream last night?" said her visitor. "Perhaps it was because I fell asleep praying for you that I dreamed my spirit had left my body. There on my bed lay the garment of the flesh that I had worn all the years of my mortal life, and near it *I, myself*, was present, and looked upon it. Round the bed stood my family and friends, distressed and weeping. Gradually I realized what it all meant. They were talking of me as 'dead,' while I, in perfect vigor and entirety, was present with them. It all seemed quite a natural state of things to me, and I found myself wondering and troubled at their grief. I longed to assure them of my well-being, of my great and blessed happiness, but speech seemed denied me, or at least any speech that they could understand. I struggled to say, 'I am here with you; I am unchanged; I love you all just as ever. Do not weep over this poor, worn garment that I have dropped.' But they could not see me among them or hear my words. 'Oh,' thought I, 'if they could only realize what a *natural* and *simple* thing it is to die, how small is the wound when soul and body part! I, as they, lived in dread of this separation. I shrank from it with terror, 'being all my lifetime subject to bondage;' but what a safe and easy and glad thing it is!' And then I woke up, but I can never tell you how happy I was; and I think I can never again feel about dying as I have all my life heretofore. Do you know, I think God sent me this dream so I could bring it to you. You know how often he comforted or instructed or directed his children through dreams in Bible times. I don't see why he may not send us messages in the same way nowadays. Since they are all 'ministering spirits,' who knows what word from the dear Lord they may bring his children while they sleep? Perhaps your baby may even now be in training for some such heavenly ministry."

"Oh, if I could only feel as you do!" moaned Mrs. Williams.

"Of course you cannot realize all this *now*. Don't torture yourself with the fear that you are not Christ's child because you cannot feel his presence. He does not expect you to do this now in the strain and stress of your bereavement. Poor little heart! do you suppose that the Lord who loved you enough to live and die for you, who made you, and knows every fiber of your being, spiritual and physical, expects more of you than do your earthly friends? Do you think the divine Master unreasonable? I believe that all he desires of you now is that you strive simply to hold to him in this awful darkness of your grief. Though you cannot see him, he is close, close, close to you, and when the cloud lifts, and your eyes are cleared a little of their blinding tears, then, oh, then, you will see him, and know that you can trust him, come life or death! Your baby's little dresses in the bureau drawers are laid away, and so is his fair little body—his loveliest dress of all—and when you see the glory of his heavenly garment, you will not mourn that he was so early 'clothed upon' with it."

"Do you think I shall *ever* feel as you do?" Yet even with the "tears in her voice" there was a subtle intonation that spoke of hope.

"I fully believe that you will," was the earnest response. "Christ will certainly help you. He is always nearest us when we need him most, I believe, because then we turn our hearts toward him for help, which he can only give us when we are willing to receive it."

God bless Mrs. Gray's "Christian endeavor"!

THE PEWS TO THE PULPIT.[1]

By O. B. Taft.

WHO constitute the pews whom I would have speak to the pulpit? I answer, All those who come so regularly, Sunday after Sunday, to our churches. All? Yes, all; members and non-members. Could any one separate satisfactorily, as they sit there in their pews, members from non-members? It is because I think they could not that I would have them try. How would *you* begin? With what you have known of their lives through the week? With the difference in the regularity of church attendance, or even prayer-meeting attendance? By differences in their generosity to God's benevolences? By good citizenship? By their difference of opinion upon any live moral issue of the day? No, none of these will answer you. But what have you left by which to distinguish the pews—members from non-members? Deportment, recognition of divine observances, charities, citizenship, moral standards—none of these will answer. And, because they will not, don't reply, "These are outward signs, and not true tests," for it is said, "By their fruits ye shall know them;" and by these very fruits which we have sought to apply, and seemingly found wanting, have been measured the advancing strides of civilization and Christianity from century to century, and have been found satisfactory.

Do you doubt my position? Then let you of the pulpit look your congregations over next Sabbath—these members and non-members—and see if, by any mental measure you may adopt, by scanning their faces or looking upon their lives and surroundings, you can divide them; and if you succeed, I pray you come and tell me by what method you did it.

One test there is, and but one that I know. There comes a Sabbath when gently fall these words upon all these pews: "All who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth are invited to partake of this supper in remembrance of him." Quietly are one-half our pews vacated, and now we say, "Those who remain are all members." But it is evident that even this test has not been altogether satisfactory, for have you not noticed quiet, earnest glances while this separation has been going on, and anon looks of surprise stealing over the faces of those who go as well as those who stay, indicating plainly enough that one has learned something new of his neighbor?

All of which means that we must face this fact: Outward appearance will not longer serve to mark the difference between the church member and the well-meaning attendant.

And this only outward test that has seemingly succeeded is not a fair one. Both are honest. Honest in what? Honest seekers after the good, the right, the truth; and God will some day surprise us by showing us *how* honestly and for how long a time those who went out had sought this good, this right, this truth. You ask, "Why, then, did they go? why have they not accepted what has so long been offered them?"

You *have* invited them, you have said to them, "Come to Christ," and these words you have repeated to the echo; but in every sermon you do so accompany these words with the external life of Christ and with fixed phrases that it is either a historical Christ or an organized church to which they think they are invited. Not unlike the Samaritan woman, so surrounded with the education of an organized religion that the possibility of there being a worship and yet its being "neither in these mountains nor in Jerusalem" has not been supposed to be allowed. They believe you preach the vital importance of church organization as the first step and only open portal to God, and they have seen these tests, which we have applied, fail as a measure of advancement in the direction they would go. You have asked them, "What think ye of Christ?"—the most important question that can come to the ears of any man who ever hears it; but by your applications, illustrations, and lines of thought, you are construed as meaning, "What think ye of the church?" The disciples who followed Christ to his grave had penetrated only so far through that external humanity (which covered a divinity) as have your listeners through natural church history and ecclesiastical phenomena, which are the manifestation only of a deeper truth; a truth which in itself is the greatest dynamic spiritual force God has put forth, and by the power of which spiritual dynamics (and not the phenomena), he is to "draw all men to him."

And as I answer thus for the pews, I cannot help stepping into their own ranks and saying with them, "*We*—we have not understood, reverend sirs, what you have been saying to us, what you do say to us; and yet you seem to try so hard to make us understand, and we have listened so long that our faces must have grown familiar to you." Let us tell you a little of what the pews are saying to themselves while your words are trying to find a fitting place there.

We love the good, the truth, the right; not so much as we should, 'tis true, but who does? We feel that there is a great tide of something, flowing from somewhere to somewhere, and that God is the author of it, and that that something expresses itself to us as an ideal manhood. We feel that it touches *our* lives here and there, even ours, and we know that whenever this ideal manhood has touched us, there has come into us the good, the truth, the right, and that it hath abided with us for a time. *Do* you wish us to understand? then will you say to us, plainly and unqualifiedly, that goodness is *Godness*, that truth is the energy of spirit of truth, that the right is righteousness; that *we* have had come to us—we non-members, with all our honest knowledge of ourselves and our frailties—something that was divine; that God had actually come in and for a little abided with a non-church member? We loved this visitation of the divine, if you will say it was divine, so long as it lasted; and it lasted until our weakness drove it away. Then will you tell us, "Did we love the Lord Jesus Christ?" We loved this goodness, truth, right, while it was with us the little while. We have felt sometimes that if we would live this goodness, truth, righteousness that came to us, we should have to get in the way of this great, on-rushing manhood, and that when we did, it would then be no longer we that did these things, but the divine that worketh in us. Is *that* believing in what Christ taught; believing in Christ? If so, tell it to us plainly and unqualifiedly. We did not understand that you *would allow* us to believe that this was the loving of Jesus Christ that you meant when you gave us that invitation to stay, and we went. Why should we not love the remembrance of the sweet few moments of that visitation to our human experience?

You have asked us so many times to "believe in Christ," and then you have added that Christ said, "I and the Father are one," and again we have become confused. And yet, when that visitation of manhood came to us for so short a time, we were almost going to say—but would it be sacrilege to say it?—"You know you never told us about this." We were going to say we felt so much at that time of the nobility of that manhood, of its greatness, that for the time *we* might have said, "God and I were at one."

Tell us some day, did Christ have in the fullness of perfection what, as a flashing ray from the same source, *we* felt for a moment? If you do tell us this, then we believe in Christ, because we have known and felt something of his manhood, in this manhood that touched us. But the Pulpit does not tell us that divine goodness, righteousness, truth comes and visits, and abides like a friend now and then with non-church members—as if God were trying to get acquainted with us; but we have understood you that morality was our visitor, and we must not allow ourselves to think we have entertained angels unawares; but, unless this is true, and you are willing to stand before God upon this question, don't tell us that it was human morality that came to us when Divinity had almost made of us his friend, while he walked by our sides a little while, living our human experiences with us. Tell us rather, and tell us so plainly that we need not err in our understanding, that such morality is but God trying to weave into the lives of men his eternal goodness, righteousness, truth; that it is *always* God's divine goodness, righteousness, truth, wherever it appears—in member or in non-member. But note, I say "God's divine goodness." It is his, and remains, and none the less so because some would not admit it, nor did others know it.

When you have allowed humanity to entertain in its heart so divine a visitor, you have placed under its feet the first stepping-stones up to humanity's God. And then will they, with Christ, confess, "It is not I that do these things, but the Father who worketh in me." Then will they confess, with you, a belief in Christ, because, like him, they have confessed that which he felt—"the glory of all goodness belongs to God."

A word, and a word only, have those others of my pews—the church members—to say to the Pulpit. Will you of the Pulpit tell those who scanned our faces so questioningly and so cynically as they went out, when that invitation separated us, that this is what our staying meant: that back in our lives there came to us first only this thrill of God's goodness, truth, right—the glimpse of Christlike manhood that came to them—and we so loved it that we but confessed to them, as we do to the world, that we are but growing into the fullness of it? Tell them plainly that it is a growth, not an attained fact; don't let them go away thinking we profess to have reached in some past moment of our lives a temptation proof, unvarying, Christlike character, for with that goes their conscious hopelessness of the possibility of their ever being good enough for a place beside us, or their positive lack of confidence in a human nature that will claim for itself such millennial characteristics.

Were all the world to learn from the pulpit "that being a church member meant only that some earnest soul in his journey of life had heard a call from God just loud enough to turn his face heavenward, and by thus turning had answered Christ's call to repentance, yet having responded to that call still found itself in life's pathway surrounded by all that life means to walk *and fall*, but, falling, gathering more of strength that counts for eternity in the getting up and going on"—if the pulpit will say this plainly, constantly, there will be fewer wrecks upon the shores about our churches of those who, when they started, in an auspicious moment, as members of the church, were led to believe, not so much by what had been said as by what was not said, that there were to be no more stumblings, fallings.

Would you make these members stronger, would you make your churches more honest with themselves, and thus more honest with the world? Then, like the Master, tell the Peters—*before* they fall—at the very fullness of their new-born strength, that because they have started as followers of Him, Satan desireth them none the less, and in the Father's wisdom shall be allowed to have them for a time, and then, when they

[1] A paper read before the Congregational Club of Chicago Ill.

shall have denied Him (as deny him they will), then, while standing outside the church, in a darkness they cannot understand, through their tears there will come stealing through the memory of a hopeful recollection the words of the Master prepared for them *before* in his loving kindness—"Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not."

IN MEMORY OF MR. BEECHER.

THURSDAY, March 8, was the first anniversary of the death of Henry Ward Beecher. The members of Plymouth Church and others to whom Mr. Beecher's memory is dear observed the recurrence of the day quietly, and with earnest feeling. At the regular monthly meeting of Plymouth League on Wednesday evening the chief feature was an address by General C. T. Christensen. General Christensen reviewed Mr. Beecher's patriotic action at the outbreak of the war and during its continuance. Short addresses were made by Mr. Thomas G. Shearman, Professor R. W. Raymond, and others. A vote of thanks was given to the speaker, who, at Mr. Abbott's request, in responding gave a graphic account of the great duel between the "Merrimac" and the "Monitor" in Hampton Roads in 1862, of which he was an eye-witness.

On Thursday, the actual anniversary of the death, the members held a quiet meeting of prayer.

At the lecture-room on Friday evening reminiscences of Mr. Beecher and his work were told by Professor Robert R. Raymond, R. W. Ropes, the Rev. S. B. Halliday, Dr. Edward Beecher, and the Rev. Lyman Abbott. Dr. Beecher said that his brother Henry was not separated from the church, but was still with it, and was doing God's work and will wherever he may be.

On Sunday the church was beautifully decorated with flowers, green leaves, and palm branches. In the afternoon the various Sunday-schools connected with the church held a memorial service. Mr. Abbott spoke of Henry Ward Beecher's boyhood, contrasting the conditions of child life seventy years ago and now, and tracing the beginnings of Mr. Beecher's intellectual and spiritual growth. In the evening Dr. Rossiter W. Raymond spoke of Mr. Beecher's character and teaching. Among other things he said:

"The thermometer that is thrust into the fire is consumed in the trial. He used to say of the photographers, to whom he often sat, 'They haven't caught me yet;' and so he might say of us now, who are trying to catch and portray his spiritual nature. As one who, as a young man, owed much to Mr. Beecher, I want to speak of the example he gave of self-culture. He owed his health, not to what he inherited, but to what he preserved. He used to say that every man in middle life should know what was good for him, in food, in dress, in habit, and avoid the rest. Mr. Beecher managed his body like a skilful engineer. We know he was a man of moods, but he used to control his moods. He cultivated humor, but as a relief from the strain of severe emotion. He carried himself with an exquisite fitness in all solemn service. He used humor in the pulpit, to be sure; but in accordance with his whole theory—'every bell in my belfry shall ring!' He has been called a natural orator—yes, but he developed oratory by hard work, which did not cease till he died, to perfect himself in speech, in thought, in feeling. Even his marvelous gift of illustration was largely the result of education."

AN IMPORTANT UNION.

[FROM A CONGREGATIONALIST CORRESPONDENT.]

THIS city has this week been the scene of a gathering which may well prove historic. The United Congregational Conference of Georgia has been organized out of three separate ecclesiastical bodies—the Atlanta Union of Congregational Churches, the Free Protestant Methodist Church, and the Georgia Conference of Congregational-Methodist Churches. All instances of genuine hearty church union are good to see, but this is the first instance of the formation of such a union between churches that were on opposite sides in the Civil War. As such it may become historic. About fifty churches united in this Conference, and enough others will soon join, in all probability, to raise the number to seventy, with a membership of 3,500. The spirit of the meetings has been delightful. Some very pleasant things were said by the native Georgians as to their fraternal feelings toward their brethren from the old North, and the delegates from the Florida Congregational Association who were present extended the greetings of the South to their new Northern brethren in Georgia; but so complete was the feeling of brotherhood that it seemed to be assumed that old enmities were all buried, and, in the enthusiasm of launching this hopeful movement, needed not to be even considered.

The constitution of the Florida Association was adopted, with some modifications, and a Georgia Home Missionary Society was formed to assist in pushing the work of the Conference in unoccupied fields. Steps were taken looking toward the speedy establishment of the "Southern Congregationalist" newspaper as the organ of the churches in Georgia, Florida, and other Southern States. A Committee on Correspondence was appointed, with a view to union with some other ecclesiastical bodies and some detached ministers and churches that were reported to be considering favorably such alliances. The feeling seemed to be that as soon as practicable the existing Georgia Association of Churches founded by the American Missionary Association should be invited to join this movement; and the noble work done in Atlanta and elsewhere by the American Missionary Association will evidently not lack the cordial indorsement of the new Congregational Conference. It is to be hoped that an overture of this kind may be received as cordially as it will be sent.

The Congregational-Methodists, who, form the largest element in the united Conference, date from 1852, and have seven State bodies already organized, with about three hundred and fifty churches in all. The secession from the Methodist Episcopal Church was at first a protest against the "clerical tyranny of the old church" and the itinerant system. There has been growth, but not a very rapid one, being so largely outmatched as to numbers and wealth and prestige by the old church. They have only lately discovered what good Congregationalists they are, and it is very pleasant to learn how the reading of the "Congregationalist" or of The Christian Union, and especially the study of the Creed of the Commission of 1880, has prepared the way for the union now so happily consummated. The expectation of sharing in the onward progress of a great National church (for, although these brethren are great sticklers for the independence of the local church, yet they insist upon speaking of the Congregational *Church*, not *churches*) fills these Georgians with enthusiasm. Surely if the Congregational churches have a call to do missionary work anywhere among the white people, whether East or West, North or South, they are called to lead in this work in the South which is based upon "buried prejudices," and is capable of bringing about a veritable regeneration in things moral, religious, and intellectual throughout this region, for it will be work by and with and for the people themselves.

ATLANTA, Ga.

[FROM A CONGREGATIONAL METHODIST CORRESPONDENT.]

Avail myself of this opportunity to comply with your request made some time since, and send you a short notice of the ecclesiastical movements which have recently culminated in the union in Georgia of the Congregational, Congregational-Methodist, and Free Methodist Protestant Churches. In 1852, in Monroe County, Georgia, the Congregational-Methodist Church was organized, by less than a dozen persons. All who took part in the move were at the time members of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. The new organization retained the twenty-five articles of religion held by the church from which they came, but adopted a congregational form of government, with a connectional feature whereby the conference of superior rank exercised a certain supervisory power over inferior bodies. The government looked well enough *on paper*, but when it was essayed to put it into *practice* it was found that the two features did not harmonize, but rather antagonized each other. The result of this discovery was a speedy abandonment of the connectional feature, and the practice of a pure, simple, congregational form of government. This Church has grown until it has organizations to-day in seven States. The Free Methodist Protestant Church originated about the year 1884, in Georgia; was formed by a number of ministers and members then belonging to the Methodist Protestant Church. They retain the twenty-five articles of religion, but adopted a congregational government. This Church has not extended beyond the State where it originated.

About the same time that this latter church had its birth the Congregational Church received from its committee of twenty-five the result of their labors in the *new creed*, and also organized for work in Georgia.

About the first of the year 1886 Dr. Eddy, who was then the pastor of the Church of the Redeemer in Atlanta, Georgia, learned of my address and that I was a Congregational-Methodist minister, and wrote to me requesting an interview for the purpose of ascertaining how far we were apart in our positions. The interview was had and repeated, and soon satisfied both Dr. Eddy and myself that there was really no substantial difference between the Congregational and the Congregational-Methodist Churches.

The result of our interview was communicated to others, including leading men in the Free Methodist Protestant churches. The recent consummation in Atlanta has come to pass in about one year. This move is certainly a significant one in two important directions:

1. It is the first instance since 1844 that church organizations geographically located on opposite sides of Mason and Dixon's line have formed an organic union. Church historians in coming ages, when they come to write the history of the Church in the United States from 1865 to 1888, will be obliged to candidly confess that different and divers churches, occupying opposite sides of that line, have persistently refused hearty co-operation, much less organic union, when, in a calm, Christian view of the surroundings, no sufficient reason for such refusal appeared.

2. These three different church organizations, finding that there was no substantial difference in either their belief or practice, believed they could best advance the Christian cause in the South by organic union, and hence they united.

This is a day of union; labor has organized and united to protect itself, capital has combined for its own good, corporations are uniting that they may be more efficient. And now in their turn Christians, hitherto divided by questions which no longer necessitate division, have come together, that they may do more good.

Negotiations looking to union have been going on for some time in other quarters, but, so far as I know, this is the first instance of organic union having been consummated in the United States between different churches. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

(REV.) S. C. MCDANIEL, D.D.

THE TUSKEGEE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

THE settlement of the problems that are agitating the minds of the country in regard to the negro is rapidly being solved by Professor B. T. Washintgon, of Tuskegee, Ala. It is no longer the question, "What shall be done with the negro?" but "What shall be done to educate him?" Some seven years ago Professor Washington started the Tuskegee Normal School, with thirty pupils; to-day he has 405 bright young men and women from all parts of the South receiving training in this school. The school pays special attention to increasing the industrial capacity of the negro in connection with his mental and moral training. At present there are twelve industries taught in the school. All materials used in building are manufactured on the place by the students. The course of study extends over a period of four years, during which time the students may learn, in addition to their school education, carpentry, blacksmithing, wheelwrighting, painting, brickmaking, masonry, farming, printing, cooking, laundry work, and all household arts. There can be no question that the school is doing a work of the highest character and of the greatest usefulness; and when we remember that it is entirely unsectarian, that it so wisely combines industrial training with intellectual training, that it sends each graduate as a teacher into some needy place in the South, and that the school has established its reputation as being capably managed, little more need be said to recommend it to the cordial good-will of all interested in negro education.

G. T.

IN THE MOUNTAINS.

THE following extracts from the report of one of the workers of the American Missionary Association in Kentucky give a clear idea of the extent of the opportunity for evangelical work in that region:

I have been getting new information from other counties in the mountains since you were here, and my heart is fairly burning for these people. One of our best and most intelligent members has been telling me to-night about one county where he has been for several months. People are there to the number of several thousands—5,278 in the census of 1880. There isn't a Sunday school anywhere around, and there is no church but one "anti-everything kind of ignorant hardshell." They want a school very much.

Then there is another county of over six thousand, another of over eleven thousand, and so on for fifteen or twenty counties in Kentucky alone, and every one ought to have at its county seat, or largest and most promising place, at least one preacher and a teacher. There is mineral wealth here, and it is going to be developed. Vigorous blows now will strike out Congregational churches here which in fifty years will be the joy of our denomination. Now is the opportunity, and it is the accepted time. We have in the wedge, and our Congregational churches are just what are needed to lift these people out of their ignorance and sin. The American Missionary Association has done a work here to be grateful for as a beginning, but thus far it is only playing around the edge of its mountain work. This mountain region is of great extent. Sober calculation from facts already gleaned makes a thousand Congregational churches in these mountains the possibility of the future, if only the strategic points can now be occupied.

"But the American Missionary Association has not the money." I know it. But there is the work, and the churches have the money, and somehow it ought to flow. If the churches cannot support the work, then self-supporting missionaries ought to take hold, for the heart of our country must not be left in this ignorance—churchless and godless.

The congregation of Zion Church (Congregational), Montreal, now worshiping in a hall on St. Catherine Street, are raising $8,000 to build a church, as the congregation is too large for the present building.

CANADIAN ITEMS.

The Rev. Father Chiniquy, though seventy-five years of age, continues his lectures. He is wonderfully vigorous, and seems to be, if possible, more earnest than ever. He recently lectured three evenings in a small town in Ontario, and crowds went to hear "Why I Left the Church of Rome with Thirty-five Thousand of My Countrymen," "Dangers Ahead from Romanism," and "Why Does the Church of Rome Hate Your Schools and Forbid Her Children Attending Them?"

The Rev. J. Mackie, pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Kingston, has tendered his resignation, and will return to Scotland, whence he came in 1885.

The Rev. Dr. McTavish, of Lindsay, has been invited to Knox Church, Winnipeg, Manitoba. He has only been a few years in his present charge, where he has been very useful. In addition to pastorate labors he spends much time in holding evangelistic services.

A new departure has been taken in respect to the Methodist Book Room and Publishing House in Toronto, where more than one hundred persons are employed, and ten periodicals, weekly, semi-weekly, and monthly, are issued, besides connectional hymn-books, and numerous other works. The house is too small for present use, and cannot be enlarged; it has therefore been resolved to sell and make a new Connectional Central House of Richmond Street Church, which has been purchased. There will be a printing establishment, editorial rooms, premises for the Missionary Society, Superannuative Fund, and other departments. According to the plans proposed there will be several offices to rent, besides securing ample accommodations for all denominational purposes. The cost will be about $60,000, besides the outlay for purchase. The establishment will be a grand Methodist headquarters.

The students of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, have hitherto contributed funds to support a native teacher on Erromanga and another on Epate in the New Hebrides, and will this year also provide for the maintenance of a teacher on Santo. Nine of the students attending the college intend to devote themselves to foreign missions.

CHURCH GLEANINGS.

MIDDLE STATES.

—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby was observed by his congregation and other friends at his church, the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian, on Tuesday evening of last week. Many prominent men among the clergy and laity were present. The Rev. Dr. Joseph T. Smith, Moderator of the General Assembly, presided, and in a short address referred to Dr. Crosby's standing and influence in the denomination. A short sketch of the history of the church from the time when in 1825 it was started in a house in Bleecker Street, then in the suburbs, was given by Dr. Crosby. Of the twelve original members he said one, Mrs. Mary Bruyn, was still living in Boston. There are now over 1,500 names on the church rolls, and the church contributes $15,000 yearly for charitable objects and the same sum for church expenses.

—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., was formally installed as chaplain of the Thirteenth Regiment of Brooklyn, in which position he succeeds Mr. Beecher, on March 7.

—By the will of the late Alfred S. Barnes, the publisher, the sums of $5,000 each are left to the following societies: The American Board of Foreign Missions, the American Home Missionary Society, the American Missionary Association, the American Congregational Union, and the American Tract Society. A sum of $25,000 is also left to be divided equally among twenty-five other benevolent societies.

—The Seminary Museum at New Brunswick was enriched on February 22 by a valuable collection of Egyptian antiquities, intended to illustrate Biblical archæology. Professor Lansing secured them on his recent visit to Egypt.

—A branch of the Evangelical Alliance of Brooklyn has been organized for the First, Second, Fourth, and Fifth Wards of that city.

—A careful religious census of Pittsburg and Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, has just been taken. And as the facts revealed are probably true for other places, they are worth noting. Of the Protestant church members only 37 per cent. are males and 63 per cent. are females. Indeed, the only clergyman who preached to a congregation in which the males are in a majority is the chaplain of the Penitentiary. Fifteen per cent. of the male members and 16 per cent. of the female members are under twenty-one. Two persons out of every nine are outside of any church membership, and one person out of every four is a Roman Catholic. Of the whole population 23 per cent. are irreligious, 22 per cent. are Roman Catholics, and 55 per cent. are nominally Protestant. A slightly larger percentage of religious people is found in the cities than in the country, although the general impression is that it is the other way. Nearly two-thirds of the clerical profession and business classes of the population are found in the Protestant churches, while only one-ninth of the laboring classes are found in these churches; or, to put it another way, nearly two-thirds of the brains are in Protestantism, while nearly eight-ninths of the brawn are outside of Protestantism.—[Exchange.

—The twentieth anniversary of the Congregational Church of the Covenant in Brooklyn was celebrated last Sunday at the edifice at Classon Avenue and Butler Street, and addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. E. P. Thwing, the Rev. W. H. Ingersoll, Mrs. Juliet Mackay, and others.

—The biennial convention of the Jewish Theological Seminary Association was held in Cooper Institute, this city, last Sunday afternoon. The Association was organized two years ago by representatives of congregations in various cities to establish a seminary to train Jewish ministers according to the ancient forms and traditions. Sixteen students are now in attendance. President Joseph Blumenthal, of the Board of Trustees, said that $5,000 will be needed to pay the expenses of the ensuing year. He added: "The self-governing principles embodied in the American institutions are as dear to us Israelites as they are to those of other creeds, and we should therefore try to imbue our pupils with a genuine patriotic spirit. What lies before us is to train rabbis who will be Americans, scholars, tolerant and courteous gentlemen, with the firm purpose of acknowledging and vindicating the validity of the law. It does not come within our province to fight doctrinal, sectarian battles. It is on this high and broad ground that we stand, and appeal to the American Jewish community for support."

—We have received from Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Schultz, of Cornwall, N. Y., a donation of $4 for the sufferers in the famine districts of Turkey, and have forwarded it to the Secretary of the Board at 1 Somerset Street, Boston, where we hope others of our readers will be moved to send contributions for these starving people.

—The Presbyterian Church at Hempstead, Long Island, claims to be the first Presbyterian church organized in America, and the date of this organization is said to be 1644. It is not to be supposed that the church building, erected over two centuries ago, is standing to-day. That building was seized during the Revolutionary War by British soldiers, who converted it into a stable for a time, and it was afterward destroyed by fire. But the church organization, it is claimed, never died, and has existed since 1644.

—The suit of the Rev. E. P. Payson, a former pastor of the Ansonia (Conn.) Congregational church, for back salary amounting to $3,000, has been withdrawn. The suit was brought some two years since.

NEW ENGLAND.

—The Rev. Dr. W. E. Griffis, of Boston, delivered last Thursday the first of a series of three lectures before the Yale Divinity School on "The New Japan—Political, Social, and Religious." This first lecture dealt mainly with the political and military conditions of the country.

—We gave last week a brief account of the discussion before the meeting of the Connecticut Valley Congregational Club at Springfield lately on the state of religion and church life in New England country towns. The following comments are made by the Springfield "Republican," which is, or should be, well informed on the subject: "The report of the investigating committee, as presented by the Rev. Mr. Hamlin, is optimistic and very tender in its treatment of the subject—far more so than most of the speeches in the debate of last week. . . . It is practically acknowledged by the Congregational Club, from the attention that has already been given to the subject, that a religious apathy, unusual and alarming, exists in the country towns of Western Massachusetts. And we can only wonder that there is no more of it. One would suppose from an examination of the field that it had been assumed that competition was the life of religion as of trade. Various denominations are trying to occupy the ground, and only succeed in crowding one another to the wall." The "Republican" heads its comments "Competition in Religion," and says: "Many towns over New England illustrate all stages of this ruinous competition and its results. From times when one church sufficed for all these places, when it was the vital element in the life of the community, we have fallen upon times when, from internal dissensions and external accessions, these communities have been divided up and parceled out among many churches or denominations."

—The annual parish meeting of the First Congregational Church, Marblehead, Mass., was held on March 5, when the reports showed the past year to be the most prosperous year in the church's history since 1869, more than $4 000 having been raised for all purposes. The Rev. S. Linton Bell has entered upon the fifth year of his pastorate.

—The Conference of the New England Secretaries of the Young Men's Christian Association is being held at Concord, N. H., this week.

—The Providence Young Men's Christian Association will await proposals in a few days for a new building which will rank as one of the finest in the country. It was decided not to begin the work till every dollar of the amount required could be subscribed, and before the year 1887 closed the necessary $150,000 was raised.

—The annual meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association of Boston last week shows the work the institution is doing for the young women of the city. Over three hundred girls are housed under its roof, and many coming from a distance have been furnished with comfortable homes at reasonable rates by the influence of the association.

—The congregation of the First Congregational Church in Branford, Conn., celebrated the bi-centennial of that church on March 7. It was established in 1688, and the Rev. John Russell was its first pastor. A large number of clergymen were present, and the church was beautifully decorated. The Rev. J. E. Twitchell, D.D., made the address of congratulation, and the Rev. H. B. Blake, the present pastor, gave the history of the church.

WEST AND SOUTH.

—The Methodist Episcopal University at Mitchell, Dakota, was destroyed by fire last Friday. Professor O. H. Taylor and four of the students received fatal injuries in jumping from the upper windows.

—The new building of the Leavitt Street Congregational Church of Chicago was dedicated on Sunday of last week. The pastor, the Rev. T. P. Prudden, preached the dedicatory sermon. The new building cost, exclusive of the land, $35,000. Since Mr. Prudden became pastor the membership has quite doubled.

—Two Michigan Congregational churches have just celebrated their fiftieth anniversary—that at Genesee, of which the Rev. F. C. Wood is the pastor, and that at Vermontville.

—The Colored Reformed Industrial School of Nashville, Tenn., is nearly completed, and will be opened on April 1. It is being erected by the organization whose name is "The Universal Congregational-Methodist Church," and which has for its object the betterment of the colored race spiritually and morally. It hopes to attain this object by having connected with each church a temperance hall, a home manufactory, or an institution of learning. The Nashville institution will open with about 100 colored people of both sexes.

—A new Congregational church has been organized in Springfield, Ohio.

—The Rev. George R. Dickinson has just resigned the pastorate of the Atlantic Church of St. Paul, Minn., on account of the need of an absolute rest. Since he has been pastor, September, 1885, the church has doubled its membership, organized and increased its benevolence, spent $2,000 upon its building, increased its Sunday-school one-half, and organized a Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor.

—The Rev. George Belsey, of Lead City, Dakota, has received and accepted a call to the pastorate of the new Congregational church of Kane, Pa. This church, which was organized on the 29th of last December, with a membership of twenty-five, now numbers forty. They start out with the determination to "run alone" and do without aid from the Home Missionary Society. They have purchased for $1,100 a fine corner lot, on which they intend to build. Plans have been adopted for a building to seat 300, on which work will be commenced right away. It is hoped to dedicate free of debt, and to this end the friends are making great efforts. It will, however, be a great struggle, and help from the sister churches will be thankfully received by the pastor or A. Y. Jones, Clerk.

—The First Congregational Church of Minneapolis dedicated its new sanctuary on March 4. There was no sermon. An "Act of Dedication" had been carefully prepared, and was rendered responsively by pastor and congregation. Addresses were given by several pastors of neighboring churches of different denominations. The building is of brown stone, of fine proportions, finished within and furnished with excellent taste, provided with all conveniences for church uses and for efficient church work; also with a large organ, the gift of ex-Governor John S. Pillsbury. The church was dedicated without debt, and cost as completed $76 000.

MINISTERIAL PERSONALS.

CONGREGATIONAL.

—Jay N. Taft accepts the call of the East Church of Brooklyn, N. Y.

—Samuel Shepherd, of the Warren Avenue branch of the First Church of Chicago, Ill., has withdrawn his recent resignation.

—Charles S. Mills, formerly of Springfield, Vt., was installed pastor of the First Church of North Brookfield, Mass., on March 7. The Rev. J. H. Twitchell, of Hartford, Conn., preached the installation sermon.

—A. S. Badger accepts a call to Hampton, Ia.

—O. W. Fay, of Rock Falls, Ill., resigns.

—S. N. Adams, recently of Bangor Seminary, has been called to South Garden, Me.

PRESBYTERIAN.

—E. G. Wicks accepts a call to Sand Lake, N. Y.

—C. S. Richardson accepts a call to the First Street Church of Little Falls, N. Y.

—Charles M. Waldron, a retired clergyman, died suddenly in Detroit, Mich., on March 3.

—C. W. Courtwright accepts the call of the Maywood Church of Chicago, Ill.

—Thomas Pyack, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has received a call from the church in Hightstown, Pa.

—O. A. Elliott was recently installed as pastor of the church in Logan, Ind.

EPISCOPAL.

—C. E. Woodcock, of New Haven, Conn., has been chosen rector of Christ Church at Ansonia.

—Chauncey B. Brewster, D D, of Baltimore, has accepted his call to Grace Church of Brooklyn, N. Y.

—J. A. Brown is to become rector of St. Paul's Church, Beloit, Wis.

—G. G. Nicolls has been chosen rector of the Church of the Redeemer, Lexington, Mass.

—G. G. Smith has become rector of St. Peter's Church, Troy, N. Y.

BAPTIST.

—Russell Jennings, of Deep River, Conn., a wealthy manufacturer as well as a clergyman, and noted in the denomination for his liberal benefactions to churches, died on March 8.

—E. D. Burr was ordained as pastor of the Memorial Church of Chicago, Ill., recently.

—W. H. Alden, D.D., twenty years pastor of the church at Portsmouth, N. H., has resigned.

—William Pratt, of Roadstown, Pa., has accepted a call to come to Brooklyn to organize a new church on Bedford Heights.

—Theron Outwater, of the East Church of Brooklyn, N. has resigned.

—J. W. Custis, D.D., died at Germantown, Pa., last week.

OTHER CHURCHES.

—F. A. Muhlenburg, D D, has resigned the chair of Greek in the University of Pennsylvania.

—William H. Ryder, for twenty-two years pastor of St. Paul's Universalist Church in Chicago, Ill, and perhaps the most prominent minister of his denomination in the West, died last week.

—J. A. Asbury, a prominent Methodist minister of Indiana, died suddenly at Vincennes last week.

Books and Authors.

DEAF-MUTISM.[1]

No volume that Dr. Seiss has written is of greater importance than this. It deals with a subject practical and not speculative, and furnishes facts both informing and stimulating. Everybody has a general interest in the deaf and dumb. Many of us now in middle life were taught in childhood to be grateful for the privilege of seeing, hearing, and speaking by the oft-repeated story of Laura Bridgman, who was then arresting public attention; and the sight of the effort to communicate ideas by the sign language has always renewed that gratitude. All are accustomed to look with pity upon this unfortunate class; but few have any idea of their number, or the improvements of their condition by the new methods of instruction. The blind abound in flat, open, dry, warm regions like Egypt; the deaf are most numerous in damp, inclosed, cold regions like Switzerland; but those who are both deaf and dumb are widely scattered over the earth. But it is well claimed that this is a wrong classification, since many so called have some hearing and speaking ability. One-fifth of those called mutes are capable of being taught to speak, and the deaf-speaking people have in many instances been made dumb by lack of proper training. Before 1817, when the Hartford Institution was established, nothing was known of the number of this afflicted class. Dr. Mason F. Cogswell sought means of educating his daughter, who had lost hearing by spotted fever when little more than two years old, and, hearing of a few deaf and dumb children in the State of Connecticut, addressed a circular of inquiry to all the Congregational ministers of the State, and learned that there were eighty within its borders. This led to the formation of the Hartford Institution. In 1803 there were thought to be about seventy in Massachusetts and 500 in the United States. This was discovered through the efforts of Francis Green, who wished a school established in Massachusetts. In 1850 careful estimates were called for in making up the seventh census report; about 10 103 were found in the United States. But it was thought by Dr. Peet that one half of those under ten years of age were not included. Parents, for various reasons, declined to give the needed information. The numbers increased with every census report, that of 1880 giving 33 878 in the United States. The latest available reports show that there are in Great Britain 19 237; Canada, 3 789; Belgium, 1 911; Prussia, 11 799; France, 29 512; Sweden, 1 999; Norway, 1 091; Denmark, 630; Holland, 1 989; Switzerland—Piedmont, 8 948; Savoy, 1,224; Berne, 995; Vaudois Alps, 960

There are about one million of our fellow-creatures thus deprived of speech and hearing, or one in every 1 500 either born or becoming so before mature life. This vast number makes its solemn appeal to the best that human ingenuity can do for them. The cause is found largely in the intermarriage of relatives, hereditary transmission, startling impressions on mothers before the birth of their children, constitutional taint, and in adventitious causes.

The condition is one that can with difficulty be realized. With the blind there is quick knowledge of things, the voice of affection, and the sweet harmonies of the world. But with the deaf there is silence deep and profound, and with the dumb that lack of education by contact and communion that shuts in and degrades the soul. Dr. Isaac L Peet, from an extensive induction of facts and observations, says: "From this it may be inferred that by his own unaided, uninformed intellect and uninstructed nature, the unedu cated deaf-mute does not arrive at the idea of what is really right and wrong, and is ignorant of general law, either human or divine. He cannot distinguish between the approbation of the good and the mere complaisance of the unthinking; is apt to mistake the laughter of the latter for applause; and when he is thwarted in his desires, the folly and criminality of which he cannot appreciate, he is apt to consider himself the victim of an unjust discrimination and oppression."

No deaf-mute has ever been found with the consciousness of the existence of God, or of the spirit. This in every case has been the result of direct, repeated information. It was long before even Laura Bridgman came to that spiritual knowledge which has since been and still is her great joy. Moreover, the deaf and dumb have been considered as idiots by the law, and even now are compelled to *prove* that they are persons of sufficient understanding before they can be sworn or give evidence.

To Christianity the deaf and dumb owe their emancipation, growing more and more complete with each decade. Aristotle taught that instruction can only be given through the ear. The Justinian Code regards deaf-mutes as outside the pale of humanity. Even Augustine declared that "deafness from birth makes faith impossible, since he who is born deaf can neither hear the word nor learn it." But Luther championed their cause when refused the communion. Efforts have been made in different countries for their relief, but the nineteenth century has brought the richest blessings to them. Institutions have been established in almost every intelligent country, and wise, noble men and women are engaged in instruction. This is given by the manual method or the sign language, by the oral method or lip reading, or by the combined method. The arts and sciences are taught, and the examinations of the high classes in these schools equal those of pupils of the same standing in speaking schools.

The reading of this book will quicken the interest of all in the deaf-mute young men and women who now have opportunity of usefulness before them; but a visit to the institution on Washington Heights (New York City), a look into the happy and intelligent faces, a conversation with the devoted Dr. Peet and his associates, an hour in the class-rooms, an examination of the art department, with its exhibit of taste and skill in ornamenting china, painting cards, and drawing designs, will open a new world to those who go for the first time. And if you meet the deaf, dumb, and blind young man, he may sit down at his type-writer, after an introduction by touches on his hand, and present you, as the fruit of a few minutes' work, what he handed me, and which shows a sufficient triumph over difficulties to enforce the truth of these declarations. His letter was as follows:

STATION M, NEW YORK, November 30, 1887.

To-day I have the pleasure of a visit from Mr. —— and Rev. Dr. ——. I am very glad to see them. I like to have visitors. They always make me think of something new. I like to learn new things, because I want to improve. Sometimes visitors are very sorry for me; they pity me because I am blind, and cannot hear or speak. They think I am unhappy. I thank them for their sympathy, but I am not unhappy. My friends talk to me and tell me all the news. I am not lonesome or sad. When I am well I am happy.

Truly yours, R. T. CLINTON.

This was written without misspelling a single word, and was properly punctuated. And if, before returning, a visit be made to the room of Miss Ida Montgomery, a graduate of the institution and a deaf mute teacher of deaf mutes, and the girls be requested to sing, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," or "Just as I Am," the sight of a sign song will be equal to the joy of hearing devout music, and there will be thanksgiving in the heart for what has been done for deaf-mutes.

[1] *The Children of Silence; or, the Story of the Deaf.* By Joseph A. Seiss, D.D., LL.D. (Philadelphia: Porter & Coates)

THE JOURNAL OF PSYCHOLOGY.

The first number of this journal (noticed in The Christian Union of Nov. 24, 1886) has brought out from various sources pleasing acknowledgments of the useful career which a journal devoted to this branch of science has before it, and of the confidence in the new organ to ably fill the niche in the temple of the sciences that the advance of culture has prepared for it. The appearance of such a periodical is indicative of the fact that the "New Psychology," that does not shirk the labor of going for its data anywhere and everywhere; that is less interested in the bitter controversies of disputants, each as theoretical as the other, than in the observation of accurate fact; that applies with great ingenuity the laborious processes of experimental science, and gives a living interest to questions only a decade or two ago discussed in the driest and most hopelessly dogmatic fashion—has come to stay. With this advance it necessarily follows that Psychology must develop a strictly technical side. One not inconsiderable advantage of this is that it serves to frighten off the dilettante psychologists who regard the possession of a mind as a sufficient stock in trade for pursuing their calling; perhaps its disadvantage is that it outstrips the intelligent public desirous of keeping abreast of the most mature results in this field; but this disadvantage serves to emphasize the need of men able to translate the results of painstaking research into popular terms.

The second number of the Journal suggests several lines of advance along which Psychology is now proceeding. The opening article is by Dr. H. H. Donaldson, and discusses the "Relation of Neurology and Psychology." Since the doctrine of the correlation of mental phenomena with physiological processes has taken its place among the results of modern science, the more accurate determination of the precise character of the bond that finds them has been the life problem of many workers. The studies of the localization of function in the cortex of the brain forms but a single department of this vast field, and has now been carried on so successfully that the surgeon is able with great accuracy to predict the location of and remove a tumor in the brain. Dr. Donaldson brings together a number of studies that shed further light on the intimate structure of the nervous system, from which in the future we may hope to draw inferences valuable to the psychologist. For the present the latter must eagerly follow the advance of all departments of neurology, not knowing from what source the next fruitful suggestion is to come.

Dr. Edward Cowles, Superintendent of the McLean Asylum, contributes a very valuable study of "Insistent and Fixed Ideas." What Dr. Cowles does is nothing less than the psychological dissection of the logical processes in a disordered brain. Just as we study the life history of Galileo or of Darwin, following them in the gradual unfoldment of the train of ideas destined to so radically influence the progress of mankind, and find ourselves interested in collecting the facts of their private life, their likes, their habits, their emotional temperament, drawing from the contemplation of such lives the precepts by which to further the good that these great men have originated, so the psychologist patiently studies that slow evolution by which the morbid is first allowed a slight hearing, then becomes a frequent secret visitor, and finally drives the rational self from the throne, and brings into connection with this the educational and other influences that hastened on the sad end. His aim in this study is to deduce the principles that will teach us what to avoid in modern civilization as dangerous to mental health. The case that Dr. Cowles describes is full of interest on account of the unusual intelligence of the patient, which allowed her to describe her mental processes with great accuracy, and at the same time to recognize their morbid character. She felt that her thoughts were foolish and her actions absurd, but, like some persons who simply think it safer to comply with certain superstitious rites and not sit down thirteen at table, she gradually saw the power to resist the dictations of her disordered mind growing feebler and feebler. An important part of the cure consists in explaining to the patient the real state of her case and aiding her power to resist the insistent ideas as much as possible.

Dr. Joseph Jastrow contributes a criticism of the methods used in experimental psychology. Just as we have come to see that the saying "numbers do not lie" is far from true, because the numbers of themselves say nothing, and their interpretation is by no means infallible, so in applying experiment to mental phenomenon there has been a neglect of the principle that a severe analysis of the processes, both logical and psychological, employed in experimentation must precede a sound interpretation of the results.

Besides these main articles there are upwards of fifty pages of book reviews, abstracts of memoirs and notes, bringing together from a variety of sources the information that the various kinds of psychological students find useful in their studies.

[1] *The American Journal of Psychology.* Vol. I., No. 2. (Baltimore: G. Stanley Hall, Editor.)

Harmonia: A Chronicle. By the author of "The New Virginians," etc. (New York: Macmillan & Co.) This is not a novel, nor is it a romance. It is correctly and accurately described in the sub-title as a chronicle. As such it records the life of an English colony in one of our Southern States—Georgia, we believe—such a colony as was Mr. Hughes's Rugby in its early stages. The characters and incidents are presumably fictitious, but there is ample evidence that in both the artist has sketched from the life. The types brought before the reader are cleverly drawn and individualized. We have the manly Englishman and his refined and womanly wife; the young English swell whose idea of life in a new country is shooting, loafing about taverns, and starting a cricket-ground; the honest old-countryman farmer from Devonshire, the enthusiastic and simple naturalist, the dignified and scholarly old clergyman—contrasted with the American land speculator, the 'poor white trash," the grasping and ill-educated Episcopal clergyman, the shiftless and reckless "colored lady," and many others. The writer is intensely English, and his typical Englishman declines with scorn to abjure his allegiance to the Queen and to become interested in America. One would like to ask if he thinks this feeling should be continued from generation to generation, and if that could be a successful municipal life which ignores its natural State and national relations. It is but fair to say that, with all his English patriotism, the author sees things to admire in his American characters. There are several love stories included in the chronicle, the best of all being that of the young married pair who stand in the foreground of the tale. In a quiet and leisurely way the book is decidedly entertaining and wholesome. The temptation to give it a "Martin Chuzzlewit" flavor has been carefully avoided. There is and must be in any such young colony planted in a comparatively rough and unrefined community plenty of suggestions for a satirical pen, but they have not led the writer into ill-nature or misrepresentation.

The Church and the Age. By the Rev. I. T. Hecker. (New York: Office of the "Catholic World.") This volume will be welcomed by all who wish to know the Roman Catholic side of the questions in debate in modern thought, for it is an exposition of the Catholic Church in view of the needs and aspirations of the present age. It contains twelve articles which have appeared in substance in the "Catholic World." They aim to show that intelligence and liberty are not a hindrance, but a help, to religious life, and assert that "intellectual development and civil liberty have accelerated more than anything else the *decay* of Protestantism." The "false liberty of pride and error" is pointed out, and

the faithful are encouraged to believe in the blessing of a divine external authority in religious matters, so providing a safeguard for the individual soul. The author denies that Protestants as such have contributed to human freedom. He writes with a free hand, and his definitions are quite startling, but we should be sorry to have our reading confined to this one volume. The Protestant with this book in hand will realize more than ever the need of looking on all sides of a question, and will pity those who by ecclesiastical tyranny are deprived of reading outside their own little sect. Dr. Hecker has evidently no love for Martin Luther, for in discussing individualism he says, "The declaration that Freeman, who, in obedience to an inspiration, killed his daughter Edith, was insane, and the condemnation of Guiteau, who killed President Garfield, as a murderer, may pass without note or comment in a Protestant community, but men who look below the surface of things trace without difficulty the features of Martin Luther in the lineaments of Freeman and Guiteau." The origin of Protestantism is traced to misunderstandings, weaknesses, and jealousies. One who would *understand history* (!) should read these expositions.

"The Marquis of Peñalta" was a story of such extraordinary charm and power that it made its own way in this country and attracted to itself a large number of the most critical readers. That story proved beyond question that Valdés is a novelist of very high rank. Mr. Howells has written so enthusiastically of him as a realist that many readers probably expect to find in his work some of those hard qualities which are characteristic of the more advanced types of realistic writing in fiction. Valdés's realism consists in fidelity to the fact, but the fact is to him not the mere external principle or aspect of character and life, but its deepest and most significant quality. His work is charged with insight, sympathy, and a noble kind of imagination. His latest story, *Maximina* (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.), confirms the impression of strength and beauty which the "Marquis of Peñalta" made upon all its readers. It deals with life in Madrid during the revolutionary epoch of a few years ago, and its chief characters are a lovely young girl, thoroughly provincial in training and station, and a young radical of aristocratic descent and tastes. Around these principal figures are grouped a series of characters illustrative of Spanish society in its various phases. The refinement, distinctness, and sureness of touch with which these characters are drawn entitle this novel to a high place among works of art. Its striking presentation of political life, its glimpses of the revolutionary coterie, the variety and range of the characters included in it, the simplicity, beauty, and pathos of the main line of the story, combine to give "Maximina" a charm which belongs to very few works of fiction.

Esther: A Book for Girls. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.) There is great strength and tenderness in this well-written story. No purpose could be nobler than that which animates the author in portraying the character of two sisters, left fatherless, and called to help sustain the burden of their mother and other members of the family. One chooses to give sympathies and toil to public and church lines of effort; the other becomes the mainstay at home. All home duties jar on the first and are disregarded. The fascination of the poor and the sick of the parish is greater than that of the invalid and needy in her own dwelling. The conflict in duties, or the proper choice of a sphere of labor, thus becomes the problem for solution. All the characters introduced are true to life, and the unraveling of the story is the exhibit of what is daily passing before the eyes of careful observers. False standards of duty, unwholesome advisers, lead many into pernicious ways of thought and work. The penalty comes at length with the clearing of the skies and the readjustment of life after suffering and loss.

Manifold Cyclopedia of Knowledge and Language. Vol. I. (New York: John B. Alden.) This is a cyclopedia and dictionary combined. With a few exceptions the compilers have taken "Chambers's Encyclopædia" and "Stormonth's Dictionary" and have made an entirely new work by sandwiching the articles and definitions. Both are excellent works of reference, and the combining, condensing, and amplifying—the last occurring very rarely, in this volume at least—appear to have been done with skill. As to the real utility of having the two kinds of books in one, opinions may reasonably differ. It is true, as the publishers suggest, that one sometimes hesitates whether to turn to dictionary or cyclopedia for the exact information needed; and the doubt is here made impossible. The book is neatly printed, has some illustrations, and is sold at an amazingly low price (cloth, 50 cents per volume of 600 pages!). As the first volume reaches to "America," it is probable that the whole work will be included in from thirty to thirty-five volumes.

Some time ago we spoke with commendation of Mr. William Cushing's *Initials and Pseudonyms* as a painstaking and creditable example of reference-book making. He now, encouraged by the favorable reception accorded his volume, publishes a second series. The supplementary volume makes a large octavo book of over 300 pages, containing about 6,500 initials and pseudonyms, answering to 4,800 real names. As before, there is a double alphabetical arrangement, making it easy either to find name from pseudonym or pseudonym from name. The whole work makes as complete and accurate a guide to English literary disguises as the great difficulty of the subject will permit. Some aid is also given in pointing out the identity of French and German writers who have written under pen names, but here the field is so enormous that nothing like thoroughness could be expected. Like its predecessor, this volume is admirable in its arrangement and typography. (New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

Many will remember the inimitable negro dialect poems printed from time to time some years ago in the "Century" and elsewhere under the signature of Irwin Russell. The author died in 1879 at the age of twenty-six, his literary career being as brief as it was promising. The poems now collected in a tastefully printed little volume (New York: The Century Co.) are full of spontaneous fun, are so pat in rhythm that they seem to sing themselves, and, as Mr. Joel Chandler Harris says in his note of introduction, though the dialect is not always perfect, the conception of the negro character—the "old-fashioned, unadulterated negro still dear to the Southern heart"—is accurate.

An Exposition of the Apostles' Creed. By the Rev. John Eyre Yonge, M.A. (New York: Thomas Whittaker.) This volume belongs to the "Theological Educator" series. It is designed to be a popular presentment of Bishop Pearson's great work, following his division of the subject. The author has conducted his study with much care; his annotations are valuable, as are also the contents of the appendix. The book is a worthy addition to the abundant literature of the Apostles' Creed.

German Fantasies by French Firesides. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.) A collection of graceful fancies, charming little fables for children, told originally by Richard Leander, a famous German surgeon, and translated by Pauline C. Lane, who has been happy in reproducing the delicate shades of style and fantasy. They were written by Dr. Leander during the siege of Paris, when, with his Prussian comrades, he sat at the firesides of deserted French villas and cottages.

THE BALDWIN LECTURES.

The Baldwin Lectures, 1886. *Institutes of Christian History. An Introduction to Historic Reading and Study.* By A. Cleveland Coxe, Bishop of Western New York. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.) It was the intention of the founders of the Hobart Guild in the University of Michigan to establish in connection with that institution a course of lectures similar in character and purpose to the well-known course of lectures delivered upon the Bampton foundation in the University of Oxford. Bishop Coxe, having been selected to deliver the inaugural course of the lectures, chose to take as his topic a general outline of Ecclesiastical History. Since the subject itself can possess no novelty, we are driven to look for originality in point of view, method of treatment, or hitherto unused material. In respect to the latter two elements there is nothing unique in Bishop Coxe's lectures. His point of view is that the Roman Catholic Church dates from 800 A.D. and the birth of the Western Empire. This point of time he takes as the beginning of the "paparchy." Bishop Coxe's readings of history we believe to be in the main true, though his language is not always as calm as one could desire in a historian. Bishop Coxe is, first and last, an earnest opponent of Roman Catholicism, and he delights to seize upon the weak points of the Roman system. There are some one or two weaknesses which have escaped his notice. For instance, according to Roman canon law, simony makes void all ecclesiastical acts. According to this, since the days of the Borgias there have been no valid popes. One has only to read Platina's "Vite de Pontefici," the work of an acknowledged Roman Catholic, to learn this. Again, according to the more recent and "better opinions" of the Roman Catholic theologians, to say nothing of the decree of the Council of Trent, lack of "intention" on the part of the officiating minister makes void his act, be it rite or sacrament. According to this, since we know from Roman Catholic authorities that at one time in Rome and throughout Italy the clergy were generally open infidels; that at one time in Spain many clergy, even high dignitaries, were secretly Jews in religion; that at one time in France it was the fashion for the clergy to deny the faith and to blaspheme—according to this, we say, how could a Romanist have any certainty, nay presumption, that the man who stands at his altar is a priest, or that what he receives are valid sacraments? Bishop Coxe does point out two striking events of history. First, when Boniface VIII. proclaimed that it was necessary for salvation that every soul should be in communion with the Pope, that then and thereafter for over a hundred years, counting the periods of the Avignon papacy and the "great schism," it became impossible for any Christian to know who was Pope. Again, when Pius IX. proclaimed temporal power as inherent in the Pope, then the last vestige of his temporal power was removed, and now for the first time after a thousand years the Popes are powerless. Another matter connected with Bishop Coxe's point of view is that the Reformation of England began in England, with Wiclif; that it was a reformation and not a revolution, in that it was careful to preserve the essentials of a historic Church. In order to make clear this point the learned lecturer devotes no small space to explaining the characteristics of the Church before and apart from "paparchy." In his use of the ante-Nicene writers we believe that his especial excellency lies. It is in that region that his judgment is most informed and most just. Taking them all in all, Bishop Coxe's lectures are far from uninteresting and useless. Yet to many it will seem that for history they are a thought controversial.

MAGAZINE NOTES.

The *Andover Review* for March has several articles ably discussing important questions of the day. Thus the Rev. James B. Wasson answers the question, "Is Protestan Union Possible?" in the affirmative, with the proviso that denominational sacrifices must be made, and suggests that it would be a good plan to begin in the foreign mission field, instead of perpetuating theological quarrels in foreign lands; E. W. Bemis argues in favor of the restriction of immigration, and advocates a passport system; Ellis G. Seymour proposes a law to prevent conspiracies to affect market prices, making the tricks of speculators punishable as a fraud against the public. The article of especial literary interest is that by Miss Anna L. Dawes on the poet and critic F. W. H. Myers, a thoroughly careful and discriminating estimate of one whose personality and methods are worth studying.——A series of papers on "Old English Homes" begins in the current number of *The English Illustrated*, the first treated being Penshurst, the home of the Sidneys—Philip and Robert, and Algernon—and still occupied by their descendants in the female line. The "Coaching Days and Coaching Ways" series continues to be as picturesque, amusing, and delightful as heretofore——A careful consideration of the origin, doctrines, and purpose of the Anarchists is given by Mr. Z. L. White in *The American Magazine* for March. Mr. Joel Benton describes the Seaside Institute at Bridgeport, Conn. (of which we have given some account), under the title "An American Palace of Delight." The most important illustrated article is by Mr. Charles Ellis, describing Mackinac Island.

LITERARY NOTES.

—"A String of Pearls" is the title of a collection of beautiful thoughts suitable for Easter, selected from the writings of Henry Ward Beecher. It is prettily printed and bound. (Brooklyn: Ovington Bros.; 75 cents.)

—"A Price-List of the Best Literature in its Cheapest Forms," compiled by H. M. Stanley (C. H. French, Lake Forest, Ill.; 10 cents), is a classified list of cheap editions of good books, exclusive of fiction. A good idea, well carried out.

—The "Daily Graphic" of March 1 contained a portrait and a very interesting account of Mr. Frank Vincent, one of the best known of American travelers. He has made himself thoroughly familiar with almost every part of the known world.

—The lectures, essays, and letters of the late Sir Joseph Napier, Bart., are being prepared for publication, with an introduction by his daughter, to form a volume supplementary to the "Life" of this remarkable Irishman already published by Messrs. Longman.

—We have just received Spofford's "American Almanac" for 1888. We always put it where it will be within easy reach. Its economic, political, and educational statistics are full and accurate. It is published by the American News Co.; price, 35 cents.

—When General Anson G. McCook was last in Germany, he visited the old Palace of Potsdam. There, amid trophies of the Seven Years' War, he came upon a statuette of Carlyle. "Why is that here?" he asked the old woman, who was in charge of the room. "Why, sir," said she, "it is because he copied the writings of Old Fritz!"

—"Shakespeariana" for February gives a list of all the "societies known to be engaged in reading Shakespeare." One of these meets "in a log cabin in the woods of Southern Minnesota, on cold, stormy nights in winter, after the ranch work is done." The list numbers upward of 110 societies, Philadelphia supplying a large proportion of the names.

—The total of subscriptions to the Longfellow Memorial Fund has reached $8,129, and over $4,000 of the sum has been used in laying out the garden in Cambridge. The land opposite the garden on the river side of Mount Auburn Street has been presented to the association by Mr. E. W. Longfellow. An open view to the river has thus been obtained.

—Mr. John Bartlett, of Cambridge, has in press "A New and Complete Concordance or Verbal Index to the Words, Phrases, and Passages in the Dramatic Works of Shakespeare." Specimen pages show the exhaustive character of the work. Each word will be given in its various uses, and there will be presented a thorough index to the thoughts of Shakespeare.

—Among the good things in the bound volume of "The Critic" for the last half of 1887 are: an interview with Octave Feuillet; a description of R. L. Stevenson's home and home life in England, and of Dr. Eggleston's at Lake George; papers on Emma Lazarus (apropos of her death), Mr. Whittier on his eightieth birthday, and R. H. Dana, Sr., on the hundredth anniversary of his birth; Mr. Lathrop's parody of the Bacon-Shakespeare claims; articles by Bishop Potter, R. W. Gilder, and Maurice Thompson; poems by Andrew Lang, Edith Thomas, Walt Whitman, Julia C. R. Dorr, and S. V. Cole; Mr. Rideing's Boston letters; and the new department of "International Copyright." The reviews are clever, bright, and fair. "The Critic" is firmly maintaining its position as the best and strongest of American weeklies devoted to literature, art, and criticism.

—"The popular novelist has many things to endure," says the "Saturday Review," "including proposals like the following invitation. It was presented by the agent of an American insurance company to an English writer of whom America may truly say that 'piracy is the sincerest form of flattery:'"

Dear Sir:

I am authorized to secure an author to write a novel, by a very wealthy and powerful Corporation. Said novel to bear the name of a large Hotel they have built on the Pacific coast, and the scene mainly to lay [*sic*] therein. To contain 300 pages. Will you undertake this, and at what price? They will spend a lar sum to give the novel a world-wide circulation. Let me hea from you at once

Inquiring Friends.

[Any subscriber sending an inquiry on any subject to The Christian Union, accompanied with a postage stamp, will receive a reply either through the columns of the paper or by personal letter. The answer will be given as promptly as practicable.]

If the idea that the resurrection takes place immediately after death is accepted, how is Christ "become the first-fruits of them that slept"? Will you also explain John i. 18? Does it mean that the Son of man was in heaven at that time?
M. E. C.

Christ became, *relatively to our knowledge*, "the first-fruits," or the beginning of the resurrection. He first manifested the resurrection life to men by showing himself in the spiritual body to the apostolic witnesses. The beginning of our positive knowledge of the resurrection life is in Christ. Therefore he is called "the first-fruits" of it. As to the verse referred to, Alford remarks: "As uniting in himself God, who dwells in heaven, and man, who dwells on earth, Christ was always both in heaven and on earth, the golden clasp of both."

What course should be pursued by pastors and churches in encouraging and selecting young men for the ministry?

1. Keep the subject suitably before the people. 2. Keep your standard of requirements high. 3 Be on the lookout for promising indications. 4. Be careful not to spoil a smart mechanic to make a slow minister.

1. Would you consider it honorable for a believer and an advocate of the New Theology to remain in the Methodist ministry? 2 If so, do you think it wise on his part to set himself (in the capacity of a Methodist minister, and by means of the facilities offered him by the Methodist organization) to demolish orthodox opinions as to the authenticity of Scripture, the credibility of miracles, the efficacy of prayer, the value of the Atonement, etc.? A. J.

1. Yes. 2. According to our idea of "orthodox opinions," no. We cannot determine how much this term, in the points referred to, covers in the view of our inquirer. But, in any view, we disapprove of "offensive partisanship" and of controversial preaching.

Please give me a little enlightenment on the belief of "Christian Evolutionists." Do they hold that man is evolved from an ape, or simply that the higher types of men are evolved from the lower? H. T. S.

Not the latter. They regard all the forms of life as having proceeded by successive variations from a common parentage; the human form as thus derived from the monkey, says Darwin. As to this, Mivart, himself a Roman Catholic, says: "To the general theory of evolution, and to the special Darwinian form of it, no exception need be taken on the ground of orthodoxy. But in saying this, it has not been meant to include in the process of evolution the soul of man" ("Genesis of Species," p. 139.).

1. What authority have the United Presbyterian and other psalm-singing churches for stating that the singing of hymns is not praise to God; that the psalm-singing churches are the only ones which have the true psalmody, and that it is the only praise that is acceptable to God in worship? 2. When were hymns first used in the worship of the church? A. B.

1. None. 2. From the earliest times history is conclusive upon this point. Dr. Schaff has very convincingly shown in his "History of the Christian Church" that other forms of praise than the Psalms of David were freely used. He regards such passages in the New Testament as Eph. v., 14, as fragments of primitive hymns. Pliny, Governor of Bithynia about A.D. 102, says that the Christians were in the habit of singing a morning hymn to Christ as God.

M. R. de P. requests us to supplement our reply of January 26 concerning "Christian Science" by a more explicit answer to the following portion of the inquiry as then put; viz., "Can the same exaltation of mind [*i. e.*, which has at times obliterated all sense of bodily ill, and has even prevented attacks of contagious disease] be induced by direct recourse to the Infinite Source of life? And is this the power used by Christian Science?" Here are two questions. To the first the history of religious enthusiasm seems to return an affirmative answer. As to the second, "Christian Science" undoubtedly claims to use this power. What we think of this claim our previous answer has stated. We grant that "Christian Science" has laid hold of a true principle—the therapeutic power of moral and spiritual influences; and also of a true faith—that this power is destined to be better understood and applied. But to rush at once to the immediate substitution of this power for all other therapeutic powers seems to us quite unscientific as well as unphilosophic. *Nihil per saltum*, "Christian Science," if the term be not a misnomer, should be scientific as well as Christian. But neither its basis nor its methods nor its practitioners seem to us in any proper sense scientific. In full purpose to speak kindly, we must speak frankly. We can regard it as nothing better than quackery, and for that very reason likely to flourish among those that are not exacting as to the credentials of plausible novelties.

A friend who is a consecrated Christian is endeavoring to lead his wife, who has been reared in and who now clings to the Roman Catholic faith, into the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ. She is not a *devout* Catholic, but her sympathy with that religion, and her early training, oppose all of his efforts to convert her to the evangelical religion. Are there any writings published which might appeal to this wife, tending to convince her of the error of her way, and setting forth the superiority and pre-eminence of the Christian religion as compared with that of the Catholic Church? C. M. E.

It seems to us that this would not be the most hopeful course. Could not this friend and his wife find a common interest in studying Christ himself, as portrayed in the Gospels? A personal interest in Christ as Saviour and Lord seems the first requisite. We should expect misconceptions and prejudices to be thus overcome, much more than by any reading at all tinged with the antagonism between Romanist and Protestant. This should come afterward. The teachings of Christ are constantly in collision both with the teaching and the practice of Rome. Send for a penny tract entitled "The Spanish Gipsy," Dr. E. P. Thwing, 156 St. Mark's Avenue, Brooklyn.

W. G.—We do not know of anything that will take the place, for teachers, of the Bagster and Oxford Bibles. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, publish an excellent edition of the New Testament for teachers—both versions—with the additions of the American Revisers, and the references, printed in connection with the text—a handy volume, costing, we believe, about $1.50.

Could you give a short list of books that would be helpful on the topics of the resurrection and immortality? W. J. R.

"Life in Christ," by the Rev. E. White, London; "Beyond the Shadow," by the Rev. J. M. Whiton; "Mercy and Judgment," by the Rev. F. W. Farrar, may all be had through Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

H. E. inquires as to the MSS. of the New Testament used in the Revision; also as to the apocryphal gospels, and the historical accuracy of Eusebius. The MSS. of specia value antedate those employed for the authorized version by four or five hundred years, and date from very near the age of Constantine. A small book by the Congregational Publishing Society, Boston (about 50 cents), "When were Our Gospels Written?" will supply information about the apocryphal gospels. Eusebius is called by Dr. Schaff "impartial and truth-loving," except in what relates to Constantine, of whom he was a blind eulogist.

Will you inform me what you think to be the best work on the Atonement, and the best manual of systematic theology?
S. H. R.

Knapp's "Lectures on Christian Theology" (Tibbals, New York) seems to us the best of the old style. Mulford's "Republic of God" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston) is more to our liking. The former is replete with learning; the latter full of inspiration. On the Atonement, we should recommend Dr. Campbell's "Nature of the Atonement" (Macmillan, New York). A more compendious work on this subject, "The Divine Satisfaction," was heartily commended in our columns last year (Thomas Whittaker, New York; 40 cents).

An "Inquirer," W. C. M., in The Christian Union of February 23, asks for "a concise work on Baptism," and you reply that there used to be such works, but that they are now antiquated. I published a few years ago a small book on "The Mode of Baptism," which convinced many that the Baptists have not the best of the argument. It was favorably noticed in The Christian Union when Mr. Beecher was editor. But from your remarks I infer that you have not seen it. It was published first by Warren & Wyman, and a revised edition by the Presbyterian Board of Publication.
Yours truly, Samuel Hutchings.

Seeing in Christian Union of February 23 a request for a work on Baptism, by "W. C. M.," I beg to suggest a small leaflet, without covers, lately issued by the Rev. C. O. Brown, Dubuque, Iowa, called "How Shall I be Baptized?" It contains nothing very original, but it is succinct and written in a good spirit. Was prepared for converts in a revival in a mixed community. M. L. W.

Some one asks for authorship and title of lines quoted by the Rev. W. Choate in his sermon. I find the verses in "The Chamber of Peace," a collection of religious poems, uniform with "The Changed Cross," published in New York by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 38 West Twenty-third Street. The title is "He Careth for You." The author simply signs the letter D to the verses. There are a few differences in the words in the second verse, but that may be from often quotation and not quite correct. The collector of the poems says "the names of the authors, so far as they could be ascertained, are found in the index, so "D" may be first or last letter of the real name.
C. H.

Who is the author of the English poem called "The White Hind of Sertorius"? E. C. G.

The author of the beautiful poem commencing with—

> "If I could only surely know
> That all these cares that tire me so
> Were noticed by my Lord"—

for whom inquiry was made in last week's paper, is Mr. George S. Dwight. The poem was written several years ago for the "Sunday School Times," and the home of the author was then in Montclair, N. J., but a short time ago Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, quoted it in one of his sermons as written by a member of their own church. I would like to know whether or not Mr. Dwight's poems have been published in book form, and, if so, by whom. W. A. H.

Please tell me how to get rid of rats without using poison. A steel trap, in which one is caught occasionally, does not frighten the rest away. E.

Starve them out. Leave absolutely nothing eatable where a rat can get at it. Constant vigilance is the price of immunity. Perhaps some reader can suggest a better way.

Your correspondent asks for the authorship of the poem, "Passing Souls," commencing with the lines—

> "Day and night God standeth,
> Scanning each soul as it landeth,
> Pale from the passion of death."

The author is Betsey Miller, daughter of the eminent Scotch geologist, Hugh Miller. The poem is published by A. D. F. Randolph & Co. in a little volume entitled "Religious Poems by B. M., Author of 'Coming.'" A. T.

Where can I find a copy of that parody on old-fashioned exegesis which is worked out on the basis of "Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to get her poor dog," etc.?
R. W. S.

Correspondence.

TRUE! BUT NOT THE WHOLE TRUTH.

To the Editors of the Christian Union:

You seem to be much taken with Mr. Depew's phrase, "The workingman has a grievance," etc.

Let me, who have been all my life, not only an employer, but a worker with my hands among my employees, try to state one view of it.

With the opening of men's eyes to the fact that animal power to some extent, and other forces of nature to a larger extent, can be made, with proper appliances, to lighten the burden and multiply the results of physical labor, there comes in a new environment of the race. Now, at every stage of evolution those forms perish which cannot or will not adapt themselves to the new conditions.

The grievance of the workman to-day is mainly that that kind of labor which is but little differentiated from the mere foot pounds of a mechanical automaton cannot command in the market the same price as that labor which has as its main elements skill, thought, ideality, and moral faithfulness.

But murderous anarchy cannot break, nor sentimentalism dissolve, this new environment.

Nor can any panacea of State ownership of land, progressive income tax, property tax, perhaps even public schools, or any other scheme whatsoever for lifting off the burden which pertains to manhood, have any other ultimate effect than to enfeeble, demoralize, and sink in the social scale those whom it is intended to benefit.

But you say, this is hard, materialistic, unchristian. I say no. Was not he that had but one talent required to develop its increase? To him that hath shall it not be given? Shall he eat that will not work?

Well, but why did not God make all men so that they would live happily and die easily? I do not know. But it is none the less true that vast numbers reject the conditions of spiritual, moral, and physical salvation.

What, then, can we do as Christians? Just what we can do in morals, and no more. We can practice and preach the virtues which result in prosperity; we can deal justly and helpfully with all with whom we come in contact, and strive to foster all there is of manliness in them. But we cannot turn backward the wheels of progress, nor can we much help those who see in our present state only increased opportunity for vicious indulgences.

As well say that Christianity is a failure because it has not yet lifted the curse of sin entirely off mankind, as to say that our industrial system is wrong because all do not equally profit by it.

I very much doubt the wisdom of the laws which seek to exempt the poor man from taxation. There are few men so poor but that they would gain more in manliness and self-respect by paying their share of taxes than they save by escaping them. If all men felt that they were doing a man's part in the maintenance of government, the government would be enough better to make the cost up to them.

The curse of the men who to-day claim exclusive right to be called "workingmen" is that they are led to feel that there is some "union" or "society" or "reform" road to success, aside from the strait and narrow road of well-directed, manly effort which has led to success since the world began.

Their minds are full of envy of the rich. But the rich men to day are the reservoirs which hold the accumulating appliances of civilization in nominal possession while the masses of men around them have the use of them. To become a rich man to-day means to add *perhaps* a little to personal comfort, and *certainly* a great deal to care and trouble.

To direct a modern business requires mental power and effort which the "workingman" does not know enough of to appreciate. * * *

A CORRECTION.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

Referring to the communication in this week's Union from M. P. Rhodes stating that as many changes have been made in the departments here as before the passage of the Civil Service Act, I desire to state that, as far as one bureau is concerned, such is not the case. That bureau is the General Land Office. I know whereof I speak, having been employed there from 1871 to 1887, when I resigned on account of my health. There have been very few changes there except for good cause since the present Administration came into power. I do not deny that there have been a few, but very *many* less than were made at times during former Administrations and before the Civil Service Act. Most of the old chiefs of division have been retained under the new Administration as assistant chiefs. As to removals in the other departments or in other bureaux of the Interior Department I cannot speak with positive knowledge of the causes or extent. Nathaniel Freeman

Washington, D. C.

WITTY ANSWERS.

Our courts of law have furnished us at various times with very witty and amusing remarks, lawyers and prisoners alike being guilty on this score. Doubtless every one has heard of the Irishman who, in reply to the question, "Guilty, or not guilty?" said "he would like to hear the evidence before he would plead." A magistrate in another case was dealing with a vagrant, and in a severe tone addressed him thus: "You have been up before me half a dozen times this year," thereby giving him to understand that he had appeared too often on the scene. The prisoner, however, was equal to the occasion, for he replied: "Come, now, judge—none of that. Every time I've been here I've seen you here. You are here more than I am. People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones."

Curran, the Irish advocate, was one day examining a witness, and, failing to get a direct answer, said: "There is no use in asking you questions, for I see the villain in your face." "Do you, sir?" said the man, with a smile. "Faix, I never knew before that my face was a looking-glass." On another occasion he was out walking with a friend who was extremely punctilious in his conversation. The latter, hearing a person near him say curosity for curiosity, exclaimed: "How that man murders the English language!" "Not so bad as that," replied Curran; "he has only knocked an i out!"

"Prisoner at the bar," said a judge, "is there anything you would wish to say, before sentence is passed upon you?" The prisoner looked toward the door, and remarked that he would like to say "Good-evening, if it was agreeable to the company."

"I remember," says Lord Eldon, "Mr. Justice Gould trying a case at York, and when he had proceeded for about two hours he observed: 'Here are only eleven jurymen in the box; where is the twelfth?' 'Please you, my lord,' said one of the eleven, 'he has gone away about some business; but he has left his verdict with me.'"

This is almost on a par with a case tried in one of the Lancashire courts, when Serjeant Cross was a resident barrister in that county. The jury, having consulted and agreed upon their verdict, were addressed by the clerk of the peace: "How say you, gentlemen of the jury; do you find for the plaintiff or the defendant?"

"What sayn yo? I dunnot understand," said the foreman.

"Why, as you have decided, all I want to know is whether your verdict is for the plaintiff or the defendant."

The foreman was still greatly embarrassed; but he replied: "Whoy, I raly dunnot know, but we're for him as Mester Cross is for."

Lord Cockburn's looks, tones, language, and manner were always such as to make one think that he believed every word he said. On one occasion, before he was raised to the Bench, when defending a murderer, although he failed to convince the judge and jurymen of the innocence of his client, yet he convinced the murderer himself that he was innocent. Sentence of death was pronounced, and the day of execution fixed for, say, the 20th January. As Lord Cockburn was passing the condemned man, the latter seized him by the gown, saying, "I have not got justice, Mr. Cockburn—I have not got justice." To this the advocate coolly replied: "Perhaps not; but you'll get it on the 20th of January."—[Chambers's Journal.

The following is the seating capacity of the eight largest churches of Europe: St. Peter, Rome, 54 000 persons; Milan Cathedral, 37,000; St. Paul, London, 25,000; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 23,000; Notre Dame, Paris, 21,000; Florence Cathedral, 20,000; Pisa Cathedral, 18,000; St. Mark, Venice, 7,000.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

Observing that The Christian Union is disposed to be fair toward both sides of a question. I offer the following reply to the comments upon Christian Science by "S. D. M." in your issue of March 1

His charges against Christian Science are that it is (1) unreasonable, (2) immoral, and (3) unscriptural.

Few will deny that, when anything novel appears, most persons manifest a tendency to confuse the thing itself with their own uninstructed conception of it. Now it is surely unreasonable to pass judgment upon that which is not understood. Your correspondent gives evidence of having no adequate knowledge of Christian Science. He is combating his own misconception. The inconsistency he discovers in its followers is like finding fault with the mustard-seed for not being a great tree. Then he says, "The more devoted ones expect never to die." That is a mistake. There are no Christian Scientists who do not expect to follow Jesus in death as in life. In "Science and Health" (the only standard work on this subject) Mrs. Eddy distinctly says: "I have never supposed this century would present the full fruits of Christian Science, or that sin, sickness, and death would not continue for centuries to come; but this I do aver, that, as a result of my teaching, old age and decrepitude will not come as soon—that already health is restored and longevity is increased by it. If such are the present fruits, what may not the harvest be when justice shall be done this Science?' (page 390).

As to any immoral tendency, if your correspondent is believing upon hearsay that Christian Science declares against the marriage bond, he is again deceived. "Science and Health" plainly states that "until the spiritual creation is discerned, the marriage rite should continue under such moral regulations as will secure increasing virtue" (page 152). Moreover, "It is the rule in Christian Science that none but the pure in heart can see God. In proportion to his purity is man in the proper order of his celestial being" (page 380) Certainly this alone is enough to "make binding the physical purity of its followers."

Finally, it is called unscriptural. This criticism is superficial. The individuality of God is nowhere denied in Christian Science. But because God is infinite in being, the human senses cannot discern his person, and it is therefore scientific to define God as Divine Principle. Why is it too little to say of God that, as your correspondent puts it, He is "the great fountain of all good"? We know Him only as divine, as Life, Truth, and Love. Furthermore, it is stated in the Platform of Christian Science ("Science and Health," page 332) that, as Paul says, "there is one God and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." Neither the individuality of God nor of man is denied, and without Christ we could do nothing. It is certainly Scriptural to obey the spiritual sense of the Bible and not the letter. Those who followed Jesus as the Way-shower were more acceptable to him than those who gave him personal worship. *

NATIONAL OR STATE AID?

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

Has not The Christian Union made a mistake in accepting for its own the opinion of General Armstrong, that the time for National aid to education has passed? For years I have felt that it always meant to be right in public questions, and that almost always it *was* right; now I am sure it has gone wrong.

General Armstrong's present position it is difficult to understand. About the time of the statement of The Christian Union to which I have referred, I received a circular from the Hampton Institute begging for gifts and bequests to supply the following "needs:" 1, annual scholarships of $70; 2, permanent scholarships of $1,500; 3, for the general work of the school; 4, a partial endowment fund of $500,000, adding that there must be annually raised from charity $60,000 Certainly Hampton asserts with emphasis its need for aid. But perhaps this is the one dark spot in Southern education. I read further in the same circular: "There is in recent American history no more remarkable development than the Southern free school system, through which it is estimated that $5 000 000 are annually expended for the education of 7,000,000 of negroes; nearly $2 000 000 of which amount comes directly from the taxation of negroes themselves." This gives *per capita* about seventy-one cents a year. According to the last report of the United States Commissioner of Education, the current expenditure for schools, *per capita* of total population, is, for the United States, $1 75 per annum; for the North Atlantic States, $1 89; for the South Atlantic States (including West Virginia), 75 cents. The South Central States are not reported.

If the time for National aid has passed, it must be that the South can meet this deficit by taxation. Consulting the same United States Report, I find that as regards the ratio of amount raised for schools to assessed valuation, the North Atlantic Division raises 3 87 mills per dollar, the South Atlantic Division raises 3.66 mills per dollar. Knowing from the experience of many years in the Northern States how hard it is to keep school taxation up to this standard, I cannot believe it possible for the South, unaided, to lift the burden now resting upon her, a burden of the Nation as much as of the South. I know something of Southern teachers; for many years I have been connected with National and State educational associations, and have thus known teachers and superintendents of education connected with the public school system in all parts of the United States. I know of no question coming before these bodies in all these years in regard to which there has been the same degree of unanimity as there has been regarding the wisdom and necessity for National aid to education. I cannot but believe that this accord of opinion must be heeded; that these men and women are worthy of belief when they say that the present need is urgent, that the necessity for National aid has not passed, that the burden laid upon them is beyond their unaided strength. It is a discouragement and a loss to have The Christian Union fall away from the ranks of the friends of a measure which so closely concerns our peace. Will it not reconsider its ground? C. C Rounds

ANOTHER VIEW.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

Allow me to say it is not often that I find any difficulty in assenting to your expositions of the Sunday-school lessons. This week I have a difficulty on two points (lesson for March 11).

First, you say, "Christ is to come again," and then "His work as a Saviour will be ended." But is he not a High Priest, or a Saviour (which words, priest and saviour, you correctly make synonymous) *forever* after the order of Melchizedek? How, then, is his work as Priest and Saviour ever to come to an end?

Again, you say, "His authority as a King will not end till he has put all enemies under his feet, and is himself subject to the Father, that God may be all in all;" in which I understand you to teach that his authority as King will also come to an end, like his work as a Saviour. Against this view there rise up before me numerous pages of Scripture which say, in substance and in phrase, "His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and of his dominion there shall be no end." I confess my inability to coincide with your view on either of these points.

As an offset, let me take this opportunity to express my great obligations to you for the stimulus and help I get, and have for years, every week, from these expositions. Your thoughts on the lesson for February 16—"The Divine Idea of Forgiveness," the remission of sin itself, not simply the penalty, or the resentment—how precious, and how ought we to do likewise!

R H.

HONOR COLUMBUS.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

I was very much interested in the article of G. B. B. entitled "Columbus *versus* Erikson," contained in the issue of The Christian Union for March 1, '88.

Thousands, and perhaps tens of thousands, of persons, without regard to party, age, sex, or locality, feel as if our Government should take some steps to commemorate the name and fame of one of the grandest souls the world has ever known, and whose services were no less than the discovery of a New World, and for which every American citizen has reason to thank God every hour

Now, could there be anything more fitting and more appropriate than for Congress to initiate a movement by a munificent provision which will accomplish the building of a monument to the memory of Columbus, to be finished by 1892 the four hundredth anniversary of his discovery? Let it tower right alongside, or near, the one erected to the memory of our own immortal Washington.

Let the young men and women of the country take hold of this project, and it will surely be accomplished, as it is only a matter of regret in the minds of the older ones that something of the kind has not been done long ago.

Will not The Christian Union lend its aid?

W. R. S.

MERCY AND JUSTICE ONE.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

Your correspondent "Orthodox," in your issue of March 8, 1888 page 312, seems trying to convict the "Christian Intelligencer" of being heretical in declaring that "To say that God's mercy and his justice are one is simply absurd." Would it not be more orthodox (in the "Intelligencer's" sense of "orthodox," at least) to ask if every theory of the Atonement, from before the time of Anselm to our own day, is not an attempt (sometimes clumsy enough, no doubt—still an attempt) to show that God's justice and his mercy are one? I think it would, and so subscribe myself

More Orthodox.

MUSIC AND ART.

The performance of Johann Sebastian Bach's Passion Music in New York last week deserves to be mentioned as one of the musical events of the season. It was the music according to the Gospel of Matthew, the same performed four years ago under the direction of Dr. Damrosch. It was led this year by his son, Walter Damrosch. The music is a curious combination of the intensely dramatic and the thoroughly ecclesiastical. In the original music the proportion of recitative to chorus and solos is, to speak mildly, sufficiently large. In the necessary cutting down many of the choruses and solos were omitted, while most of the recitatives were retained. This was perhaps necessary to preserve the continuity of the narrative, but the result was a serious musical sacrifice. At the afternoon rehearsal the choruses appeared at a disadvantage, but in the evening they were rendered with great force and vigor in the dramatic passages, and, as they had been in the afternoon, with beauty and expression in the passages of a quieter character. Our own judgment differs somewhat from that of many newspaper critics. The soprano appeared to us wholly inadequate for her part; the contralto, by Miss Emily Winant, much more satisfactory: while of the three male singers we should place their excellence in this order: Mr. William Dennison first, Mr. Max Heinrich second, and Herr Emil Fischer third. The latter has indeed a magnificent voice, but he sang rather with operatic than with religious expression. Mr. Dennison appears to us entitled to great credit for giving on the whole so admirable and so difficult a piece under the inevitable disadvantages attendant upon such a performance in such a city as New York.

The Japanese Art Commission which visited this country and Europe has returned home, and one of the members recently delivered an address before the Art Society of Tokio. In Europe the members of the Commission were particularly attracted to the work of Millet. The lecturer said: "Millet is the one man of recent years whose genius is to be put almost on a par with the great Asiatic and early European artists. The striking fact about his school is that it is almost identical in principle with the great art of the East. His studies of figures, in intensity, simplicity, and character, are extremely similar to those of Mok Kei; while his landscapes have an ideal identical with that of the Shijo school."

The conclusion reached by the Commissioner was at least patriotic. "The new evidence which we have found conclusively proves that good Eastern art is better than the present style of Western art, not only for Japan, but also for the whole world; that if Japan will improve and develop her own art from within, it will become, not merely a national movement, but one which will spread over America and Europe also. In short, Japanese art, with all its faults, is the only living art in the world to-day, and, if she be true to her own best inspiration, in comparatively few years Japan will become the acknowledged center and leader of fine arts in all civilized countries." In closing, the lecturer said: "There is almost no such thing to-day as good European design; the capacity for designing died out several centuries ago. The divorce between 'painting' and the 'decorative art' wrought in the sixteenth century paralyzes the power of both. In Japan there has been no such divorce. Because Japan can design to-day she can become, if she will develop her own powers, the great manufacturer of fine art products for the world, . . . and Europe and America will be forced to come to learn of and buy from her."

Elder Jones—Well, Brother Smith, how many have you in your new church?

Elder Smith—Oh, two hundred and some odd. How many have you?

Elder Jones—Two hundred and all odd.—[Burlington Free Press.

January 31 was the hundredth anniversary of the death of Charles Edward Stuart, "the Young Chevalier," and it did not pass without commemoration. "The London Ritualists," says a writer in the Boston "Transcript," "draped one of their churches in royal purple, placed lights about a bier, on which rested a coffin shrouded in a purple pall, and astonished a very small congregation by their peformances. The initial 'C' was displayed on the drapery, but they dared not go so far as to designate the Pretender as Charles III. A discourse was delivered by a clergyman clad in purple (that is, royal) mourning."

TEMPERANCE NEWS.

During the last week two of our subscribers have written to us expressing strongly the view that no advance can be made in temperance reform until liquor drinking is classed with liquor selling. Both of our correspondents ask, What right has the community to denounce the man who makes his living by serving his customers with the beverages they demand and not denounce those who hire him to adopt this occupation? They think that the sentiment is as unjustifiable as that other which condemns the bribe taker as guilty of the most degrading crime, and permits the bribe-giver to hold his place in society.

One of our correspondents says that the condemnation should apply especially to drunkards. She refers to the recommendations of the "Medical Record," published in our columns, that drunkards ought to be confined, not merely in punishment for offenses, but as a means of preventing them from begetting children who "inherit a tendency to crime and moral irresponsibility." She says that the right of society to prevent evils goes still further. She instances cases occurring among her own acquaintance, where a wife has been choked by her husband and threatened with murder. She believes that when it is conceded on all hands that drunkenness makes such crimes not only possible but probable, any man who shows the slightest indication of intoxication should be immediately put under lock and key. Such a law could be easily enforced, because the drunkard has not the sense left to avoid arrest. Family pride would of course receive frequent shocks, but a reform cannot progress if we of the respectable classes are unwilling to take upon ourselves the punishment for our part in the wrong.

Here is one of the dodgers distributed among the voters in Clinton County, Mich. It throws light on the high license question:

READ THIS!

To the Farmers and Taxpayers of Clinton County:

At the last session of the last Legislature the Liquor law was so revised that each man who sells liquor must pay $500 tax instead of $300, and one-half of this tax goes to the COUNTY AT LARGE. Under the old law this tax went to the cities and villages. If you defeat "LOCAL OPTION," this change in the law will make a saving in your taxes of $15,000 per year, besides the expense of prosecuting men who will try to sell liquor on the SLY. The people of Clinton County have had experience under Prohibition, and you know it means FREE WHISKY. The taxpayers will have to go into their pockets and pull out $15,000 per year for THREE YEARS, which means $45,000. In addition to this the expenses of prosecution will be from $2,000 to $5,000 per year in prosecuting men whom you thus encourage to be criminals. Now, it is the duty of every voter to go to the polls and vote knowingly on this question, and by so doing you will have done your duty. The question is: "Will Local Option Prohibit?" Your experience shows that it will not. Vote accordingly.

Last week at the fifty-fifth anniversary of the Congressional Temperance Society, Representative Dingley, of Maine, said: "I remember when Congress could not hold sessions, especially night sessions, without there being scores of intoxicated members. I have been a Member of Congress for seven years, and during that time I have never seen a fellow-member in his seat under the influence of liquor."

Last week the Ohio Legislature passed the Township Local Option bill. The Republicans from Cincinnati voted against it, but a few of the rural Democrats favored it, and so it became law. The same Legislature by a large majority amended the Dow law by striking out the clause which permits City Councils to legalize liquor-selling on Sunday. Twenty-two out of thirty-five Democrats voted in favor of this amendment.

General Daniel E Sickles, who, by the way, is not a temperance orator, is responsible for the following bit of extravagance. It is worth printing because the characterization of 'drunkenness in Congress a generation ago contains so much truth as not to be libelous:

"The War of the Rebellion was really a Whisky War. Yes, whisky caused the Rebellion! I was in the Congress preceding the war. It was whisky in the morning—the morning cocktail—a Congress of whisky-drinkers. Then whisky all day; whisky and gambling all night. Drinks before Congress opened its morning session, drinks before it adjourned. Scarcely a committee-room without its demijohn of whisky, and the clink of the glasses could be heard in the Capitol corridors. The fights—the angry speeches—were whisky. The atmosphere was redolent with whisky—nervous excitement seeking relief in whisky, and whisky adding to nervous excitement. Yes, the Rebellion was launched in whisky. If the French Assembly were to drink some morning one-half the whisky consumed in any one day by that Congress France would declare war against Germany in twenty minutes."

According to statistics collected by Dr Daniel Dorchester in his new book entitled "Christianity in the United States," the number of church communicants in proportion to the population has been steadily increasing since 1850, while the number of liquor dealers has slightly decreased. In 1850 there was one communicant to every 6 57 population, and in 1880 there was one to every 4 80. In 1886 the liquor dealers numbered one to every 277 of the population. With fifty church members to one liquor dealer, it would seem that the battle against the saloons ought to be successful.

The English correspondent of the New York "Sun" is the authority for the followings bit of foreign temperance gossip. What he says about Scotland is doubtless reliable, but the Belgian story has many of the "ear marks" of newspaper fiction:

"Blue-ribbonism is becoming absolutely rampant in Scotland, so much so that it is expected that at the next general election candidates for Parliament will be required to pledge themselves to bring in a bill excluding all persons who partake of spirituous liquors from membership of any religious denomination. A short time ago a brewer left $70,000 to the Free and United Presbyterian Church, and the strongest efforts were made to induce those in power to refuse the money. It turned out, however, that there was one characteristic of the Scotch more powerful than their hatred of intemperance, and the money was accepted.

"The country Solons who make the laws of the little commune near Mons, in Belgium, have shown great wisdom in dealing with drunkards. A few months ago a law was passed making it a serious offense to be palpably drunk in Belgium. These local wise men concluded that the law was too severe, and that they would content themselves with making drunkards useful and diminishing drunkenness at the same time. When drunkards appear on the streets of this village the Garde Champetre takes them politely home. The next morning he goes to the house of all those whom he had found drunk the night before, and presents to each a broom for sweeping the streets. The drunkard is allowed to choose between working for the commune for one day and being prosecuted for drunkenness. He invariably elects to sweep the streets. The village streets are in consequence marvelously clean, and the sweepers, after swallowing more than their natural share of dust, pass mental resolutions of sobriety and keep them."

The report of the Home for Inebriates at Twickenham, England, shows that thirty-six out of its fifty habitual drunkards are of a nervous temperament. ——The Third Party Prohibitionists of Iowa have held a convention, and intend to vote their party ticket during the coming campaign.——The Republicans of the New York Legislature have held a caucus upon the Crosby High License bill and decided to make it a party measure.

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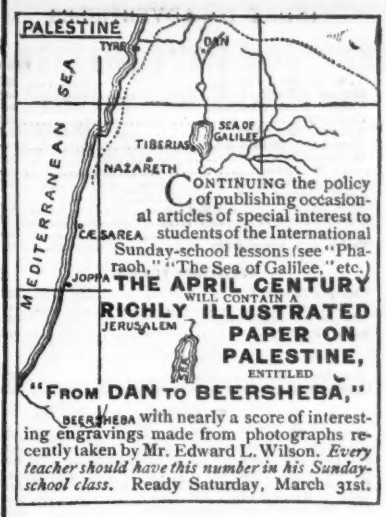

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Assets, Jan'y 1st, 1888,	$1,716,606 23
Liabilities, " "	1,296,365 36

Surplus to Policy Holders by Conn. and Mass. Standard, $420,240 87

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THE AUTHOR OF "DR. JEKYLL."

A correspondent of the "Book Buyer" having visited Robert Louis Stevenson in his Adirondack home, writes as follows about him:

"Fortunately for the fancy of his readers, he bears the test of personal contact with something more than success; he interprets his work and gives new ground for impressions already formed. Slender in person, nervous in movement, his face is singularly sensitive to emotion and thought. His manner is gracious and free, without either self-conscious ness or the affectation of indifference to the interest which brings people to him. Standing before the open fire in the quaint, low room of the old house in which he is passing the winter, he delights his visitor by the freshness and charm of his manner and talk. He speaks not with his lips only, often the usual Anglo-Saxon manner, but with his whole person. His large, luminous eyes suggest the depths of experience and thought out of which his psychological romances and studies have issued, and his constant changes of attitude, as he loses himself in the conversation, disclose the dominance of the mind over the physique. His thought is made more eloquent by this unconscious sympathy of the whole person.

"Mr. Stevenson's talk is very like his writing; it is fresh, racy, redolent of the soil of which he has grown. His phrases have not been worn smooth by use; they are full of sharp outlines; to recall his own characteristic description of a talker of his acquaintance, 'he must have worn the words next to his skin and slept with them.' He sees everything from his own point of view, and puts his case, not dogmatically, but pictorially, graphically, with pith and force of a perfectly direct and sincere nature. As he talks, one of those quaint and racy essays in 'Memories and Portraits' seems to be precipitating itself; observation, comment, criticism, keen perception of character and fact long held in the solution of thought, swiftly crystallize into memorable phrase. Mr. Stevenson does not indulge in monologue; he can supply his own cues, but he is quite ready to take them from others, and he touches subject after subject lightly, effectively, with a brilliant distinctness both of perception and impression. So active is his mind, so alert his imagination, that he needs but a hint, and your tentative inquiry draws forth a series of observations full of pith and graphic force. There is nothing commonplace in Mr. Stevenson; he uses none of the well-worn conventions, fences himself with none of the customary reserves. He gives himself as readily in his speech as in his books; he scorns to do less, and he could not do more.

"Such a man is well worth hearing discourse at ease before his fire. Without the snow lies deep on the hills, and the river runs dark among its spruces and firs, to lose itself in the hollow of the mountains; a few books are scattered about, the companions of a man who evidently reads into books as well as through them. Above all, the man himself holds you by his simple earnestness and the fresh and penetrating charm of his quality; a something purely individual and temperamental. You rejoice in his apparent vigor, in the nervous force of his attitude and voice, in the clear health of his wonderful eye, in the promise of years of life and work that are in him."

SOME MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES.

The work of planting native teachers at suitable stations all along the Papuan Gulf, which is in the eastern branch of the mission has therefore fallen in great part to the lot of Mr. Chalmers. Probably this pioneering work in New Guinea is unique. The missionaries often have to go in among a people of whom they never heard before, and whose temper frequently changes. For, though well received one day, to-morrow the mood of the people may have changed. On one occasion Mr. Chalmers had landed at a village of about 2 000 inhabitants. He had, fortunately, obtained the name of the leading chief in the district, but "Tamate," as Mr. Chalmers is named by the natives, had to wait some time for his coming. At last he came; a very fine specimen of humanity he was, physically. The crowd made way for him, and he came up and stood before his visitor. Mr. Chalmers caught him by the elbow, and put his other hand into the chief's hand and the two men looked at each other. There is much in that first look. The intelligent savage, unaccustomed to books, can yet read faces, and apparently his reading on this occasion was satisfactory. He wanted Tamate to stay. But Mr. Chalmers wished to explore further, and discover if there were suitable places for teachers. So he could not stay then. He went on, proceeding through many villages, and receiving apparent kindness, and giving presents. But on returning the pioneers discovered that the temper of the natives had changed. Some of them seemed inclined to pick a quarrel with the visitors. Mr. Chalmers told the teacher who was with him to listen to what was said.

"They are disputing as to who shall have the honor of killing us," said the teacher.

"Keep steadily on as far as we can," replied Chalmers, coolly.

But at last the teacher said, "Tamate, let us sit down and pray, and let them kill us then!'

"No, no," said Mr. Chalmers, "let us walk and pray!'

Presently the old chief they had met in the morning heard of what was going on, and came at once. He knocked down a man who was near Mr. Chalmers. Then a quarrel among the natives took place, and as they were now near the point where the boat was waiting, Mr. Chalmers threw a pound of beads among the natives to create a diversion, and then he and his followers, springing into the sea, swam out for the boat. Taking to the oars, the pioneers were soon able to stand away from the scene of peril from which they had so providentially escaped.—[The Quiver.

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STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Early this year the "Sun" printed a very extraordinary and romantic story of the means successfully employed by some shipwrecked sailors to inform the world of their perilous plight on a little island almost within sight of Antarctic ice. The story came from official sources in France, and was to the effect that the French Government had been informed by the British Ambassador in Paris that word had been received from the Governor of West Australia that on September 23 last a dead albatross had been found on the beach at Freemantle, around whose neck was fastened a small piece of metal, on which had been scratched in French:

"Thirteen shipwrecked men took refuge upon the Crozet Islands. August 4, 1887."

The story excited some incredulity. The Crozet Islands are hundreds of miles south of Madagascar, far out of the ordinary track of ships. Whalers are about the only vessels that visit this vast southern waste of waters. It was, indeed, a wonderful series of fortunate events if castaways on these far-off islands had found a winged messenger which, unconsciously exerting in their behalf his far-famed powers of endurance on the wing, had carried their tidings over thousands of miles of sea, with few opportunities to rest on the way, and had finally dropped dead, probably of exhaustion, on the shores of a civilized land.

Considering the source from which the information was derived, the French Government promptly decided that there could be no doubt that this albatross, with its important message, had been found at Freemantle, which is one of the larger towns in Southwestern Australia. The French Minister of Marine at once sent orders to the commander of the naval division of the Indian Ocean to dispatch the transport "Meurthe" as soon as possible to the Crozets to search for the castaways. The strange story was published in the Paris newspapers, and the next day a communication came from the commercial house of Bordes & Son, of Bordeaux, saying they has reason to fear that the thirteen sailors on the Crozets were the crew of their three master, "Tamaris," which had sailed many months before for New Caledonia, in the Pacific. She was some time overdue. Her owners had expected her to take a course not far from the Crozet Islands, and her crew numbered thirteen persons. This information gave additional interest and probability to the story. The British Government decided to take part also in the search, and her Majesty's ship "Thalia," which was about to leave England for Australia, was ordered to go out of her course to call at the Crozet Islands.

It is now possible to give the sequel to this romance of the sea. The French transport "Meurthe," returning from her search early this year, reached the bay of Diego Suarez, in North Madagascar, on January 6. On that day her commander wrote a report of his voyage. He said that the first of the four Crozet Islands at which he touched was the little island of Cochous. He found no human beings there, but plenty of evidence that the island had recently been occupied. Traces of recent camp fires, and biscuit boxes and other *débris*, comparatively fresh in appearance, were scattered around. A heap of stones had been piled up to attract attention, and in this heap was a sheet of paper on which this communication had been written in French with a lead pencil:

"The iron ship 'Tamaris,' of Bordeaux, with thirteen men in the crew, went ashore on the island of Cochous during a heavy fog. Some time after she got clear and floated off, but three hours later she filled and sank. The crew escaped in two small boats to the island, taking with them one hundred kilogrammes of biscuit. The crew have lived on Cochous Island nine months, and, their food being exhausted, they are about to set out for Possession Island.

"September 30, 1887."

Possession Island, which is also one of the Crozet group, is eighty miles from Cochous. The "Meurthe" at once went to that island, but found no trace whatever of the shipwrecked men. Then she went to East Island, another island of the group, where she found some American whalers that had been there for some weeks. They had neither seen nor heard anything of the castaways. All the other islands in those waters were visited without result. It is firmly believed that the unfortunate men were lost in the perilous passage by small boats to Possession Island, though there is a bare chance that they were picked up by some American whaler.

Of course the 230 pounds of biscuit with which the men reached Cochous Island was only a small part of the provisions they required during their nine months' sojourn there. At least one other crew has been shipwrecked on the Crozets, and it subsisted until rescued on penguin flesh and eggs and fish. In this way doubtless the men of the "Tamaris" eked out their food resources, and it is not probable they would have starved had their patience held out a little longer until relief came They probably thought that at Possession Island the chances would be better that some whaler would discover them. They knew there was not one chance in many thousands that the "man-o'-war" bird to whom they intrusted their brief message would carry it safely and quickly thousands of miles to the civilised world. They little dreamed that eight days before they set out from the desolate rock where they had lived so forlornly the bird they sent skimming over the waters had finished his wonderful flight and had told the world of their unhappy situation. Few stories of the animal kingdom equal in pathetic interest that of this strong-winged bird, whose happy fulfillment of the mission intrusted to him set two nations at work to rescue men in sore distress.—[New York Sun.

ISTHMUSES WERE HIS LINE.—While traveling in France lately M. de Lesseps happened to be placed in a compartment with two commercial travelers who did not know him. The two "drummers" found that he had traveled much, and fancied that he belonged to their fraternity. "Beg pardon, sir," said one of them finally, "but are you not a traveling man, too?" "Certainly I am." "We thought so. What is your line?" "Isthmuses." said M. de Lesseps. "Wh-wh-what?" asked the puzzled drummer. "I am introducing ship canals," said De Lesseps. The commercial travelers feared that they had fallen in with a lunatic, but when De Lesseps made himself known they were much delighted with their distinguished fellow-traveler.—[London Figaro.

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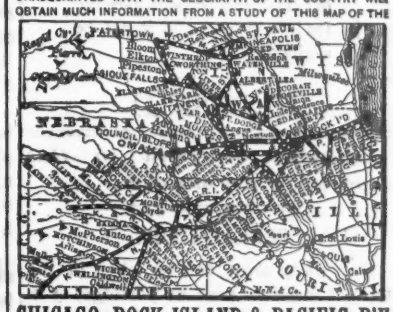

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But all substances used for porridge have not equal value as furnishing that which our white bread lacks. Oatmeal is superior to all other preparations or substances for porridge in this regard; corn meal is next in value, then wheat farina, and last rice and all the finer preparations of corn, such as hominy and cornstarch. Those preparations of wheat that include the bran with the white portion of the berry are excluded from this list because of that fact. Bran is an indigestible substance, not usable by all persons, and a preparation containing it is not to be regarded as a perfect one for porridge. Even prepared oatmeals differ considerably in the care with which the branny portion of the grain has been separated from the berry, and are inferior in proportion as they are impure.

The starch of oatmeal is less digestible than that of rice and bread, and the grain needs thorough preparation before it is fit to place on the table. The oatmeals sold in packages that have been partially cooked by dry heat are by far the best The imported meals are in every way inferior to the best domestic meals Wherever obtained, the buyer should seek the freshest article, and not purchase in large quantities, as oatmeal, like Indian meal, quickly degenerates in quality when improperly stored.

The defect of oatmeal porridge, and, in fact, of nearly all sorts of porridge, is its tendency to irritate the lining membrane of the intestines. There are a few adults and many children peculiarly sensitive to such irritation, and doubly so during the early months of spring when the blood circulates less rapidly and stagnates in the large blood-vessels of the liver and the intestines. To these unfortunates the orange is of all fruits most admirably adapted, since apples are also objectionable; and for porridge, they may use rice or some of the new preparations of corn meal, which are much less irritating than oatmeal.

But foods prepared from corn differ greatly one from another. The Indian meal contains a large amount of not very digestible oil, while hominy and samp contain but little of it, and are peculiarly valuable because they may be served in a comparatively dry condition.

Like oatmeal, all the preparations of corn require a long boiling, and hence the advantage, and the only one, of the corn preparations that have been subjected to dry heat. They are of special value for persons, specially children, having what may be termed oversensitiveness of the digestive organs, and are also valuable for general use, although they are less so than the similar preparations of oatmeal. Oatmeal of all the porridges is the most dangerous if not thoroughly cooked.

Little children are usually very fond of boiled rice, and its starch is more completely digested than that of any grain used as porridge, although, possibly, some preparations of corn and wheat may have equal value with rice.

It is safe to say, however, that no starch except that of well-boiled rice is so digestible as the starch of good bread. The saliva assists in the digestion of starch, and therefore a dry starch that must be well masticated is preferable to a moist and wet mass that can be easily swallowed without previous preparation in the mouth. But as the glands that secrete the saliva are less active in the mouths of little children, it is proper for them to use more porridge and less bread than needed by an older person.

The various preparations of wheat have the same nutritive value as white flour, and nearly all of them have the same defect as our best breads: the absence of those mineral substances found with the darker portions of the wheat grain, and removed with the bran and the dark flours.

One of the special services of a porridge should be the palatable addition of mineral substances to our mineral-poor diet of white bread and animal meats.

Our tables are abundantly supplied with starch. Bread is nine-tenths starch; potatoes are, for practical purposes, to be regarded as entirely starch, and the same may be said of our sweet dishes. A cereal food for porridge becomes of value, therefore, as it contains other substances than the abundant starch. Oatmeal is the most valuable substance for porridge, because of all the shelled and purified grains used on the table the oat contains the largest amount of meat and mineral substances. This vegetable meat, found in all the cereals, but in different proportions, has all the qualities of beefsteak except its stimulating flavors. The other grains, and the foods prepared from them, are all inferior to wheat and oats, because they contain less vegetable meat, although each has its use, as furnishing what the appetite needs and craves, a new flavor.

The amount of porridge taken by the average adult is so small that the accident of mere flavor often properly outweighs all other considerations; but this cannot be said of the children's porridge unless they use with it an abundant supply of milk. Plenty of milk will make up all the defects of any porridge, excepting only the difficult digestion of its starch and any bran it may contain. It should be taken separately, not with the porridge. A considerable quantity of milk on the porridge renders the digestion of the starch of oatmeal, rice, or wheat a more difficult task.

A quantity of fluid taken with the porridge prevents the proper mixture of the saliva with the food, or even its secretion in the mouth. The saliva is not merely an assistant in the digestive process, but facts recently brought to light by German and English physicians make strongly for the view that the secretion of the other digestive fluids is intimately connected with the stimulating effects of the saliva upon the glands of the stomach. Every one is familiar with the peculiar and unpleasant sensations experienced after a too hasty meal, when the food has been bolted too rapidly to allow of the natural flow and jelly making effects of the fluids of the large glands of the mouth. This feeling is probably occasioned by the mechanical and the chemical condition of the food in the stomach—conditions which many parents arrange for their children's little stomachs morning by morning by placing before them large grains of partly cooked oatmeal in bowls of milk, rendering the process of mastication one of extreme difficulty.

The practice of eating porridge as a thin fluid, and, as is fashionable at many tables, without bread, is unphysiological in the extreme.

The unique value of rice as a food for little children arises partly from the fact that while its starch readily softens, as the starches of corn and oats do not, the grain remains entire and does not form with milk a fluid mass. Rice is a safer food to bring on the table from a careless and happy-go-lucky kitchen. Hominy has also the advantage that it may be served dry and thoroughly cooked, while oatmeal in this dry condition will often be far from its proper degree of digestibility, and hence the peculiar value of the best prepared oatmeals.

The two most dangerous substances for children's use, except, of course, poisons and drugs, are candy (and other sweets) and porridge. The latter sometimes does the greatest amount of permanent injury because its operation is slow and insidious. Porridge is one of the most healthful of foods when the substance or grain used has a large proportion of vegetable meat and abundance of mineral matters combined with it, and the porridge is properly prepared and properly masticated; but if its substance is largely starch, and the child is allowed to use it to the exclusion of better foods, and to distend the stomach with a great quantity of sweetened and watery starch paste, the tone both of the digestive organs and of the entire system becomes enfeebled.

The choice and preparation of the cereal foods for the family table is worthy of more attention than many of the new and startling things that so easily catch the imagination of those interested in the science of healthy living. But these demand larger although simple study of the chemical composition of cereal preparations than can be made complete in the brief limits of a newspaper article.

ONLY THEN.

A man may be behind in his work, and still show push. This is so if he is wheeling a barrow.

CHOICE OF SEEDS.

In nothing should the agriculturist or gardener be more interested than in the genuineness, vitality, and purity of the seeds which he sows, for not only is the prime cost of seed a large item of outlay which should be guarded, but any defect in its quality involves also the loss of labor and use of land prepared for it. And yet it is in this very detail of his calling, the selection of seeds, that the husbandman is habitually most negligent.

As to genuineness, trueness to species and variety, the alternative lies between growing the seeds or buying from a grower of known reputation, as there is nothing in the appearance of the seeds to distinguish differing varieties of many species.

Vitality is easily determined by sprouting a sample of seed before sowing, a simple precaution which should always anticipate any extensive sowing.

The purity of seeds is not a matter which runs greatly into vegetable or large field seeds, although it is surprising how large a percentage of weed seeds may be found in grass seeds which appear fairly clean to the careless examiner; and even wheat, oats, and other grains sold as fit for sowing often contain thousands of foreign seeds to each bushel, as shown by reports of the various State Agricultural Experiment Stations. In clover seed, one per cent. of weight in plantain, the weed seed most frequently met, represents about 160,000 plantain seeds to the bushel of clover, and this percentage of foreign seeds is rather under than over the average in seed which passes as prime.

In imported grass and clover seeds ground quartz is often found as an adulterant. Some of the worst pests of the farm and garden have been brought to our shores in imported seeds. Western weeds are finding their way East, and Eastern weeds go West, and doubtless we have turned the balance of foreign trade by sending American weed novelties to other countries, all through the medium of grass and grain seeds intended for sowing.

The remedy lies largely with the farmer. If he will make himself familiar with the appearance of the seeds of each noxious plant, and will refuse to buy from any dealer at any price seeds containing such as he wishes to avoid; or, simpler still, if he will refuse to purchase any but pure seeds, and show his willingness to pay for pure seeds their fair value, he may avoid in a great measure sowing weeds.

There is no lack of reputable dealers who are ready and anxious to supply pure seeds if farmers will buy them; but if seed merchants are to be believed—and we think they are—they are more interested in selling pure seeds than farmers are in buying them; price being in the estimation of the average farmer more important than quality.

WE APPRECIATE APPRECIATION.

Editor Christian Union:

My subscription expired last month, and I hope to have money to renew in a few days, but may not get it until March 1. *Please do not stop my paper*, for I feel I cannot do without it, and will try and send some new subscribers. I loan my papers until they are worn out, and last year induced three persons here to subscribe for it. I cannot collect money that is due me, but will certainly be able soon to send the subscription

Very truly, * G.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.

ECONOMICAL FOOD.

Professor W. O. Atwater says: "The quarter of a dollar invested in flour, meal, or potatoes brings several times the quantity of nutriments that it does if spent for meats, fish, or milk."

THE MAN WHOSE LEGS WERE CUT OFF

had no use for a tract on the sin of dancing. But he whose lungs are beginning to go needs the pamphlet on Perfected Oxygen, published by Walter C. Browning, M.D., 1,235 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Lung troubles, rheumatic distresses, nervous ailments, and other chronic maladies are completely cured by Perfected Oxygen.

FUGITIVE POEMS.

BAD PRAYERS.

I do not like to hear him pray
  On bended knee about an hour,
For grace to spend aright the day,
  Who knows his neighbor has no flour.

I'd rather see him go to mill
  And buy the luckless brother bread,
And see his children eat their fill
  And laugh beneath their humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray,
  "Let blessings on the widow be,"
Who never seeks her home, to say,
  "If want o'ertake you, come to me."

I hate the prayer so loud and long
  That's offered for the orphan's weal,
By him who sees him crushed by wrong,
  And only with his lips doth feel.

I do not like to hear her pray
  With jeweled ear and silken dress,
Whose washerwoman toils all day,
  And then is asked to work for less.

Such pious shavers I despise;
  With folded hands and face demure,
They lift to heaven their "angel eyes,"
  And steal the earnings of the poor.

I do not like such soulless prayers;
  If wrong, I hope to be forgiven—
No angel wing them upward bears:
  They're lost a million miles from heaven.
—[Hartford Times.

MY FIDDLE.

By James Whitcomb Riley.

My fiddle? Well, I kind o' keep her handy, don't you know?
Though I ain't so much inclined to tromp the strings and switch the bow
As I was before the timber of my elbows got so dry,
And my fingers was more limber-like and caperish and spry,
  Yet I can plonk and plunk and plink,
  And tune her up and play,
  And jest lean back and laugh and wink
  At every rainy day.

My play'n's only middlin'—tunes I picked up when a boy—
The kind o' sort o' fiddlin' that the folks call corduroy;
"The Old Fat Gal" and "Ryestraw" and "My Sailor's on the Sea,"
Is the cowtillions that I saw when the ch'ice is left to me.
  And so I plunk and plonk and plink,
  And rosum up my bow,
  And play the tunes that make you think
  The devil's in your toe!

That's how this here old fiddle's won my heart's indurin' love!
From the strings across her middle to the screetchin' keys above—
From her apern, over bridge, and to the ribbon round her throat,
She's a woolin', cooin' pigeon, singin' "Love me," every note!
  And so I pat her neck, and plink
  Her strings with lovin' hands,
  And list'nin' clost, I sometimes think
  She kind o' understands! —[Selected.

IMMORTALITY.[1]

Welcome the tribute sometimes Fortune steals
  From youth's exchequer to enrich old age!
What ample pension freely forth she deals
  To gild with glory his gray equipage,
Whilst o'er Time's track slow roll his chariot-wheels,
  Then Heaven's gate enter. He, his heritage
Of life receiving, breaks the sacred seals—
  High privilege sole given to saint and sage!
Life were but ashes, and one holocaust,
  If no fair future welcomed from its goal,
No gate swung open to admit us—lost
  Were all companionship, and blank the soul—
Ah, dead to all life holds and knows its own,
If Youth survive not and uphold its throne.

VILLANELLE.

In the wood walks alone,
  With the sad dying year,
While the winds sob and moan,
And the dead leaves are thrown
  Dry, drifted, and sere,
In the wood walks alone.

The old days we have known
  All unstained by a tear;
While the winds sob and moan,
Dressed in seeming long gone,
  Hover living and near,
In the wood walks alone.

The great branches groan
  Like to mortals in fear,
While the winds sob and moan:
For the months are laid prone
  On their black, sodden bier,
In the wood walks alone,
While the winds sob and moan.
—[All the Year Round.

[1] A correspondent inquires about the authorship of this poem. It was the last poem written by the late Mr. Alcott.

"THE FLEET."

In reviewing Mr. John Ashton's new book, "The Fleet," the "Pall Mall Gazette" says: The Fleet river started from the high ground between Hampstead and Highgate, flowing past the meadows of Kentish town, through Camden road, St. Pancras, King's Cross, and Coldbath fields, then by way of Holborn and Farringdon Street until it reached the Thames. In the middle of the last century its higher reaches seem to have been remarkably pretty, but as it reached the town its course soon became foul and stagnant. The canalization of the Fleet after 1666 was not a very useful work, though it enables barges to go up to Holborn Bridge. It was not much used, if we can trust Mr. Ashton's authority, a certain Mr. Ned Ward: "From thence,' he says, "we took a turn down by the Ditch side, I desiring my friend to inform me what the great advantages this costly brook contributed to the town, to countervail the expense of £74,000, which I read in a very credible author was the charge of its making; he told me he was wholly unacquainted with any, unless it was now and then to bring up a few chaldron of coles to two or three pedling fewel marchants, who sell them never the cheaper to the poor for such a conveniency; and as for those cellars you see on each side design'd for warehouses, they are render'd by their dampness so unfit for that purpose that they are wholly useless, except . . . or to harbor frogs, toads, and other vermin. The greatest good that ever I heard it did was to the undertaker, who is bound to acknowledge he has found better fishing in that muddy stream than ever he did in clear water." Gay, too, in his "Trivia," more than once mentions the foulness of the Fleet, in Book II.:

"Or who that rugged street would traverse o'er,
  That stretches, O Fleet Ditch, from thy black shore
  To the Tour's moated walls?"

PITY THE LITTLE ONES.

The daughter of a well-known gentleman in Richmond, Va., who has turned her thirteenth year, was suffering with a bad cough night and morning, and nasal catarrh so severe as to be obliged to use seven or eight handkerchiefs per day. Five months after they used the first treatment of Compound Oxygen they wrote for another supply, and stated that she was still improving; that the discharge from her nose, which had been so copious and so annoying, had ceased. "Her improvement is wonderful. Looks well; romps and plays out of doors." Nearly four more months expired when they wrote again, saying, "My little one has wonderfully improved. She thinks she is entirely cured."

Hundreds more of such interesting cases among children might be added. The little book of two hundred pages called the treatise on Compound Oxygen is replete with instructive testimonials, and the history and use of the Compound Oxygen. Sent free on application to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1,529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa

LACTATED FOOD

For Young Infants a perfect substitute for mother's milk, often saving life; for the invalid, or Dyspeptic, it is of great value. Thousands who have used it say it is the

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BEST INVALID FOOD,
MOST PALATABLE FOOD,
MOST NUTRITIOUS FOOD,
MOST ECONOMICAL FOOD.

A valuable pamphlet on the Care of Infants and Invalids sent on application.

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So disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it.

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The summer term in this Institution will commence April 5th, 1888. For circular send to MISS A. E. STANTON, Principal, Norton, Mass.

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OFFICE OF THE

ATLANTIC

Mutual Insurance Company,

NEW YORK, January 24, 1888.

The Trustees, in Conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st of December, 1887.

Premiums on Marine Risks from 1st January, 1887, to 31st December, 1887	$3,642,969 09
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1887	1,417,600 13
Total Marine Premiums	$5,060,569 22
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1887, to 31st December, 1887	$3,672,351 21
Losses paid during the same period	$1,539,468 95
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$788,846 38

The Company has the following Assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks	$8,622,565 00
Loans secured by Stocks and otherwise	1,559,100 00
Real Estate and Claims due the Company, estimated at	474,439 88
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable	1,352,986 07
Cash in Bank	218,192 40
Amount	$12,227,283 35

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof or their legal representatives on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1883 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and canceled.

A dividend of forty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1887, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the First of May next.

By order of the Board,

J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

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All Traveling Expenses Included.

A party will leave NEW YORK THURSDAY, MAY 3, for a TOUR of 51 DAYS in a

New and Magnificent Train of Vestibuled Pullman Palace Cars, with Pullman Palace Dining-Car Attached,

THROUGH

COLORADO AND CALIFORNIA,

With visits to Chicago, the Veta Pass, the Toltec Gorge, Las Vegas Hot Springs, Santa Fe, Albuquerque, Riverside, Santa Barbara, Santa Monica, Pasadena, Los Angeles, San Francisco, the Hotel del Monte (Monterey), Santa Cruz, Salt Lake City, Manitou Springs, Denver, etc., and daylight trip over the Sierra Nevada and through the most picturesque regions of the Wahsatch and Rocky Mountains.

In conjunction with the above and on the same date, a Party will leave NEW YORK, for a TOUR of 79 DAYS (in Vestibuled Pullman Palace Cars, with Pullman Palace Dining Car), over the same route through

COLORADO AND CALIFORNIA,

Thence through the Picturesque Regions of the

PACIFIC NORTHWEST,

And homeward over the entire length of the Northern Pacific Railroad, this part of the journey including a ride over the Famous Switchback in the Cascade Mountains, with a Side Trip of a Week to all points of interest in the Yellowstone National Park. Visits will be made to Portland, Dalles City, Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria (Capital of British Columbia), St. Paul, Minneapolis, Lake Minnetonka, etc. Incidental Excursion up the Columbia River and on Puget Sound.

In connection with either of the two excursions, time will be had for a trip to the Yosemite Valley and Big Trees.

W. RAYMOND. I. A. WHITCOMB.

☞ Send for descriptive circulars.

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